Colliers

GUST 7, 1943 TEN CENTS

WELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

1265
1940
3205

VE MAN THE DECK GUNS

The Sub-busters of Our Merchant Fleet

BY ENSIGN ROBERT C. RUARK, U. S. N. R.

August 7,1943

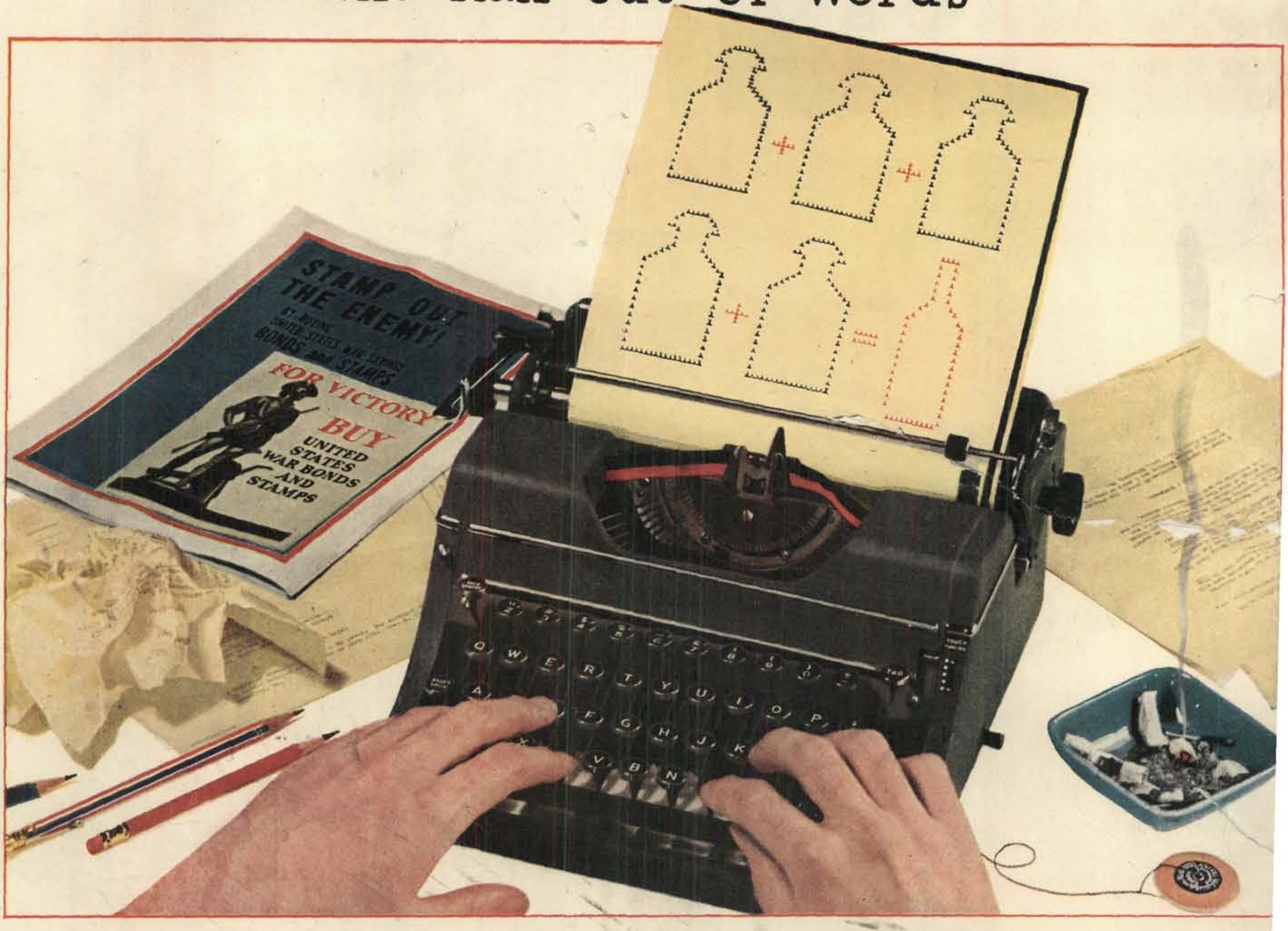
KATHLE

With

CORNE

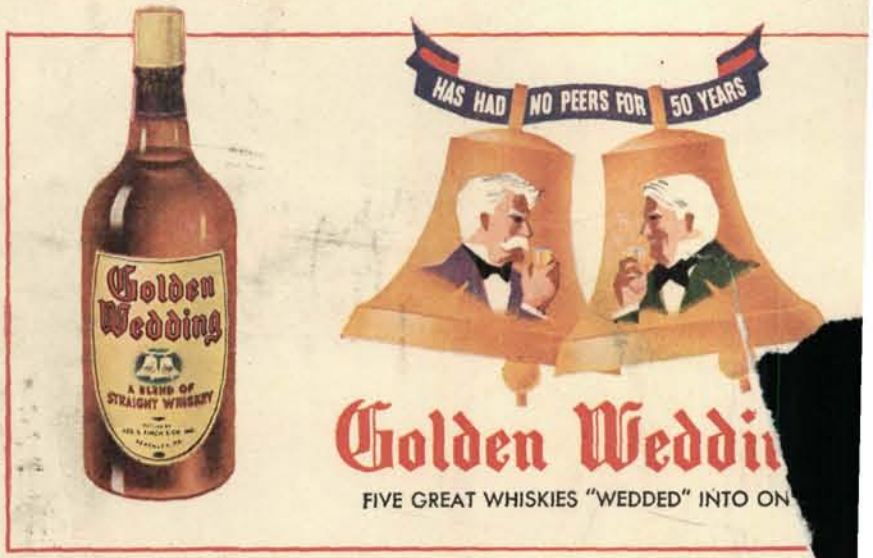
MRS HAROLD SMITH 12B
851 N WASHINGTON 4853
IOLA 8 16
KANS 2
7AU43

The Story Of The Writer Who Ran Out Of Words


STAMP OUT THE ENEMY!
BY BUYING UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS
FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

1 We hired a writer to tell you in a few (hundred) words just why Golden Wedding has had no peers for fifty years. He sat and pondered for hours – and the picture above is what he produced. A picture of *five* whiskies equalling *one*.

AROMA
BODY
CHARACTER
FLAVOR
TANG


HAS HAD NO PEERS FOR 50 YEARS
Golden Wedding
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKEY
Golden Weddi
FIVE GREAT WHISKIES "WEDDED" INTO ON

2 Five great whiskies "wedded" into one—that's what Golden Wedding *is*—and each with a special virtue all its own. *Aroma . . . body . . . character . . . flavor* and *tang*. Subtly "wedded" together, all five become that glorious whiskey – Golden Wedding.

3 Taste Golden Wedding today. Its smoothness and lightness will delight you. Golden Wedding's distilleries are now working 100 war, but enough whiskies for Golden Wedding – distilled before war – are available to meet your moderate demands.

A blend of straight whiskies—86 proof. The straight whiskies in Golden Wedding are 5 years or more old. Copr. 1943, Jos. S. Finch & Co., Inc., Schenley, Pa. *Tune in Schenley's Cr Blanca Wine Carnival every Wednesday evening, Columbia Broadcasting System.*

B. F. Goodrich Dealers and Silvertown Stores offer the

ONLY SYNTHETIC TIRE BACKED BY 80,000,000 MILE ROAD TEST

Three years ago car owners started the greatest road test in history, driving thousands of Silvertowns (made with Ameripol). That's why you can have the utmost confidence in our all-synthetic tire of today—the 1943 Ameripol Silvertown.

When you buy a synthetic tire, look for facts and evidence. Here's some—from a U. S. Senate Investigating Committee:

"The only general-purpose tire rubber which had been brought into small commercial production by 1940 was Ameripol, another B. F. Goodrich product. In the summer of 1940 Goodrich placed Ameripol tires on the market . . . and recent reports on the performance of those tires seemed to indicate that Ameripol was equal or possibly superior in durability and service to the crude rubber product."

Thousands of Ameripol Silvertowns were driven under every condition of road—*the way drivers drive them*—not by factory experts. Results show these tires were "at least as good as those made with natural rubber."

In these Silvertowns, more than half the natural rubber was replaced by synthetic. In the new Silvertowns, offered today, more than 99 per cent of the natural rubber is replaced by synthetic. And these new Silvertowns are undergoing a severe test, too—the test of battle on a dozen fronts all over the world.

If you buy on *proof of performance*, you'll surely choose the B. F. Goodrich Ameripol Silvertown . . . the all-synthetic tire for 1943!

Some of the hundreds of companies that made the greatest tire test in history

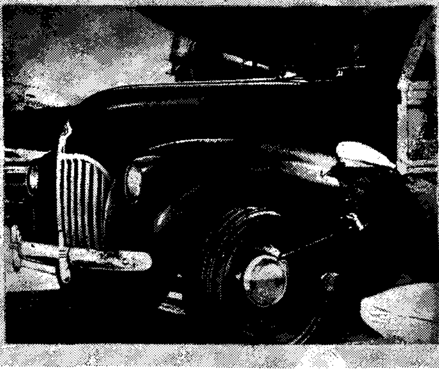
Standard Brands bought a number of Silvertowns made with synthetic rubber back in 1940. Some of these tires went more than 30,000 miles! That's real tire-mileage for any kind of tire. It proves synthetic can take it at least as well as natural rubber tires.

STANDARD BRANDS INC.

WESTERN UNION

Western Union put two Ameripol Silvertowns on a maintenance truck. Says the section lineman who drove them, "They should give us 30,000 miles."

American Airlines also bought made-with-synthetic Silvertowns months before Pearl Harbor. The tires on this airfield maintenance truck went 29,519 miles. It was the toughest kind of stop-and-go driving, too—on all kinds of roads in every kind of weather.



LIMITED STOCKS

Only B and C book holders who qualify for tires for essential driving can get these B. F. Goodrich Ameripol Silvertowns

There still is a critical rubber shortage. Most synthetic rubber is needed for war. Every American must continue to conserve rubber. Follow the five basic rules of tire conservation from the office of the Rubber Director:

1. Drive only when absolutely necessary
2. Keep under 35 miles an hour
3. Keep your tires properly inflated
4. Have them inspected regularly
5. Share your car with others

Awards to 7 plants

Goodrich Silvertown

In war or peace

B.F.Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

Tune in to "THE MEANING OF THE NEWS" by Joseph C. Harsch, on CBS

He gives inside interpretations because he has lived where news is made. (See local paper for time, station.)

Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Presents

BEST FOOT FORWARD

starring **LUCILLE BALL** *with*

WILLIAM GAXTON • VIRGINIA WEIDLER

Tommy Dix, Nancy Walker, June Allyson, Kenny Bowers, Gloria DeHaven, Jack Jordan

HARRY JAMES AND HIS MUSIC MAKERS

Screen Play by *Irving Brecher and Fred Finklehoffe*

Book by....................*John Cecil Holm*

Music and Lyrics by *Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane*

And Produced on the Stage by *George Abbott*

DIRECTED BY:.......*Edward Buzzell*

PRODUCED BY:........*Arthur Freed*

CAPSULE REVIEW: We were a gray-haired old codger when we walked into the projection room to get a preview of M-G-M's "Best Foot Forward" and we came out with a leap and asked for a malted milk and a tennis racquet. The picture makes you young. We saw the stage show and kind of liked it, but the movies have added Latakia or something and the result is pep, zip and all those happy three-letter words that a musical demands and doesn't often get.

Lucille Ball, who has plenty of Lucille on the Ball, comes into her full-fledged own and there is a thing called Nancy Walker that we wrote home about. They haven't answered yet but they will when they see the picture. William Gaxton comes out of Broadway into a high-pressure role that is a delight and Virginia Weidler, of "Youngest Profession" continues along her natural way. Also a big bend to Tommy Dix, June Allyson, Kenny Bowers, Gloria DeHaven and Jack Jordan.

We'll save a special arrangement of cheers for Harry James and his Music Makers who not only fill the aisles but the streets outside the theatres with what our Ally calls a queue. This story of the movie star who crashes a school prom has been sympathetically directed by Eddie Buzzell who seems to understand the spirit of the age. It is another production from the Arthur Freed unit and we're growing fonder of them all the time.

Songs you'll like: *You're Lucky, Alive And Kicking, Buckle Down Winsocki, The Three B's, Wish I May, I Know You By Heart, Three Men On A Date, What Do You Think I Am, Everytime.*

TECHNICOLOR: It brings out the youth in the picture.

NEWS NOTE: As we hurry to press we read that "Best Foot Forward" has opened at the de luxe Astor Theatre, New York, the home of the outstanding films of the season.

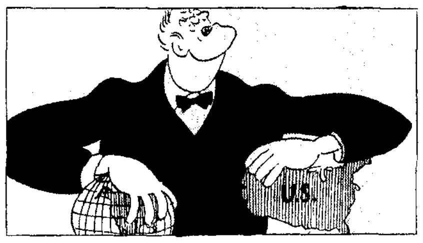
WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
W. B. COURTNEY	European War Theater	AMY PORTER	Articles
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Russia and Far East	GEORGE CREEL	Washington
KYLE CRICHTON	Articles	WILLIAM HILLMAN	Washington
HERBERT ASBURY	Articles	FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction	FRANK GERVASI	Middle East War Theater
ALLEN MARPLE	Fiction	JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	GRATTAN O'LEARY	Ottawa
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Articles	AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
HENRY L. JACKSON	Wearables	U. L. CALVOSA	Photographs
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	GEORGE DE ZAYAS	Hollywood
		IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

Collier'

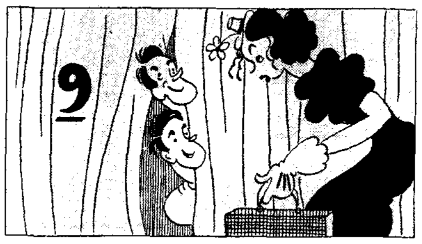
WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Editor
JEROME ELLISON Managing Editor

ANY WEEK

THE domestic situation seems to be less than reassuring. Our mail indicates that there are people in this country unpatriotic enough to question Mr. Roosevelt's ability to run a global war with his right hand and the United States with his left. This will doubtless be denounced as Axis propaganda—like zoot suits and race riots. Our readers are beginning to lament our government's tendency to ascribe all the results of our own blunders and fact-evading to dastardly machinations of Hitler and Tojo. And we have yet to be shown disproof of our ancient contention that the customer is always right. We, for one, do not believe that enemy agents are responsible, for example, for a bit of abashing news we've just received from Mr. Ben T. Larson of Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. Mr. Larson says that some time ago one of the official gentlemen who are managing our national food problems in Washington wrote a letter to American poultry raisers asking them what they thought of the capon as an egg producer. The writer of that letter got at least one reply. It was from a farmer named Hogelund. Mr. Hogelund replied: "My capons ain't doing so good this season but anyway better than my milch bulls."



NASTY subversive cracks like that are due partly to the heat, of course. Almost all of us are becoming somewhat tart. Ernest Haycox, the author, informs us that he was talking to Mr. Robert Simmons, Chief Justice of the Nebraska Supreme Court. And Justice Simmons had been talking to Mr. Justice Douglas of the United States Supreme Court. It's somewhat complicated. The Nebraska Supreme Court had just reversed a lesser state court basing its action on a prior decision by the big court in Washington. The case was then referred to the United States Supreme Court which proceeded to reverse its own prior ruling and, therefore, the Nebraska Supreme Court. Quite a mess, we'd say. Justice Simmons mentioned the matter to Justice Douglas. "Oh, yes," said Justice Douglas. "I remember. Your court's original mistake was in attempting to follow the reasoning of the United States Supreme Court." And Mr. Justice Simmons replied somewhat acidly: "That's true, sir. And it's a mistake which we shall not be likely to repeat."



BUT there are other important matters to consider, too. Mr. Bill Mason of Akron, Ohio, came face to face with a facer while in Houston, Texas, recently. A friend of his, an advertising solicitor, had just made reservation in a Pullman sleeper for Memphis. Having a few minutes to squander, he called on a young lady who announced that she, too, was going to Memphis. He told her that he'd like to buy her dinner on the train, asked her what car she'd be in. "I'll be in car 57," said she. "So am I," said he. "What space have you?" asked he. "Lower nine," she replied. "So have I," said Mr. Mason's friend. To remedy this somewhat intimate situation, the two holders of lower nine did everything short of laying their problem in the lap of Mr. Roosevelt who, as we've already intimated, has other things to do. They tossed a coin for the berth. She won. When she got aboard, she found lower nine occupied by two soldiers. No, she didn't go.

AND the secretary of one of our much publicized senators reports a conversation between two congressmen who, as anyone who reads may learn. have the interests of the little businessman at heart. Said one: "I guess I'll not submit my speech on The Lost Romance of the Covered Bridge for printing in the Congressional Record. It's time we cut down expenses." The other said: "Nonsense. Make it longer. Make more speeches for printing in the Record. I'm having my secretary dig up a lot of material on the history of windmills and I'm submitting it for publication. The thing for us to do is to overwhelm the Government Printing Office with stuff. And then pile it on until the big private printers can't take any more. In that way a lot of business will go down to the little printing plants." . . .

W. D.

THIS WEE

AUGUST 7, 194

SHORT STORIES

ROBERT GRIFFITH
A Left Hand Like Charley White. The
wanted a good fight, and that's what i
Pa

DOROTHY BLACK
It's the Americans. Aunt Louie tried tc
the world out, but she hadn't figured o
and love. Pa

ERNEST HAYCOX
Officers' Ball. A sergeant proves that rank
not necessarily make a gentleman. Pa

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
No Defeat, by Arndt Giusti. Pa

SERIAL STORIES

KATHLEEN NORRIS
Corner of Heaven. The first of nine par
Pa

SAX ROHMER
Seven Sins. The sixth of eight parts. Pa

ARTICLES

ENSIGN ROBERT C. RUARK, U.S.
We Man the Deck Guns. A Navy armed
officer tells how it feels to fight the war
a merchantman. Pa

ROSCOE FLEMING
Our New Weapon—Japanese. The boy
learning to speak it like natives—from
American teachers. Pa

JOHN FRAZIER
The Sweat of Your Brow. The human bod
its own near-perfect air-conditioning sy
Pag

GEORGE CREEL
Secretary of War. Mr. Stimson hates publi
so you never hear much about him. Bu
gets things done. Pag

JIM MARSHALL
We Are Ready with Gas. We have the
if the Nazi boys want to play it that way.
Pag

WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT
Wartime Joy Riders. Travel in these tim
no joy for anyone. Pag

HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH
Food That Fights. Packaged meals to suit e
need and taste go out to all fronts. Pag

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
A Russian Family. Not so very differen
hopes, ideals and circumstances from a ty
American family. Page

J. D. RATCLIFF
Sharks. Thanks to the scientists, sailors
tropical seas need no longer fear them.
Page

KYLE CRICHTON
The New Penny—and How It Grew. The p
lem was what to make it of, now copper
gone to war. Page

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Pag

WING TALK. Pag

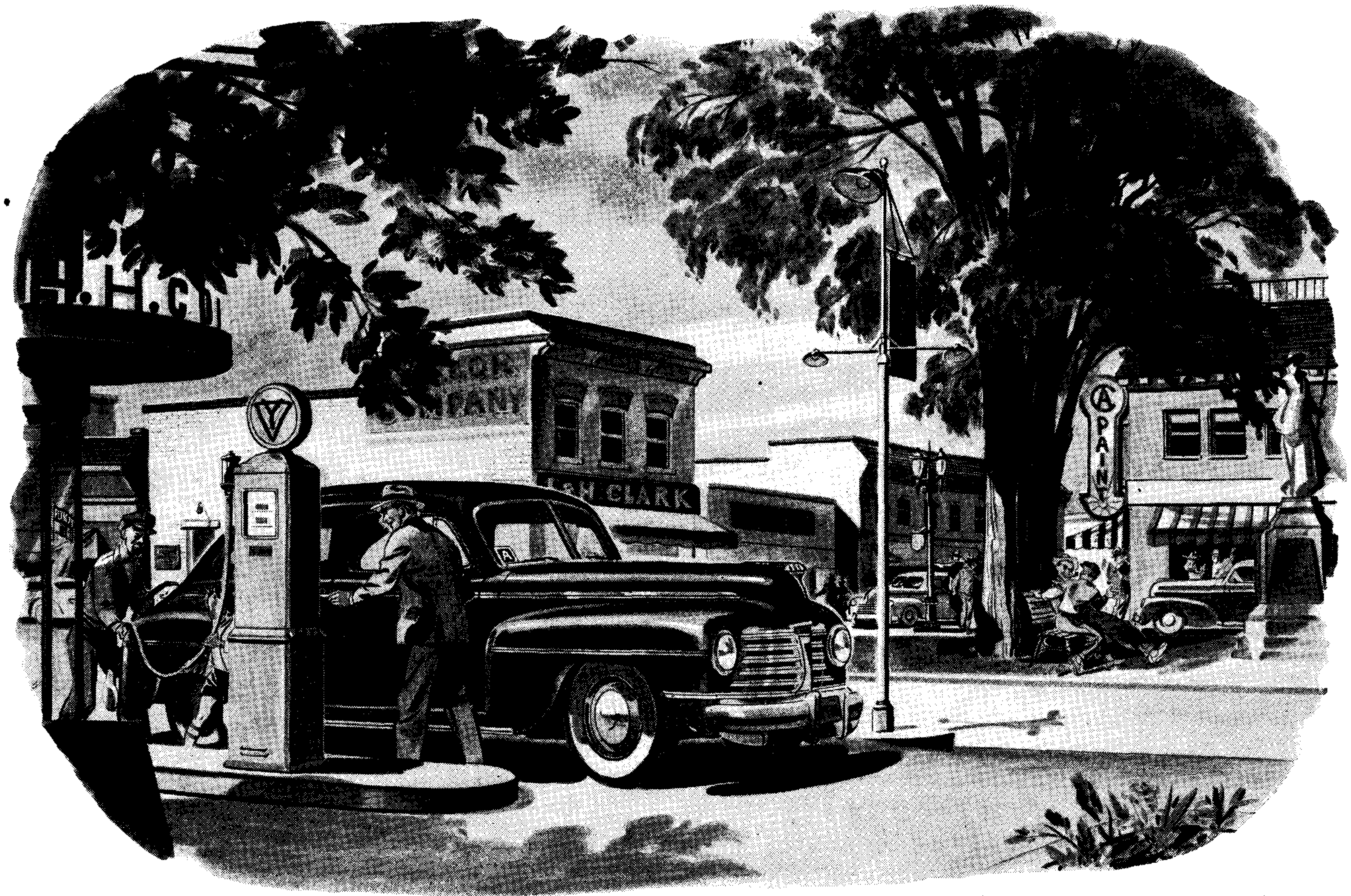
THE GUILTY.
First of a Series of Profiles of Axis Terrori
Page

EDITORIALS
Don't Forget the Eagle's Claws.
610,000 Venereal Rejects.
A Cat on a Raft. Page

COVER FRANCES TIPTON HUN

Vol. 112, No. 6. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1943, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Peter J. Dennerlein, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. *Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00* in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

[WAR BONDS ARE YOUR PERSONAL INVESTMENT IN VICTORY]



A Plymouth takes you More Miles for your Gasoline Coupon

Remember?

"PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS"

THE WAR has brought into sharp focus the things you need most in an automobile and fortunately for Plymouth owners, unusual economy, long life and ease of maintenance were always part of what was meant by "Plymouth Builds Great Cars."

Millions of those Plymouths were bought before America had a war production industry. Then, the thrill of buying a shiny new automobile was one of the symbols of living. People went on trips, dates, family picnics or just for a ride—lightly and freeheartedly.

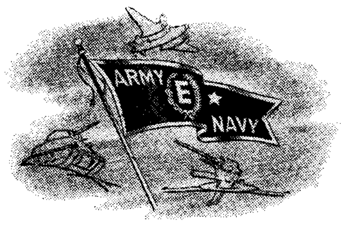
For years, "Plymouth Builds Great Cars" has meant a world of good things to the millions of people owning these great automobiles. Outstanding always, were fuel economy, tire economy, upkeep economy in Plymouth cars.

Also, Plymouth owners enjoy nationwide service and parts availability through able Plymouth dealers everywhere. As time goes on, more and more owners of other make cars, too, are going to Plymouth dealers for their wartime service.

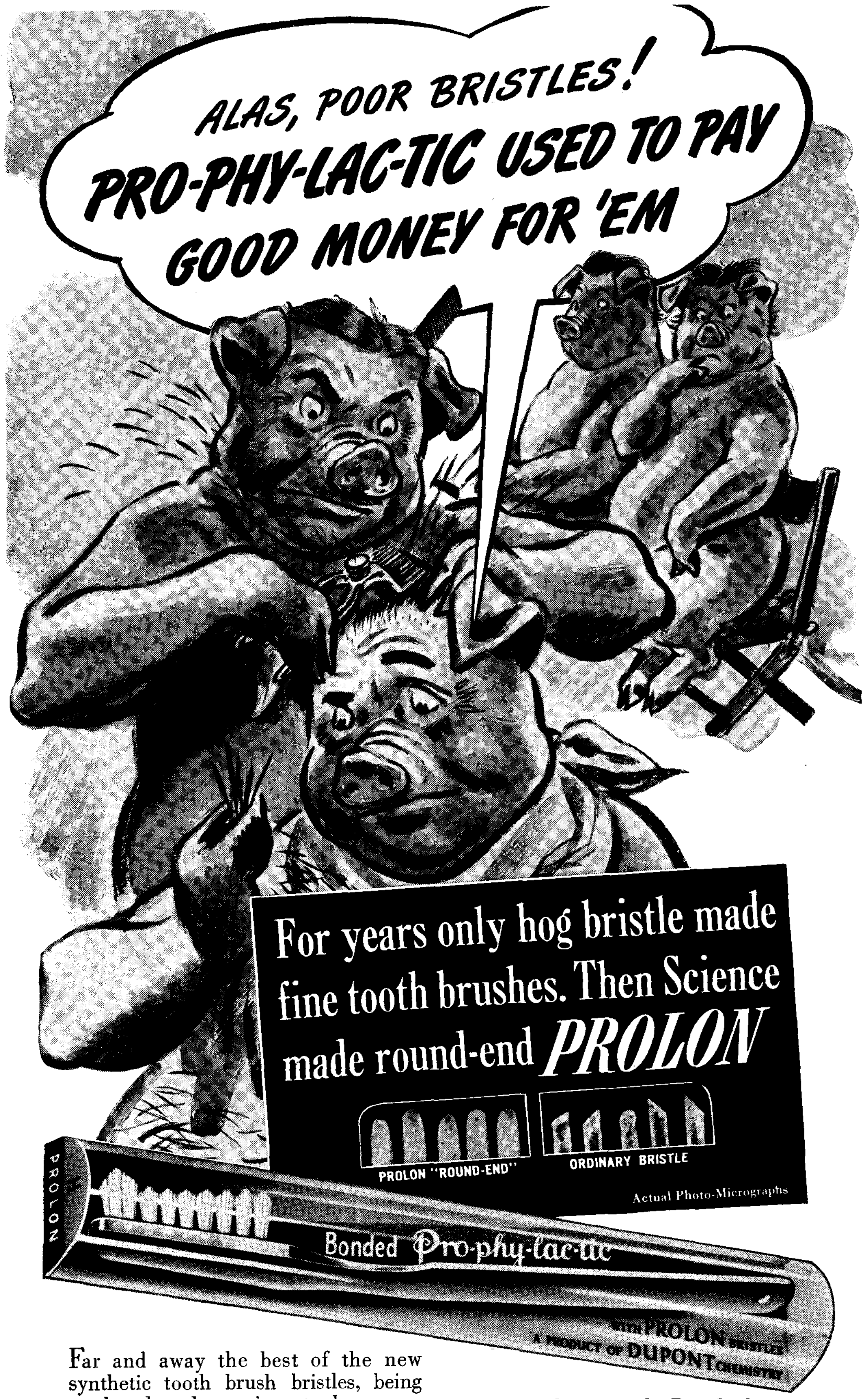
"Plymouth Builds Great Cars" used to describe the day to day production in Plymouth plants that would total upwards of 600,000 cars a year. Now it is the background of quality in huge volume of war production: high precision work on tank, airplane and cannon assemblies; welding, grinding, machining armor plate; fabricating myriads of items from magnesium, aluminum, bronze and cannon steels; putting together with the brilliant technique of seasoned "Know How."

Yet "Plymouth Builds Great Cars" stands for qualities of high usefulness to have and hold in an automobile—to know you will get in a brilliant new car . . . as our boys come home again.

PLYMOUTH DIVISION—CHRYSLER CORPORATION



Proudly the Plymouth plants fly the "E" flag awarded for "Excellence" in war production.


ALAS, POOR BRISTLES! PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC USED TO PAY GOOD MONEY FOR 'EM
For years only hog bristle made fine tooth brushes. Then Science made round-end PROLON
PROLON "ROUND-END"
ORDINARY BRISTLE
Actual Photo-Micrographs
PROLON
Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic
WITH PROLON BRISTLES
A PRODUCT OF DUPONT CHEMISTRY

Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by du Pont.

"Prolon" is *our* trade name for the very finest grade of this du Pont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same du Pont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer . . . it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

It's a fact! *Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.* See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

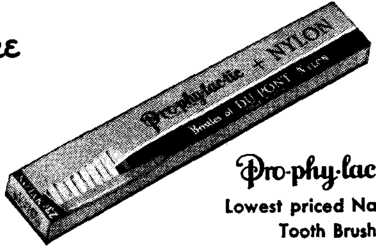
And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to Prolon, the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": **1.** The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. **2.** Scientific grouping of bristles to insure thorough cleansing of brush after using. **3.** A *written* guarantee for six full months of use.

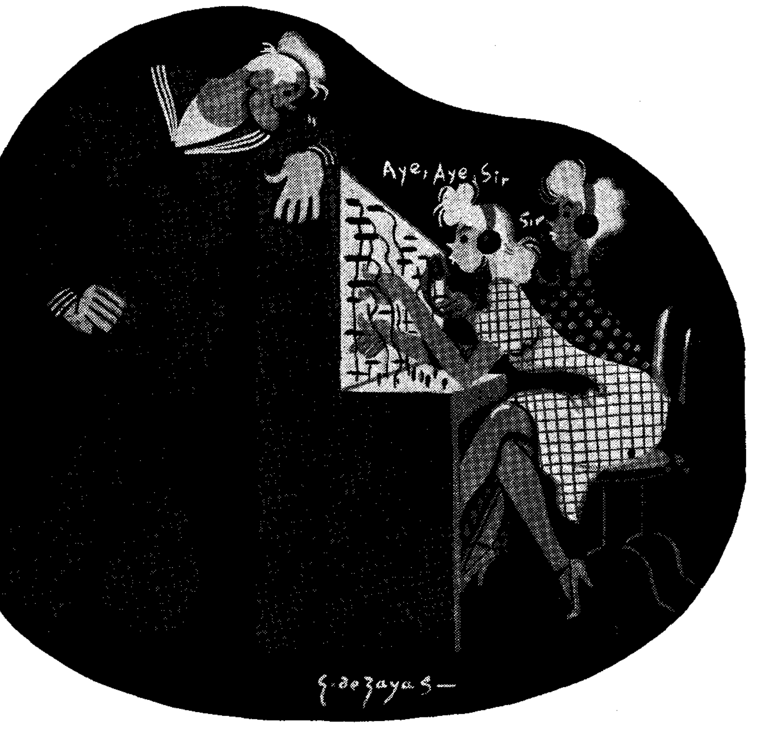
Next time, get the most for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.

P. S. We also make this 23¢ brush . . . the best buy in the lower-price field.



Pro-phy-lac-tic + NYLON
Lowest priced Nationally Advertised Tooth Brush in the Country



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Girl telephone operators in several Navy yards and naval stations on the eastern seaboard now say "Aye, Aye, Sir" instead of "Thank you" when servicing calls for both men and women.—*By Stuart T. Hanger, Norfolk, Virginia.*

A new moisture repellent for cloth, paper and many other materials, applied by exposing them to its vapor, forms such a thin film that it cannot be seen under a high-powered microscope. One present use is the protection of insulators in the Army's radio equipment, on which it is nine times as effective as wax.—*By Floyd W. McKee, Salem, Ohio.*

The parish church at Cransley, Northamptonshire, England, has a stained-glass window containing a portrait of Winston Churchill, which is believed to be the only church window that shows a man smoking a cigar.

While about 300,000 physically handicapped persons are working in the United States today, some 3,000,000 others are still unemployed, although their disabilities would not prevent them from holding any of a number of jobs.

In England, a man is a traitor and subject to the penalty for treason when he adopts enemy nationality in time of war, even though he does not perform any combatant duty against his native country.—*By Catherine T. Boyd, Washington, D. C.*

Of the some 6,500,000 prisoners of war now interned in 40-odd countries, about 5,000,000 are held by the Axis powers and only 1,500,000 by the Allied Nations, approximately 65 per cent of the latter number being Germans captured in Russia.

Bolivia is the only South American country that has so far declared war on Japan as well as Germany and Italy. . . . An earthquake strong enough to be felt by a person standing over it occurs somewhere in the world every 26 minutes.

Compared with that of grown people, the daily protein requirement in youngsters is 1.5 times as much, per pound of body weight, from 17 to 21 years of age, 2 times as much from 15 to 17 years, 2.5 times from 5 to 15 years, 3 times from 3 to 5 years and 3.5 times from 1 to 3 years. Thus a 60-pound boy of 7 years requires as much protein food as a 150-pound man.

Medical records contain several cases of persons dying from anaphylactic shock caused by the sting of a bee. From a previous sting, they had developed such an excessive susceptibility to the poisonous secretion that they could not survive a second injection of it.

About thirty 1,000,000-volt X-ray machines have been made and installed in war-production plants since 1941, when the first one made radiographs through five inches of steel in two minutes, or 105 times as fast as the 400,000-volt outfit, the largest then in use.

Blood tests of cattle to determine paternity are sometimes made when parentage is doubtful and a wrong strain would depreciate the breeding value of the calf. These tests differ from those made on human beings in that they are decided by comparing the pattern of the antigens of the suspected father with that of the offspring.

In criminal cases, a confession obtained from a person previous to his arraignment before a magistrate is not admissible evidence, according to a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States.

More than 2,000 teams play softball at the United States Naval Training Station at Great Lakes, Illinois.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y.

This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

GIVE HIM A BREAK!

Evening is about his only chance to telephone home. He can get through easier if the wires aren't crowded — and his calls mean so much to him and the home folks.

So please don't call Long Distance between 7 P.M. and 10 P.M. unless your calls are really necessary.

Many thanks.

BELL
TELEPHONE
SYSTEM

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

radar
eyes
. . . that see thru clouds

Today, America's fighting forces are equipped with miraculous eyes that see in the dark of night . . . through clouds, fog or storm. Eyes that warn of the approach of enemy planes and warships . . . that help direct the fire of American guns upon unseen objectives with incredible accuracy. Those "eyes" are known as Radar . . . America's amazing weapon for "detecting and ranging." Radar . . . built by Admiral . . . has proven repeatedly to be one of our most potent weapons of war. Any wonder Admiral is proud to be building Radar for our armed forces?

Continental Radio & Television Corporation, Chicago, U. S. A.

Admiral

Tune in CBS, 2:30 P. M. EWT, Sundays for Admiral "World News Today."

RADIO

AMERICA'S SMART SET

WING TALK

Workmen from an Eighth Air Force mobile repair unit race to the spot where "Stella" crash-landed and patch her up pronto

THE problem revolved around the fact that a cracked-up airplane can't fly. When a plane comes down on its nose, it has to be repaired, if repair is possible; but usually the ship has to be hauled back to air depots, and sometimes these depots are a long, long way from where the plane falls. The hauling consequently takes time, and time is almost as important as saving the plane itself.

The best brains of the Eighth Air Force thought and thought, and the result of their seething intellectual activity was one of the most efficient innovations of the war.

They built repair trucks—mobile depots—which go to the wrecked planes, rather than forcing the wrecked planes to come to the depots. As a result of this enterprise, a good number of shattered planes have been pasted together again and sent back to kick the Germans around some more.

Suppose a Lockheed bomber, coming back from a jaunt over the French coast with one engine shot out and its fuselage full of flak holes, starts losing altitude as it gets to England's shore. It sinks lower and lower, and finally the pilot decides to set it down in the nearest cow pasture. He tries to settle gently, but he hits a bump, leaps around a little and comes down in a heap. One engine is a complete mess, the other engine is banged up pretty badly, and the undercarriage is bent all out of shape.

One of the crew gets to a near-by farmhouse and telephones a central control board. An inspector comes boiling out from the nearest air base, looks over the bones of the gallant ship and decides it can be glued together again so it will be as good as new.

He turns in a report, and in a short time a caravan of vehicles comes roaring across the countryside. Leading off is a huge truck-trailer. It's a machine shop, equipped with an electric saw that will cut almost anything, a heavy-duty electric grinder, an electric generating plant and an air-compressor unit. Next is another trailer carrying a kitchen and bunks. Two jeeps bounce along behind, to carry matériel and stand by to run errands. Then there's a reconnaissance car, to haul the men, and finally, a 420-gallon water tank on a truck. Scattered through the caravan are thirteen American soldiers and six men who know Lockheeds from nose to tail.

In a matter of days, one new engine is installed, the other is repaired, the landing gear has been rebuilt, a temporary runway has been leveled off across the cow pasture, and the bomber sails back to home base.

Ideas like that can—and will—win a war.

THE aerial blitzkrieg is new, but aerial warfare is not. In 1870, during the Franco-Prussian War, the French air force licked that of Germany, although later Bismarck's strategy outdid that of Napoleon III.

Germany was winning that war. Telegraph wires from Paris were cut. Not even a messenger on foot could get through to summon help for the besieged capital. Then someone thought of trying a balloon. The queer contraptions of 1870 were new, but the French thought they might help raise the siege. Made of calico, stretched and rendered airtight by a dressing of paint, the gasbags made a queer contrast to conventional modes of travel or communications.

The French air force was headed by Felix Tournachan, known to his friends simply as Nadar. He had left Tours at six o'clock one morning, on a mission for the army. Sky speeds of 1870 were considerably less than those of 1943, and it took him until eleven o'clock to reach the outskirts of Paris. Flying at 10,000 feet, he suddenly saw a speck in the sky ahead of him. The speck grew larger. It was another balloon, from whose ropes flew the French tricolor.

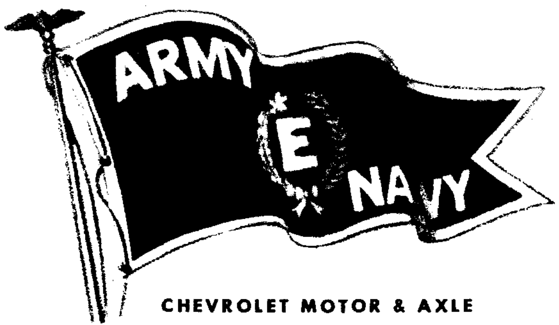
Saluting his contemporary, Nadar displayed his own colors. The balloons were carried close to each other by the same air current until finally they were only a few yards apart. Then Nadar had a rude shock. The fellow in the other craft suddenly whipped out the Prussian war banner, and, while Nadar gasped, the other balloonist drew a pistol and took a pot shot at the Frenchman.

Nadar wasn't too surprised to forget that war is war. His own heavy pistol went into action. Round after round, these first aerial duelists fought it out, and, while firing at each other, the balloons drifted over Paris. The bags began to descend until they were within sight of the people. Not much could be seen of the balloonists, but the historian who recorded his memoirs of the battle could see the two rival flags.

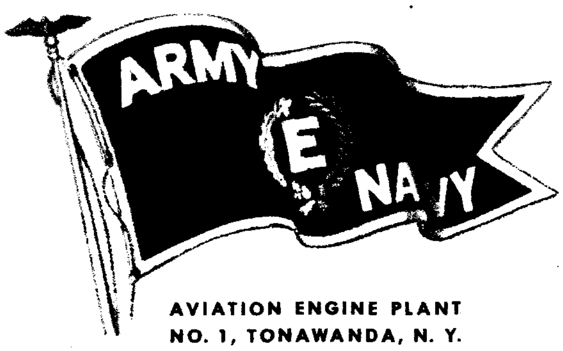
Suddenly, one of Nadar's bullets took the German's cap off. Just as suddenly, the Prussian's bullets sliced through one of the rigging ropes of the French balloon. Then, with a round of carefully aimed shots, Nadar punctured the enemy balloon which slowly, then swiftly, descended. The battle of the air was over. France had won. ★★★

CHEVROLET

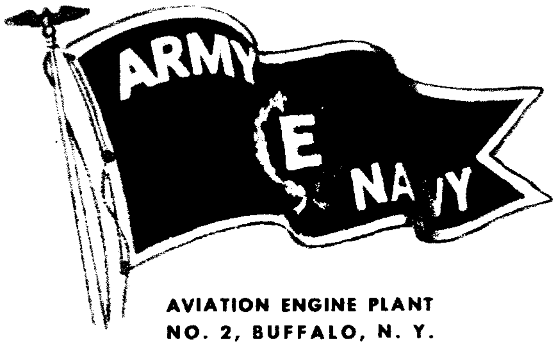
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



CHEVROLET MOTOR & AXLE
PLANT, TONAWANDA, N. Y.



AVIATION ENGINE PLANT
NO. 1, TONAWANDA, N. Y.



AVIATION ENGINE PLANT
NO. 2, BUFFALO, N. Y.

THREE AWARDS TO THREE PLANTS IN ONE DAY

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"...for HIGH ACHIEVEMENT"

Recently, three of the coveted Army-Navy "E" flags were awarded to three distinct Chevrolet plants in the Buffalo area engaged in the manufacture of Pratt & Whitney aircraft engines. Three awards to three plants (all operated by the same manufacturer) in a single day—a most unusual if not unique event in this war. All of these awards were made "for high achievement in the production of war materials" . . . "for leadership on the production front" . . . and all of them will provide an inspiration and a challenge to the entire Chevrolet organization to continue to turn out ever-increasing VOLUME FOR VICTORY.

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

CHEVROLET DIVISION OF **GENERAL MOTORS**

Whirlwind's BROTHER

IT'S a 2-to-1 bet that your home electricity is born in a man-made hurricane five times as ferocious as any Nature ever cooked up. Engineers call it a steam turbine-generator.

A steam turbine is a kind of cross between a mammoth windmill and a giant's spinning top. It takes steam hot enough to heat the pipes a dull red, and squeezes the energy out of it until, 1/30 of a second later, all that's left is water too cool to bathe the baby in. The turbine turns a generator which passes this energy on to you as electricity—so you can use it to cook an egg, or freeze ice cubes, or make bombs to blast the Axis.

This machine isn't the sort of job that a manual training class would turn out! Just one part, small enough to hold in your hand, may handle more power than a dozen trucks. And the steam takes the turbine rotor for such a dizzy ride that if it were turned loose on the Atlantic seaboard, it would roll to San Francisco in four hours!

Today's turbine-generators turn out, from one ton of coal, more electricity than three tons used to give. That saved America millions of tons last year, plus precious man-hours in mining and transportation—all because G-E engineers, along with boiler and power-plant designers and engineers of electric service companies, have been improving turbines for 40 years.

More important yet, they have given us a wonderfully efficient machine to drive our ships of war—drive them faster and farther than those of our enemies.

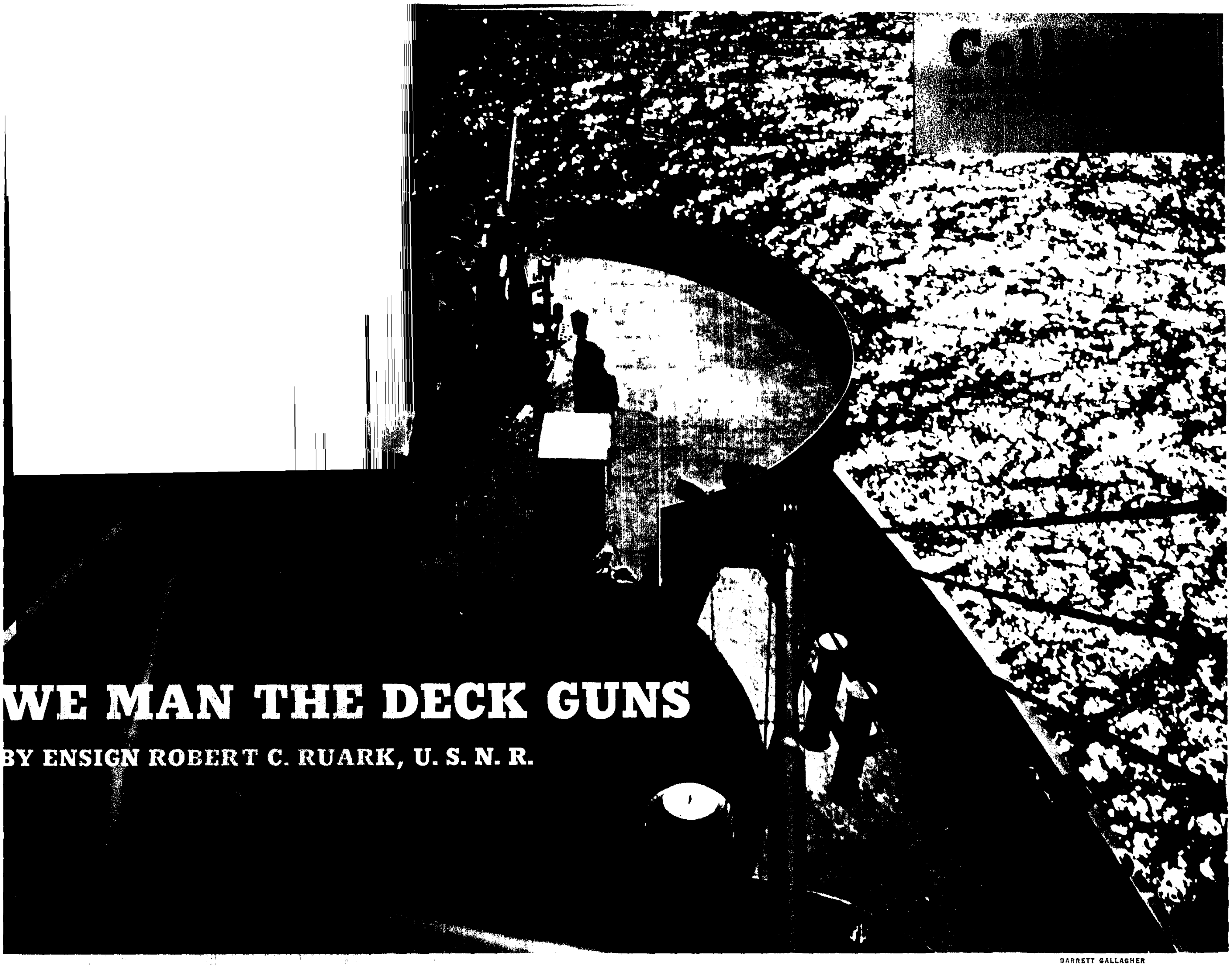
War cannot destroy the ingenuity and experience that created the modern turbine—in fact, it stimulates them. And they will help to create for us better and richer lives in the peaceful years to come. *General Electric Co., Schenectady, N. Y.*

Part of the rotor of a steam turbine—the amazing machine that's at the other end of your electric lines.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

962-452K-211

Tune in "The World Today," Monday through Saturday, 6:45 P. M., CBS; also "The Hour of Charm," Sunday, NBC. BUY WAR BONDS



WE MAN THE DECK GUNS

BY ENSIGN ROBERT C. RUARK, U. S. N. R.

BARRETT GALLAGHER

The Navy gun crew loads a 3-inch bow gun. It isn't nearly so serene when a sub is sighted. "In a quiet kind of way," says the author, "we do a good job"

Navy gunners on merchant ships "don't necessarily fight a passive war," as anyone can see from this account of their activities, written at sea by an officer in charge of a deck gun

THE wind yowled like a tortured tomcat, and the new Liberty Ship's stays were thick with ice. Tons of freezing water smashed across her decks, as she groaned under a 30-degree roll. The Atlantic, but for curling streaks of phosphorescence, was indistinguishable from the night, and the lookouts, straining their eyes into the blackness, shuddered into their sheepskins as the wind chewed through felt face masks.

Then depth charges rapped against the ship's skin, and the night was set afire by flares. "Snowflakes," the British call those flares, but "snowflake" is a pale approximation of the hovering hell-fire that illumines square miles of sea, indicating one thing—a submarine attack.

The forward lookout skated across the icy deck, and punched clumsily with mittened hands at the alarm buzzer. Before he completed his first series of rings, a stampede of men, clutching life jackets and helmets, poured out of the ship's passageways, heading for the guns.

The rattling thud of ash cans, sown in geometric pattern by the escort, increased, and the sky, so recently velvet-black, was red and pink and white against the silhouettes of the convoyed ships. But suddenly, from astern, there was a different explosion, louder and sharper than the depth charges; a different glare, brighter and taller and more vital than a flare. I have not yet read one good description of what it is like when a tanker takes a torpedo in her guts. She just goes sky-high in a sheet of flame, and that is what she did then.

An especially nasty roll shook the after-gun platform as a puppy shakes a shoe. The five-inch gun's captain lost his balance and skidded on his face into the waterways, his gun plug clanging dismally shut. He crawled to his feet, wiped the blood out of his eyes and jerked the plug open again.

All night long, the crews stood by their guns, listening to the pound of the ash cans, lurching on the icy decks, bracing against the stinging wind. Sleet slashed faces and stung eyes. From time to time, the flares lit the sea with witches' fire, and once again there was a louder, crashing explosion and a higher, brighter flame.

We had a solid week of that not so long ago. It was a week in which we never got our shoes off, never got an hour's unbroken sleep, never got a meal or a wash-up that wasn't broken off sharp by an alarm. The merchant sailors could sleep, because our alarm buzzer wasn't hooked to their quarters. But we—the U. S. Navy's Armed Guard—took a beautiful beating. Speaking only for myself, as officer in charge, my nerves were frayed to a point where the banging of a door or the striking of the ship's bell would send me plunging blindly for the gun deck.

Raw Deal in Mid-Ocean

The days weren't much better. On one lovely, sunny noon, when the wind had hauled off and the sea was quiet, I decided to take a shower no matter what happened. After a week of being penned in the same suit of long woolen drawers, you begin to think that nothing is quite so important as a shower.

I was soaping myself when the alarm went, and there was a mighty boom just astern and to the right of us. I hit the deck buck naked, with my life jacket slung over my arm, in time to see a tanker a couple of columns over go up in a tremendous burst of flame and smoke. The torpedo evidently had barely skinned our stern and had nailed a convoy mate flush on the button. It is very cold, even on a sunshiny day, in the North Atlantic when one is wearing only a life jacket . . .

This particular trip, I believe, was what is popularly known as a whing-ding. About nine submarines battled us dizzy for a week. We then took a deep breath and passed through a little sector which is exceedingly populous with Axis torpedo boats, although it must have been a holiday, or something, for we weren't bothered.

As one of the first handful of American merchant ships to enter a particular port since the war began, we finally hit the dock—and caught a straight week of air raids. Coming out, several floating mines scraped past our hull, and my boys just looked bored. One night there was a horrendous, ship-shaking explosion. One of the crew, literally knocked out of his bunk, actually yawned as he manned a bridge machine gun. "Some escort prob'ly blew up another mine," he said, slapping a magazine into place. We had used up our entire reservoir of apprehension.

Our set is called, variously, "The Sitting Ducks," "The Clay Pigeons," and "The Sea Scouts." Our coat of arms bears the motto: "Sighted Sub—Glub, Glub." We take a lot of kidding from the Merchant Marine, and considerable from the regular Navy. But I am here to say we have what is known as Good Duty, and very few of us would change it if we could. And, in a quiet kind of way, I think we do a good job.

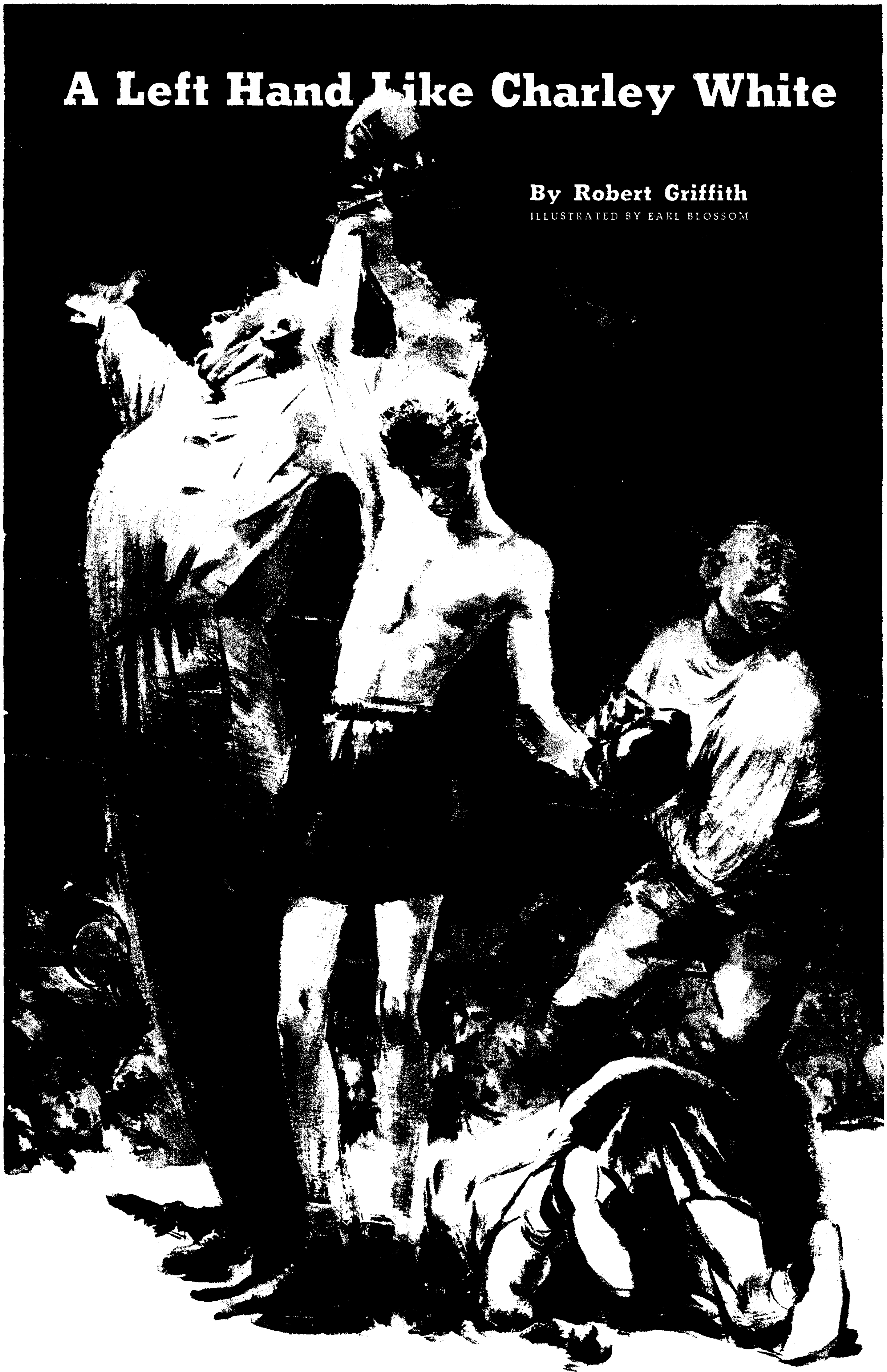
The Armed Guard belongs, almost exclusively, to us of the Naval Reserve. A lot of us, freshly commissioned from civil life, don't have and never will attain the

(Continued on page 48)

A Left Hand Like Charley White

By Robert Griffith

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM



Doc raised Lefty's hand, and Big-Ear was babbling, "I knew you didn't have no glass chin!"

The sharp savagery of men wh fight for money—in a story whic reveals the sordid workings of th underworld of small-time pugilism

LEFTY drove the car around to the garage at the rear of the hotel an then took the bags upstairs. Coming down the hall, he could hear hi brother Louie's voice, high-pitched an bitter. When he walked in, Louie stood i the middle of the room, waving his hands chewing at Max, saying, "Fighting in Center Point, a lousy hundred bucks, som farmer liable to break a arm on me." H made a quick pass at his nose, a ring mannerism. The nose had been rebuilt; it wa an artificial lump between bright blac eyes in a pale face that had once bee almost pretty.

Max was sitting on the bed; he got up signaled Lefty to put the bags down, and walked toward Louie, holding up hi hands, saying, *"Shhhh, shhhh, shhhh."* Louie and Lefty were small, slender men but Max was smaller. "Boy," he said "take it easy. You can stop this big farme in a round—"

"Big?" Louie's voice cut in, shrill and savage. "Big?"

Max swallowed, pulling at his necktie "Oh, not *big.*"

"Forty pounds, I told you!" Louie screamed, thrusting out his face, shaking both hands. "Forty pounds, I said!"

Lefty said, "Stop yelling, Oolie."

Louie spat out, "Don't call me *Oolie* I ain't giving him a ounce! He goes ove forty, the fight is off!"

Lefty put the bags on the bed. He opened the smaller one, removing Louie' robe, his trunks and cup, the styptic powder, the special mouthpiece in a jar. He worried about his brother but kept on telling himself: It's just he's nervous. A year in the can don't wear off in a week After the fight he'll be better.

Max was trying to soothe Louie, patting his shoulder, smiling up at him. Max's smile showed bad teeth beneath a brindle mustache; his bulging eyes did not participate. "I'm your manager, boy," he said "I know what I'm doing."

"You a manager!" Louie cried, moving his hands as he did in the ring. "You go all you can do to manage that machine where you work! What if this big farmer breaks a arm on me, these strong farmers? What if I break a hand on *him?"*

Lefty spread his brother's robe at the foot of the bed, telling himself: I'm getting sick of it. But he remembered Louie shadowboxing in a dim cell, shadowboxing for a year. I hadn't ought to pity him he thought; but it made him sick to think of how his brother had suffered. For jus hitting some guy over some girl; if it hadn't been Louie, they wouldn't made nc trouble. In the year that he had been away, Louie could have won the lightweight title. No wonder he's nervous Lefty thought, getting started, after a year

"I won't fight," Louie said sullenly. He stood in the middle of the room with his arms half raised, as if he were waiting for an opponent to get up from a knockdown He was tense; Louie never relaxed; every move he made showed that in his mind he was always in the ring; his brain was always fighting. "A lousy hundred bucks," he said.

Max was tired; he rested his head on his arms a while; then he sat up, ready to plead again. Lefty tried to comfort him.

"He's just talking, Max. Here," he said to his brother, "lay down here and rest, Oolie."

"Don't call me *Oolie!"*

Lefty said, "Just wearing yourself out." He was embarrassed; for the third time

(Continued on page 32)

Our New Weapon—JAPANESE

BY ROSCOE FLEMING

INTERNATIONAL

A Nisei instructor (purposely unidentified) expounds the alphabet in class as Capt. Frank H. Roberts, U.S.N., Ret., President Robert Stearns of the U. of Colorado, Miss Florence Walne, American head of Jap instructors, and Lieut. G. Kenneth Conover, listen. Students must also become familiar with scale models of warships of all types

Language experts said an Occidental couldn't learn Japanese in less than three years. The Navy, in a terrifically hard course taught by Nisei, is proving that it can be done in one year. Here's the first account of a new kind of war training

IN ONE of the nation's most extraordinary schools—a military secret until a few months ago—the enemy's language is being swiftly forged into a weapon against him. This is the Japanese Language School conducted for the U. S. Navy by the University of Colorado in mile-high Boulder, tucked away close under the snow-capped Continental Divide. Instructors are 90 per cent Nisei—Americans of Japanese blood who are proving their loyalty by doing a vital job no one else can do. And many young Americans have already gone from the school to the Pacific, commissioned as Naval linguistic officers.

Listen in on a final oral examination as conducted by Miss Florence Walne, director. In crisp Japanese she bids a tall young man, "Discuss for twenty minutes in Japanese the economic relations of Japan and the United States for the last fifty years."

The young man bows, and talks fluently for twenty minutes about something that most of us couldn't discuss that long in English.

This is the more extraordinary in that he and most of his classmates a year before didn't know a word of the language, reputed to be (although wrongly, Miss Walne says) the world's most difficult, impossible for an Occidental to learn in less than three years of intensive study.

Members of four successive graduating classes, each with a year or less of instruction, have already made good in important front-line work. Graduates are beginning to move out in real numbers, too. The latest class, Miss Walne says, comprises the largest single group of Occidentals ever to receive degrees in advanced Oriental-language study. And the ever-growing school is now of college size in itself, with the Navy still looking for qualified applicants.

How? Well, for one thing, this is scholastically the most rigorously selected group of young men ever to come together in a U. S. academic course. Many more than half are Phi Beta Kappas. Classes include such diverse figures as two naval lieutenants, one a former language instructor at the Naval Academy, one an old China hand; a former member of our embassy staff in Tokyo; a former teacher of Oriental history who saw Chiang Kai-shek's war against the Communists in 1927.

About one third of the students were born in the Orient or have lived there, but most are simply bright college boys, who were going to be lawyers or teachers or theatrical people or businessmen, now swept by war into a new and promising career. They are picked for stability, leadership and character, too, for they're to become officers. They need staying power, for it's no fun to labor twelve hours daily, six days weekly, for a solid year at a single subject, especially one as full of headaches as Japanese. Literally, they do no other work save an hour of physical training.

"All we need now is a cellophane textbook so we can study in the showers," cracked one student.

The school has taken over the men's dormitory, the Faculty Club, much of the Liberal Arts Building, and the beautiful Memorial Building. The latter is divided into cubicles that resound all day long with the crackle of Japanese, where almond-eyed, brown-skinned instructors, qualified both by proficiency and by their loyal Americanism, work with five or six students each—no more, for thoroughness.

English NOT Spoken Here

Come into the lounge in the late afternoon. A freckled redhead and a slim dark boy are absorbed in a complicated ticktacktoe played with black and white buttons. Pipe-smoking Nisei look on through thick spectacles. All comment is in Japanese, which the redhead and the dark lad slide out in swift asides. The room hums with people, including scores of Nisei of both sexes. Their students tower over the stocky brown people, chatting and laughing and briefly relaxing.

They need relaxation, for they attend classes three or four hours daily, then study for nine or ten more, learning the language it was said couldn't be learned save after long years. They are virtually on a seven-day week, for Saturday-night relaxation means hours of Sunday study. They constitute a serious, purposeful group, preparing for immediate front-line duty as interpreters, in interviewing prisoners, reading letters, etc., and perhaps for important life careers later.

From the first day, students speak Japanese. They do endless exercises and compositions and translations; they listen again and again to phonograph records. They watch flickering black-and-white Japanese movies, devoid of kisses, but full of death scenes and of colloquial Japanese.

"The way the actors sigh and groan and carry on, the boys laugh and miss some high spots," said a student. "Plots turn on a few words, and if you miss those, you're out of luck.. Death scenes last interminably and are full of language. These movies are fun—though for entertainment, we'd prefer Hedy Lamarr—but the newsreels are not. It makes you sick, and mad, too, to see the ruins at Chungking and hear the exultant announcers."

The alleged impossibility of an Occidental learning to speak, read and write Japanese adequately, without long years of hard work, was formerly almost a creed among language teachers. If it had proved to be fact, we should have been greatly handicapped, almost like a blind man groping for an enemy who could see.

For generations, millions of Japanese have learned English in their schools. For years, it has been Japan's second language. No worth-while legal, business,

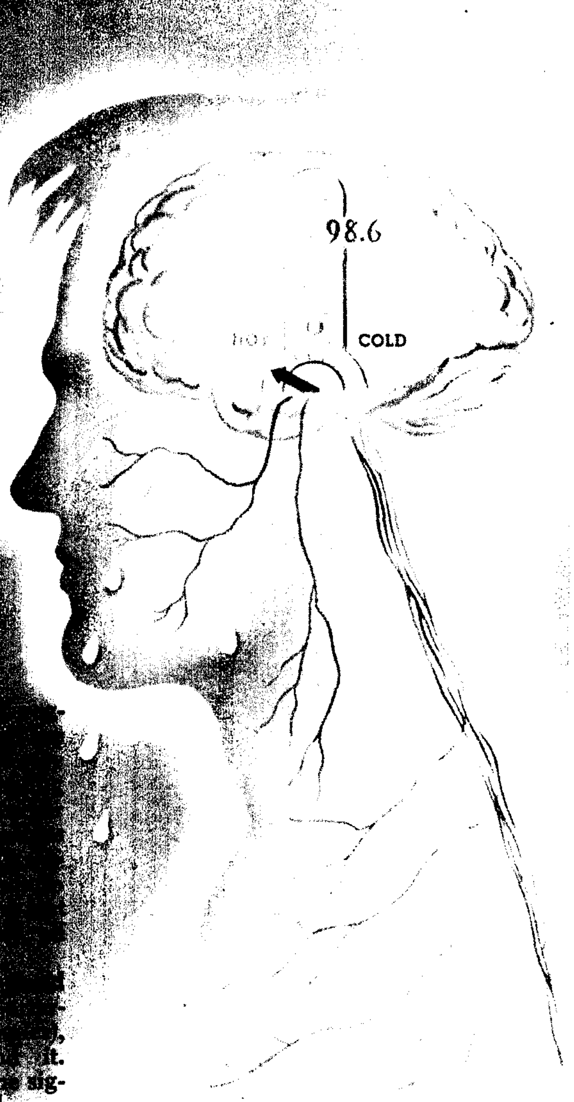
(Continued on page 61)

[illegible] SWEAT
[illegible] YOUR BROW

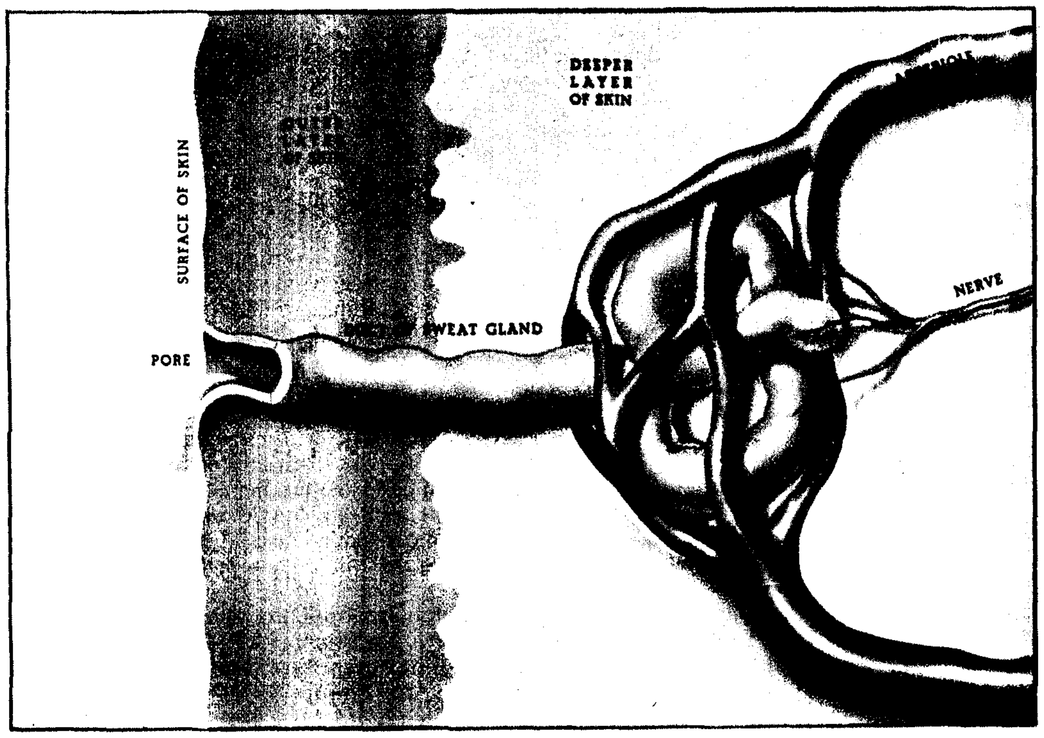
[illegible] FRAZIER

[illegible] BY CAPT. FRANK NETTER, M.D.

Those two to three million sweat glands of yours wor overtime, this weather, to keep you cool. To stay o your feet, you have to replace what they throw awa



[illegible] the body [illegible] center [illegible] much [illegible] the [illegible] hot [illegible] out [illegible] nerve [illegible] sweat gl[illegible] pour [illegible] cool the b[illegible] a swea[illegible] veins [illegible] around it. [illegible] gland gets the signal [illegible] heat center, it takes up [illegible] certain vitamins, and [illegible] from the blood stream and makes perspiration which it pours out on the surface of the body



DOG days are here. The best thing to do is to have a long, cool drink and face the situation squarely. It's hot, and we are going to sweat. But sweating is pretty fascinating business.

Our bodies are covered with two to three million sweat glands—microscopic, coiled tubes which collect moisture from the blood. They eject their fluid, which evaporates and cools the body.

Thanks to this near-perfect air-conditioning system, man can live almost anywhere. He survives in temperatures that range from 60 below zero to sun temperatures of 150 to 160 degrees Fahrenheit. Most other species lack this adaptability. Fish exist through a temperature range only a third as wide.

The human being is the most adaptable of all creatures. In one classic experiment, a man survived a dry-air temperature of 250 degrees for fifteen minutes. Cooled by his own perspiration, the man came out with no ill effects. A steak placed in the same chamber was cooked in thirteen minutes.

When exposed to excessively high temperatures, man loses incredible quantities of moisture. Laborers in the tropics lose as much as thirty pounds of sweat a day—20 per cent of their weight! During a hard race, an oarsman gushes out as much as five pounds of perspiration in twenty minutes. Men doing moderate work, like office workers, lose about eight pounds of sweat a day in summertime.

Thinking, too, causes people to perspire. A group of subjects sit in a room which is warm but not warm enough to make them perspire. They are then given a series of difficult problems in mental arithmetic. Almost invariably they break into profuse perspiration.

Humidity, of course, plays a large role in sweating. When the air is laden with moisture, it evaporates sweat more slowly. The sweat glands answer this challenge by secreting their juice at a more rapid rate.

The temperature factor being equal, humidity has a large influence on clothing worn by human beings. The Arabs, living in a dry climate, wear long, flowing robes. These robes protect them from the sun. They also kick up a breeze of hot, dry air which quickly evaporates perspiration. The Polynesians, on the other hand, live in a humid region. The air takes up moisture slowly—so the Polynesians wear as few clothes as the law allows.

When the Body's Thermostat Fails

No one is quite sure about the exact mechanism whereby our rate of sweating is controlled. There is a heat-control center at the base of the brain which is the master thermostat of the body. Injury to this area is apt to mean death. Body temperature goes through crazy gyrations. Doctors may attempt to control this by means of hot blankets or ice bags, but unless the damage is repaired quickly, death always results.

There are several subsidiary "sweat centers" in the brain and spinal cord, as well as this master control.

Like thermostats in a large office building, they work automatically. They send impulses out through the sympathetic nervous system—the one which controls such automatic functions as heart action, constriction of blood vessels, flow of digestive juices. Each of the two to three million sweat glands has its own controlling nerve.

Around the coiled-up end of each swea gland, there are small blood vessels—ai teries and veins which carry the bloo from and to the heart. When the swea glands go into action, they draw watei salt, some vitamins and other substance from the blood stream, and from thes they manufacture the sweat.

For a while, research men though sweating was caused by a rise in bloo temperature. Then a researcher put a subject in a heat chamber. He bathed one arn in ice water, frigid enough to cause th blood temperature to fall. Still the ma sweated profusely. So it looks very mucl as though sweating is an automatic reflex governed perhaps by the temperature o certain skin areas.

Sweat itself is an almost colorless, odorless liquid which is over 99 per cent watei Such odor as it has is usually caused b the presence of bacteria on the skin of a specified area. These bacteria may in rar instances cause colored sweat—sometimes red, sometimes green.

Vitamin Loss Through Sweating

Besides their cooling function, swea glands do other jobs as well. They secret a certain amount of oil which lubricate such hairless areas as the palms of th hands and the soles of the feet. Swea glands excrete some wastes—lactic acid They also excrete certain things which w can ill afford to lose. Recent work show that large amounts of vitamins are los by this means—particularly vitamins C and B_1. This is of no particular importance to well-fed people doing moderate work; but it may be of greates importance to badly nourished people doing hard labor.

Salt is the most important substanc lost by sweating. Several years ago, workers from the Harvard Fatigue Laborator did an outstanding piece of work at Boulder City, Nevada. Heat prostrations wer a fearful problem in the flaming canyor where Boulder Dam was being built. During the first summer, fifteen men died.

The Harvard men put research subjects at hard labor, then bathed them in tubs o sterile water. They analyzed the bath water and found that in a day's time a mar could lose an ounce or more of salt. This lowering of the salinity of the blood, they suspected, was the cause of heat cramps and heat prostration.

It was a simple enough matter to replace this loss with salt tablets—taken with every drink of water. Heat prostrations stopped. The same idea has been adopted by hot industries: steel, glassmaking, baking. It can also be used by nearly all of us. A half teaspoonful of salt is a good restorative after a few sets of fast tennis, or a couple of hours trying to win the Victory garden from the weeds.

One convincing experiment indicates the value of this treatment. Three groups of men were kept for two hours at a temperature of 110 degrees Fahrenheit. The first group got no water. At the end of the two hours, they had temperatures. Their pulses were racing, they had splitting headaches and were confused. The second group got water. They, too, had slight fevers and slight headaches. The third group got water and salt. They were clearheaded, felt hot but fine.

The best advice for all of us is to take hot weather with a little more than a grain of salt. We may doubt the value of sweat glands when our shirts cling to our backs. But we would be in bad shape without them. ★★★

Dorndale Manor held out—a stubborn pocket of resistance in an otherwise friendly land. That it was inhabited solely by women did not frighten Pilot Elmer Jansen, who moved in and took possession practically singlehanded

IT'S THE AMERICANS

BY DOROTHY BLACK

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC VARADY

ALL around were the hills. Wine and gold in the summer, with heather and gorse. White in wintertime, with caps of snow. They shut the world right out. Dorndale Manor had now become a little kingdom by itself—an island in the hill-enclosed dale.

Within this secluded kingdom, Rose Denton lived with The Aunts. The Aunts, both Louie and Kate, belonged to that type of English lady that appears ageless. They looked exactly the same, now that Rose was eighteen, as they had the day she had returned from India, an orphan aged six. This was the only similarity between them, however. As Rose grew older she came to realize that Aunt Louie wasn't God, as she herself seemed to think, but simply a domineering old lady, bossy as a turkey cock, and Aunt Kate the fluttering victim of her arrogance.

Dorndale Manor had been lonely enough before the war, but not so bad as it was now. Now there was no more gasoline, and not even summer visitors came. Aunt Louie thought this a great improvement. Aunt Louie did not approve of people, or modern ways, or radio, or the telephone, and what she said went, so inside the gates of Dorndale Manor they didn't even get much of the war news. Aunt Louie did not want to hear about the war. She disapproved of it. If you tried to talk about it, she said, "I prefer not to discuss it, dear. If everyone had the sense to live as I live, there would be no war."

"But we aren't living, Aunt Louie," Rose had once said in a moment of revolt. "Don't you see? We're just buried alive."

ALL she got for that was a homily on ingratitude and an evil-tasting vegetable tonic. And that summer went by just like any other. You felt that nothing would ever happen up there. But, for once, you were wrong.

Jane, the maid, the only one of them who did much going around, came back from her afternoon off, looking quite pale.

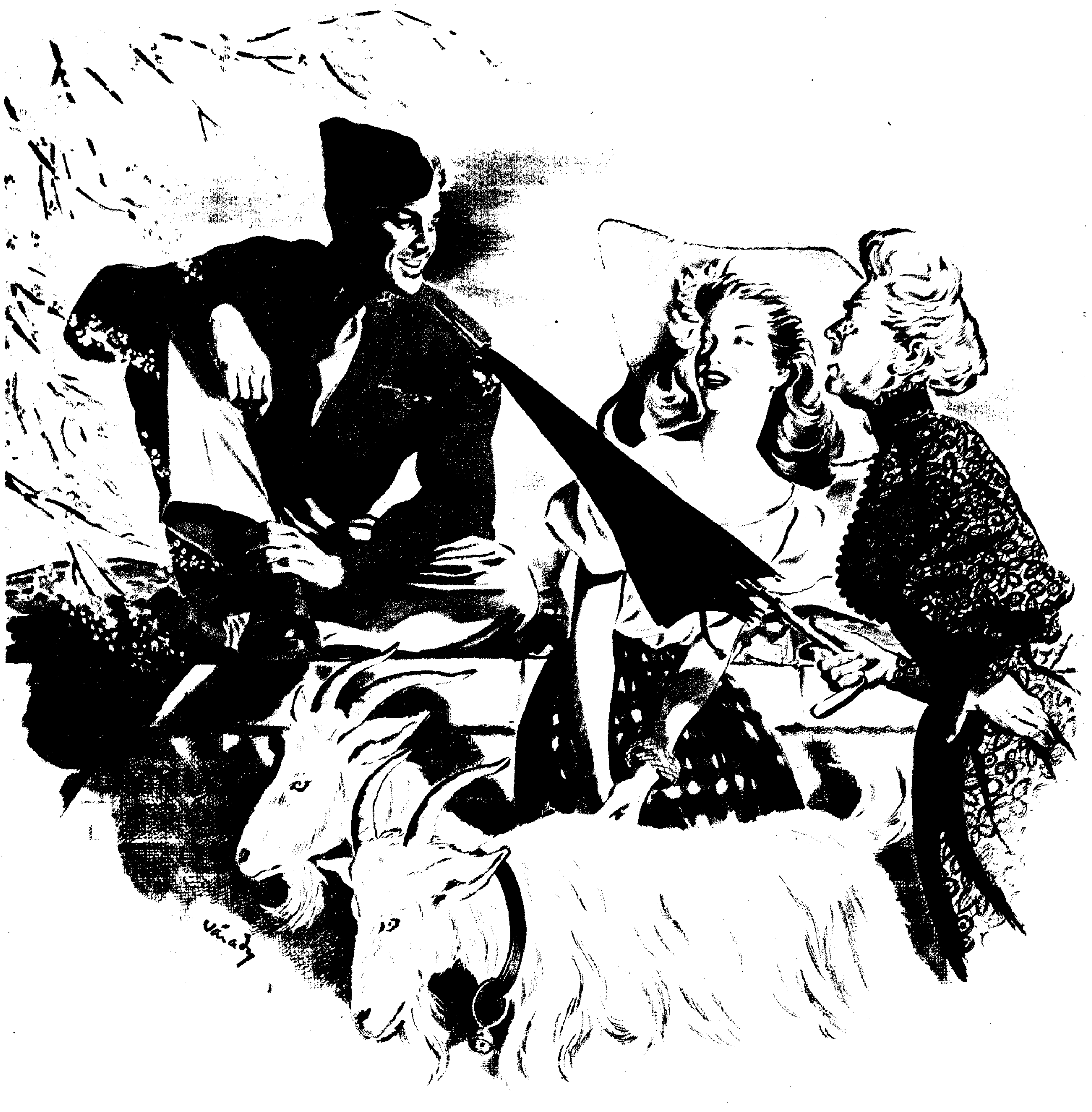
"What do you think! They're building an airfield and landing ground . . . just over there . . . just outside the park!"

Aunt Louie said, "Nonsense!"

"Well, if it's nonsense, all I can say is that it takes a lot of dredgers and wood cutters and tractors," said Jane, almost saucy for once.

"You forget yourself," said Aunt Louie, waving her away.

But she could not wave the airfield away. Presently the air was full of the hum of the tractors, the crash of falling trees, the rattle of lorries going by. From the end of the park you could see it: a great area scraped quite flat, and men toiling there like ants.



Aunt Louie stopped with a jerk. She pointed the parasol at the blond young man. "Rose . . . what is this?"

"Your aunt is very angry about it," said Aunt Kate, who had been bullied into such a state of subjection that she usually whispered her communications to Rose when Rose was brushing the goats, Clarissa and Mélisande, in the stables. "She got several letters, but she didn't tell me what was in them. She burnt them."

"Oh, dear! They may want something!" said Rose.

"They may, dear. But they won't get it!" She looked at Rose with her wide guileless blue eyes that were so like a child's. She leaned a little closer.

"It's the Americans," she said. "Jane told me. She met one on the bus. She said he spoke English, but not the kind she understands. Do you think they will come here?"

"I don't know. Aunt Louie would beat them away with her red parasol, I expect," laughed Rose, vaguely excited. As long as somebody came, she did not care who it was.

"Your aunt thinks that if you go on ignoring a thing, it ceases to exist," said Aunt Kate, with the air of one making a discovery. It was true, Rose knew, but now she knew something else, as well. All those years they had been buried up there, life had been creeping nearer. It was catching up with them now.

The following evening when she went to fetch the goats back from the water meadow, there was the young man. He was sitting on the wall. He had taken off his coat and thrown it over the broken glass, Aunt Louie's defense against sightseers. He wore an olive drab shirt and tie. He had a long, solemn, blond face, and eyes very blue in contrast with his shirt. At first you thought him almost ugly and a little comic. Then he smiled, and you realized he was rather sweet.

"That's a dirty kind of a trick," said the young man, regarding the broken glass.

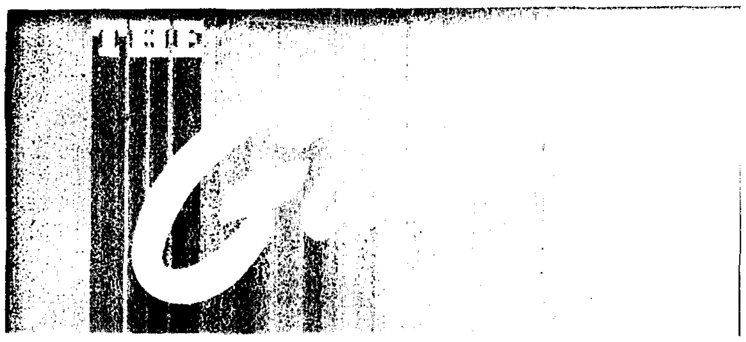
"I've always thought so," said Rose. She leaned against Mélisande and did not know what a pretty picture she made in her old-fashioned dress. Behind her was the water meadow, bright with cuckoo flowers. And beyond that ran the river, very blue, edged with the gold of kingcups.

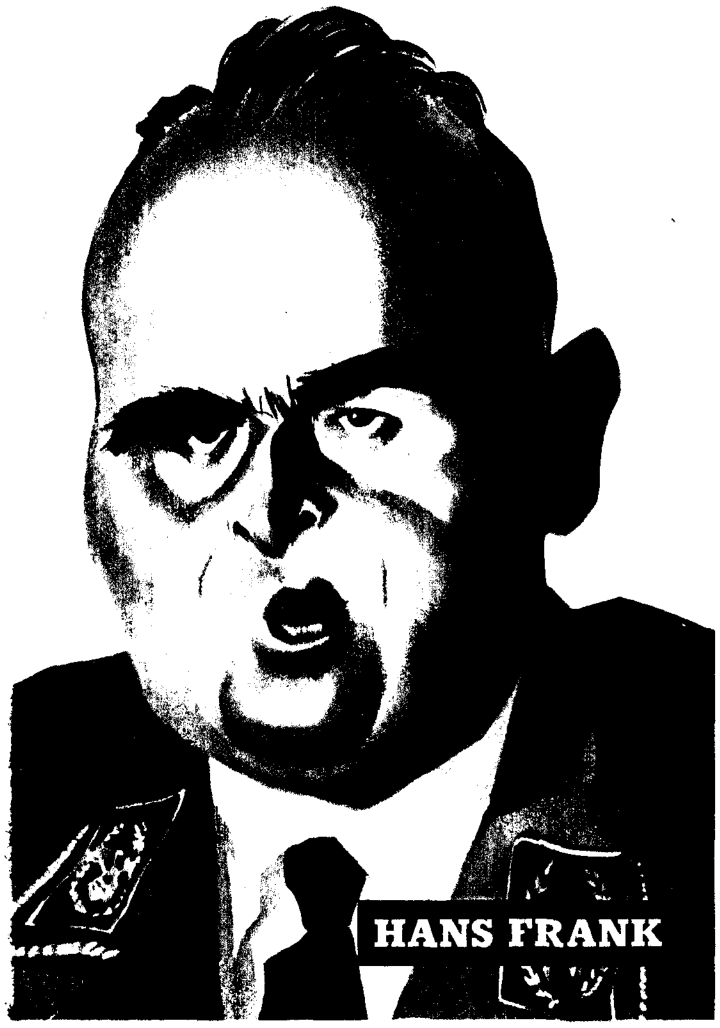
The young man said, softly, "'Where Alph, the sacred river, ran . . . down to a sunless sea.'" He said it half to himself, and then went on, to Rose, "My kite's stuck way back there."

"Your kite . . . ?" she said, astonished.

"My airplane," he grinned. "K for Kitten. That's me. I came around to see if I could telephone from anywhere here."

"We don't have a telephone," said Rose.





SAM BERMAN

THIS is Hans Frank, the German Governor General of prostrate Poland. *Remember him!* Of all the Little Hitlers, he is the most bestial. Since taking office he has reduced the Polish population by a seventh. Two *million* Jews and one million Poles have been killed outright, and another two millions have died in "labor camps." His work of extermination still goes on.

Though orders for the liquidation of a whole people were given by Hitler, credit for their execution must go to Frank. It was he who conceived the idea of "mass slaughter" as quicker and more terroristic than individual death sentences. He lined up hundreds at a time in public squares, and mowed them down with machine guns. The widowed and the orphaned attended to the burials, bayonets forcing them to dump the bloody bodies into open ditches.

It was Hans Frank who originated the practice of hurling hand grenades into pens where prisoners were packed like cattle; who drove barefooted men, women and children into boxcars ankle-deep in quicklime that soon ate flesh away, who filled long trains with Jews and Poles, locked them in and left them without food and water on out-of-the-way sidings.

Always searching for improvements in method, Frank reached his peak in what came to be known throughout all Poland as the Horror of Oswiecim. A thousand wretches were jammed into an underground shelter meant to hold only one or two hundred, after which the entrance was sealed and poison gas piped in. Hans Frank has compelled fathers and mothers to watch the induction of their daughters into brothels. Another popular pastime, devised personally by Hans, is the injection of drugs that rot the vital organs. Betting on how long the victim will last takes the place of horse racing as a sport.

As in the case of so many other Hitlerites, little is known of Hans Frank until the Nazi convulsion spewed him up from obscurity. An unsuccessful lawyer, he joined the party in its hoodlum stage, and first came into notice as an attorney for the defense when Adolf's thugs were arrested. Himmler liked him, and Hitler saw in him all of his own hates. Promotion followed promotion. He was a member of the Reichstag in 1930, Bavaria's Minister of Justice in 1933, and in 1939 Governor General of conquered Poland.

Hans Frank. *Remember him!* ★★★

His eyebrows shot up. "Say, what sort of a joint is this?" he grinned.

"A very old-fashioned joint. Just how old-fashioned, you are about to discover." For she saw, from the corner of her eye, Aunt Louie approaching on the starboard beam—Aunt Louie, boned collar and red parasol, taking her evening walk beside the reedy pond where later water lilies grew.

Aunt Louie stopped with a jerk. She pointed the red parasol at the blond young man.

"Rose . . . what is this?"

"Good evening, ma'am," said the blond young man, very politely. "My kite's down near by and I wanted to telephone to H.Q. But it seems you don't have one."

"Kite! At his age!" said Aunt Louie.

"He means his—his aircraft," said Rose quickly. "He's made a forced landing. He wants to telephone for help."

"How long has this been going on, pray?" demanded Aunt Louie, growing blue about the wattles like a turkey cock.

"I've never seen him before," said Rose quickly.

"Sure. . . . She's never seen me before. But I hope I shall see her again, and you, too, ma'am," said the young man on the wall. He took a piece of chewing gum from his pocket and unwrapped it. "K for Kitten, that's me. . . . Four-engined Lancaster. . . . A beaut. . . . Zoom. . . . Bam!" He grinned down at them, swinging his legs.

"What language does this person speak?" said Aunt Louie. "I cannot understand him. Tell him to go away. Tell him there is a telephone at the inn. Tell him this place is private. Then come into the house, please. I wish to speak to you, Rose." She swept off.

Rose laughed softly. "Now you see what you have done," she said. "I shall get a lecture."

"For crying out loud, what for?"

"For encouraging strange young men."

"Gee, I don't guess I'm going to need much encouragement," said the boy, quite at ease in spite of the broken glass and Aunt Louie. "My name is Elmer Jansen. What's yours?"

"Rose Denton. The inn is down there on the right, and you can telephone there for twopence."

"Thanks a lot. . . . Have some chewing gum?"

She took it politely, not wanting to snub him.

"Well, so long. I'll be back."

"It's no good your coming back . . ." she began, but she doubted whether he heard her. He went whistling off down the lane toward the village. Rose broke the stick of gum in two and solemnly gave a piece to each of the goats.

AUNT LOUIE was waiting for her in the drawing room. "Enticing strange men. Just like a little housemaid. Don't let it happen again."

"I didn't entice him."

"No man climbs a wall unless a girl encourages him. This dreadful airfield may have come and planted itself down just next door to us, but we need not demean ourselves by knowing anything about it. I expect you to ignore it, and them, Rose. As I do."

It wasn't any good saying anything. Rose went back to the stables to finish off the goats, and found Aunt Kate waiting for her. Aunt Kate had a way of hovering, if she thought anyone was in trouble. There she sat on a hay bale, looking like something cut out of an old-fashioned magazine.

"You mustn't mind your aunt, dear. You know how she dislikes strangers."

"He was so nice, Aunt Kate. . . . An American boy. Not a bit shy or awkward. And she was beastly to him."

"You know what she is, dear. Your aunt lives in a world of her own."

"Don't you ever feel you simply *must* get away, Aunt Kate?"

Truth did battle with loyalty in Aunt Kate's faded blue eyes. "Well, dear, we are very comfortable here."

"I don't want to be comfortable."

"No . . . I sometimes feel that way myself."

Aunt Kate sat plaiting hay for a moment. Then she got up and, with a little sigh, moved toward the door.

Suddenly she turned. "When is he coming back?" she whispered.

"The American? He won't come back."

"I think he will, dear. They are like us, but they aren't like us. That's what I hear. More go-ahead."

Rose hadn't any hope. It had been just an episode, and now the page was turned on it. Life, she thought, would go on just as of old, only slightly noisier.

It happened in the quiet hour of the day. Aunt Louie was resting. No bells were allowed to ring, no pianos were played, between two and four. Aunt Louie lay down. Rose had once seen her doing it. Very straight and stiff she lay, like a stone bishop on a cathedral bier.

The bell didn't just ring. It pealed in a very peremptory fashion. The silence was shattered—like a stone chucked through a stained-glass window. Jane, who managed to open the door, shaken though she was by this shattering of custom, gave a scream and departed. "The Germans! The Germans!" she shrilled.

It wasn't the Germans. Only a tall, wide man with a leather face and a slightly pickled nose. There were wings and medals on his tunic, and a sheaf of papers in his hand.

"Say, I've got to move some of my kids in here," said the tall man, laconically. "We'll want half this house till the quarters at the mess are ready. . . ."

Aunt Kate flapped. Aunt Kate said, "Oh, dear. . . Oh, dear. . . . I don't know what my sister will say."

"I gather they wrote about it, ma'am."

"There were letters, I know. Quite a number of letters. But she didn't tell me what was in them. Rose, dear, you'd better call your aunt."

There was no need. Down the stairs, majestically, came Aunt Louie, looking like something marked "Danger. Keep Off!"

"What is all this?" demanded Aunt Louie.

"Kids . . ." said Aunt Kate. "He wants to bring his kids here, Louie. . . . Be calm, dear."

"We've written, warning you on various occasions, but had no answer, ma'am. Now the accommodation has been requisitioned. But I guess you have plenty of room. The boys will only need one wing. I hope it's okay by you."

"It is *not* okay by me," said Aunt Louie. "It is preposterous."

"Military orders often are, ma'am. But you won't find the kids will bother you much. They're a nice bunch of boys."

"They can't come here," said Aunt Louie.

"Sorry, ma'am. They've got to."

THEY swept in, very quiet and polite, carrying things. They swept past Aunt Louie like the sea, and she could do no more about it than Canute. They brought in a telephone. "I will not have that thing . . ." began Aunt Louie.

They carried up a radio. "Don't dare bring that thing into my house!" Aunt Louie shrilled.

The officer looked about him, large and sad. "Someone take care of her," he said. "She'll get hurt." But before Rose and Aunt Kate could reach her, there was Elmer Jansen, his long blond face solemn. He took her arm.

"Take it easy, Aunt Louie," he said. "I know it's tough, us butting in. But we won't do any harm. . . . We won't hurt anything. This is a swell house, and we'll see no harm comes to it."

So petrified, so dumfounded was Aunt Louie at this piece of cheek, that she said nothing. Nothing at all. And while she was getting her breath, he steered her into the library, and put her into a chair. He stood beside her, peeling a piece of gum.

"Try a bit? No. You ought to. It soothes the nerves. I chew a lot when I'm flying . . . at night. Most of us do."

"Go away," said Aunt Louie. "I don't want to hear what you do. I don't want to know anything about you. Kate! Kate! Rose! Take this person away. . . . I'm ill."

"Oh, no, you're not ill," said the young man calmly. He was like someone dealing patiently with a naughty, spoiled child. "You're just sort of nervous, Aunt Louie. You'd better face it, ma'am. We didn't want to come in here any more than you wanted to have us. It's just fortunes of war and we've all got to make the best of it. We won't bother you. We're out most nights, with our kites. Tell you what I'll do. . . . I'll drop a message for you over Berlin!"

"It's tough on old folks," said the officer, kindly, to Rose outside. "But they've got to take it like the rest of us. The kids are good kids. Maybe they'll get round her. You never can tell."

"I'm afraid," said Rose, "they don't speak her language."

"You can get quite a way without language," said the officer genially. "I found that out in France." He winked.

Elmer Jansen came out of the library.

"How's she doin'?" asked the officer.

"Still kind of allergic to us," Elmer said, grinning. "But she'll be all right, sir. You don't have to worry. I'll keep an eye on her."

There followed incredible weeks, with the manor loud with young voices, the radio playing, telephone bells ringing. It wasn't like the manor at all. And at all hours, into their part of the house, came Elmer Jansen, trying to bring Aunt Louie round. Paying court to her as she had never been courted *(Continued on page 38)*

SECRETARY OF WAR

By George Creel

Henry L. Stimson never makes news. He's only the man who (1) took over direction of the Army after 70; (2) made it the most modern in the world; (3) saw the dark menace of Japan in 1931, when appeasement was our theme song; (4) said Hitler was bent on world domination when almost everyone else saw him as a Viennese Chaplin. But what are we talking about? Henry L. Stimson never makes news

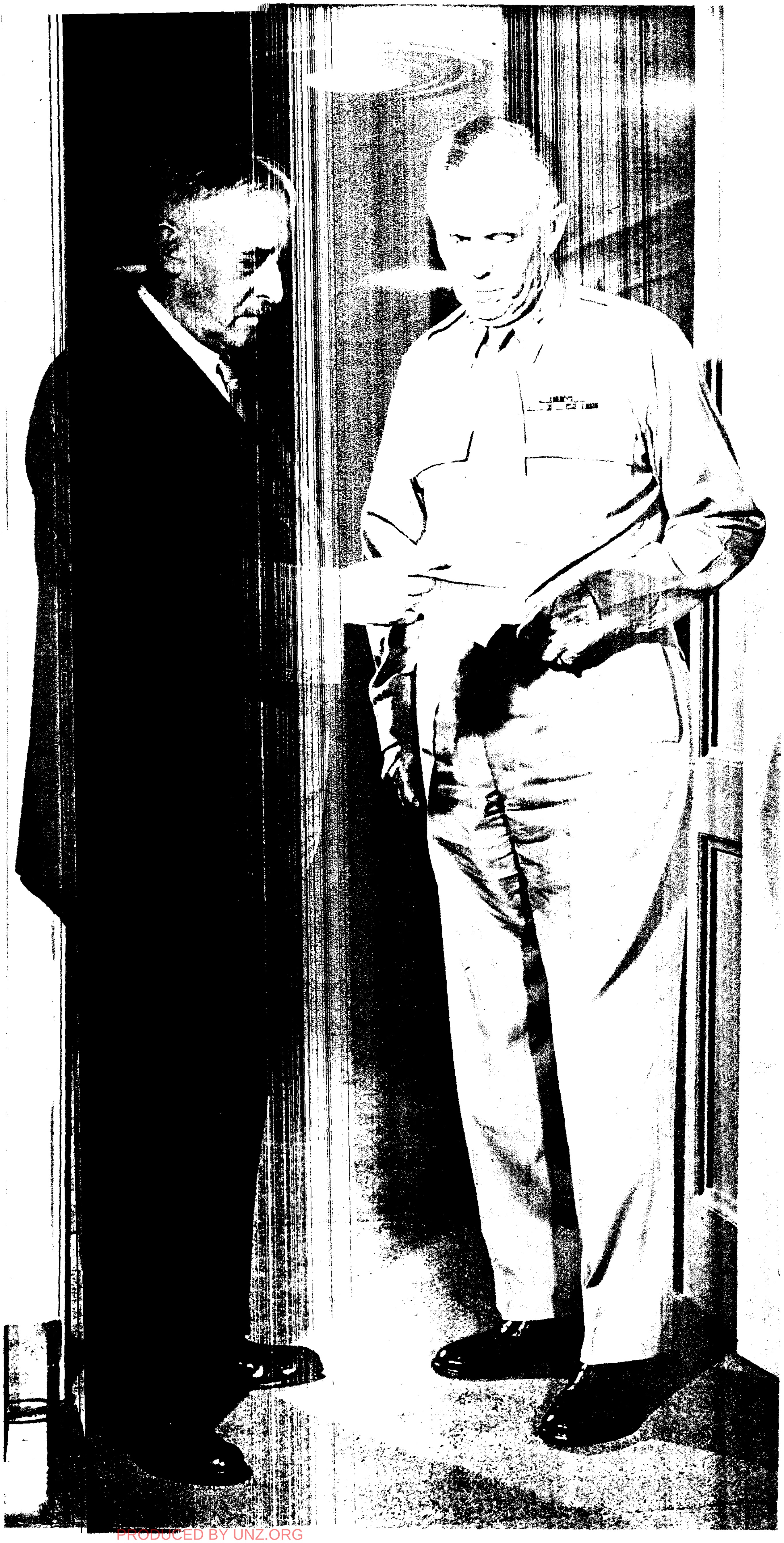
EVERY so often, Washington's "campus boys" start the hopeful whisper that Henry L. Stimson is going to be taken out of the War Department and deposited in the Smithsonian Institution along with Eli Whitney's cotton gin, the first telephone and some other American antiquities. Confidentially, there is about as much chance of it as for Roosevelt to win the Republican nomination next summer. Mr. Stimson may be seventy-six years old and not much of a hand at desk pounding, but, if results are any test, he comes close to being the most efficient administrator in the whole vast war machine.

At the time he took over in July, 1940, the Army would have had trouble finding a buyer at a rummage sale. Harry Woodring, then Secretary of War, was not on speaking terms with Louis Johnson, the Undersecretary, and other equally bitter feuds had reached the point where every desk mounted a machine gun. Anything approaching modernization was anathema, for troglodytes in the high command frowned on mechanization as a passing fad, and development of the Air Forces was resisted as strenuously as in the days of Billy Mitchell. Ulysses S. Grant, returning to the scene, would have felt no sense of change from the days of Civil War ineptitude.

Today, only three years later, the United States boasts an Army as highly modernized as any in the world, and an expanding Air Force that ranks equally with the other two principal commands. Best of all, it is a smooth-running, streamlined organization that pulls as a team. Ask any officer from General Marshall down how this miracle of transformation came about, and he'll jerk a thumb in the direction of the room where a supposedly doddering old gentleman lays down the law with a snap that keeps every man on the hop. And it is not only the huge Pentagon Building, housing 50,000 people, that comes under his somewhat frosty eye. At regular intervals he boards a bomber and covers the country's military establishment in a succession of fast flights that tire out younger men.

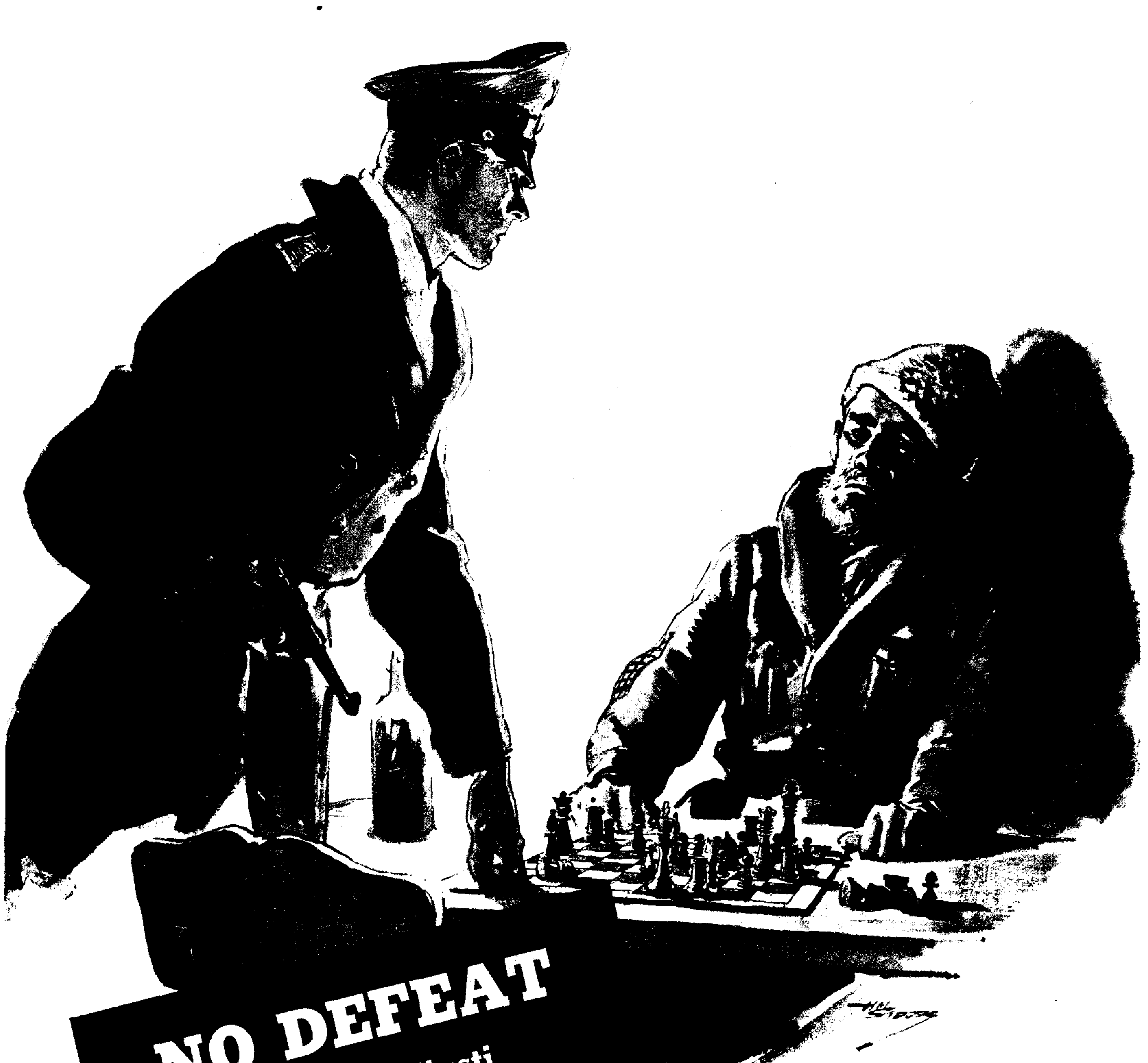
Friends have a very simple explanation for this abounding vigor. The Secretary does not live in downtown Washington, but out at secluded Woodley, a fine old manor house where Van Buren, Tyler and Buchanan used to spend their summers. When he leaves the office for his home, he stays put until the morning whistle blows. A sedate horseback ride through Rock Creek Park, or maybe a game of deck tennis, and then dinner, a quiet evening and bed. No golf, no bridge and none of the endless social round that is as much a part of official life as red tape and all-day conferences.

A better reason may be *(Continued on page 54)*



LEAVITT

One of the first things the new Secretary of War did was to assign an office next to his own to Chief of Staff George C. Marshall. The next thing he did was to prop the door wide open—permanently



NO DEFEAT

By Arndt Giusti

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

Visaroff moved his knight, then brought up his queen. "Checkmate," he said quietly. Von Moske was cornered, and *this time there was no escape.* He reached for his pistol

ONE evening a Russian bomber surprised a German reconnaissance party, wiping it out—except for Colonel Baron von Moske.

After a time he opened his eyes. His mind cleared slowly until he was in full command of his faculties. He thought: I alone am alive. It was a miracle. He felt for his compass, his pistol and flashlight. He knew it was impossible to go on in the dark and then he remembered an abandoned farmhouse they had passed where he could find shelter until morning.

Colonel von Moske lost track of time after he reached the farmhouse and fastened its door against the storm. Overcome with fatigue he must have fallen asleep, because it was daylight now. The storm hadn't let up and, outside, the snow lay in deep drifts.

His whole body felt stiff and numb from the cold, and he realized he was lucky he hadn't frozen to death in his sleep. The stove looked as if it was intact and there was a pile of dry wood. He soon had a fire going and sat close to the stove warming himself and smoking a cigarette. He tried to forget the war.

He imagined he was at Felsenhausen, the old castle that for centuries had belonged to his family. He had been a bachelor until he came home from France, when he married a beautiful young girl. He wondered unhappily if he would ever see her again. But that was weakness unworthy of a German colonel. He must concentrate on the plan for the new offensive, which he was working out for the general; he knew von Gronau was counting on him. Von Moske liked to think of it as a chess game. No trusting to luck, always making the right move, knowing that the slightest error in judgment might mean the difference between success and failure.

While he had been looking for kindling to start the fire, he had surprisingly found a set of chessmen. Von Moske idly set up the pieces on the table, admiring the fine hand carving. He thought of taking them along as a keepsake—they would remind him of his miraculous escape from death.

But now, suddenly, he was startled from his thoughts by a sound outside the house. He reached for his pistol.

Von Moske's first impulse was to shoot the moment the door opened, but then he realized there was no danger. There was just this one man. A fur-coated figure with a bearded face.

"What is your name?"

"I am Stephan Visaroff."

The colonel had difficulty speaking in Russian and was relieved when the man answered in German.

"Where are you from?"

"Odessa."

"How do you come to be here?"

The answer was, of course, obvious. He belonged to a band of guerrillas.

"No doubt you are wondering why I didn't shoot you," remarked von Moske.

The Russian held out his hands to the warmth of the fire. His face was without expression of any kind. A stupid dolt, the colonel thought, like most of these Russians.

"When the storm is over," von Moske explained, "I must return to my post. You can save your life if you guide me safely, and I shall see to it that you are treated as a prisoner of war."

Visaroff remained silent.

"You have time to think it over," the colonel shrugged.

"The Germans are no longer there." Visaroff spoke without turning his head. "They were driven from the village last night."

"You are lying." But von Moske knew this Russian blockhead couldn't have made up such a story. It must be true.

Von Moske kept the pistol ready for instant use. But Visaroff made no move; he just sat there. The colonel lit a cigarette, smoking it slowly to make it last as long as possible. Then he remembered the chess pieces he had found. He could set them up and recall various difficult problems, and so the time would pass...

"The Herr Colonel is a good chess player."

Von Moske had noticed that Visaroff was watching him. "Yes," he replied, "I have won many tournaments."

"I, also, am considered a good player," said Visaroff.

Von Moske looked at him in surprise.

"I have a proposition," said the Russian. "Let us play a game of chess. There is no reason why both of us should die."

"You forget I have the pistol," von Moske reminded him.

"I know you have made up your mind to shoot me," the Russian went on, speaking in a matter-of-fact voice, "and afterward you will try to find your way through the forest. What chance have you? None."

"I have had enough of your impertinence," von Moske interrupted angrily.

"No, wait until you hear what I have to say. If we play this game of chess, and you win, I swear to lead you safely to the German lines."

Von Moske lowered the pistol.

"If you lose," Visaroff added, "you will let me go free."

Von Moske had a grim sense of humor. After all, why not? He wondered if Visaroff would keep his word when he lost, as, of course, he would. Yes, Visaroff would keep his word. Everything had seemed hopeless, and now suddenly he felt sure he would see Felsenhausen and Erica again.

"I agree to your proposition," he said.

AN HOUR later the first game ended in a draw. Von Moske knew now that he had underestimated his opponent. But the harder he tried to concentrate, the more anxious and uncertain he became. Visaroff sat opposite him, silent, expressionless, his dark Slavic eyes fastened on the board. He was like the Russian army—stubborn, proud of its strength, knowing that in the end it must win.

It flashed through von Moske's mind that he himself was like the German people, no longer confident of victory but fighting desperately against the fear of defeat. Suddenly he played recklessly, trusting to luck . . . making a last stab.

Visaroff moved his knight, then brought up his queen. Von Moske was cornered, and this time there was no escape.

"Checkmate," said Visaroff quietly.

Von Moske reached for his pistol. He shot twice and Visaroff fell from the chair. He lay groaning on the floor. He couldn't speak, and blood ran from his mouth, but his eyes were wide open.

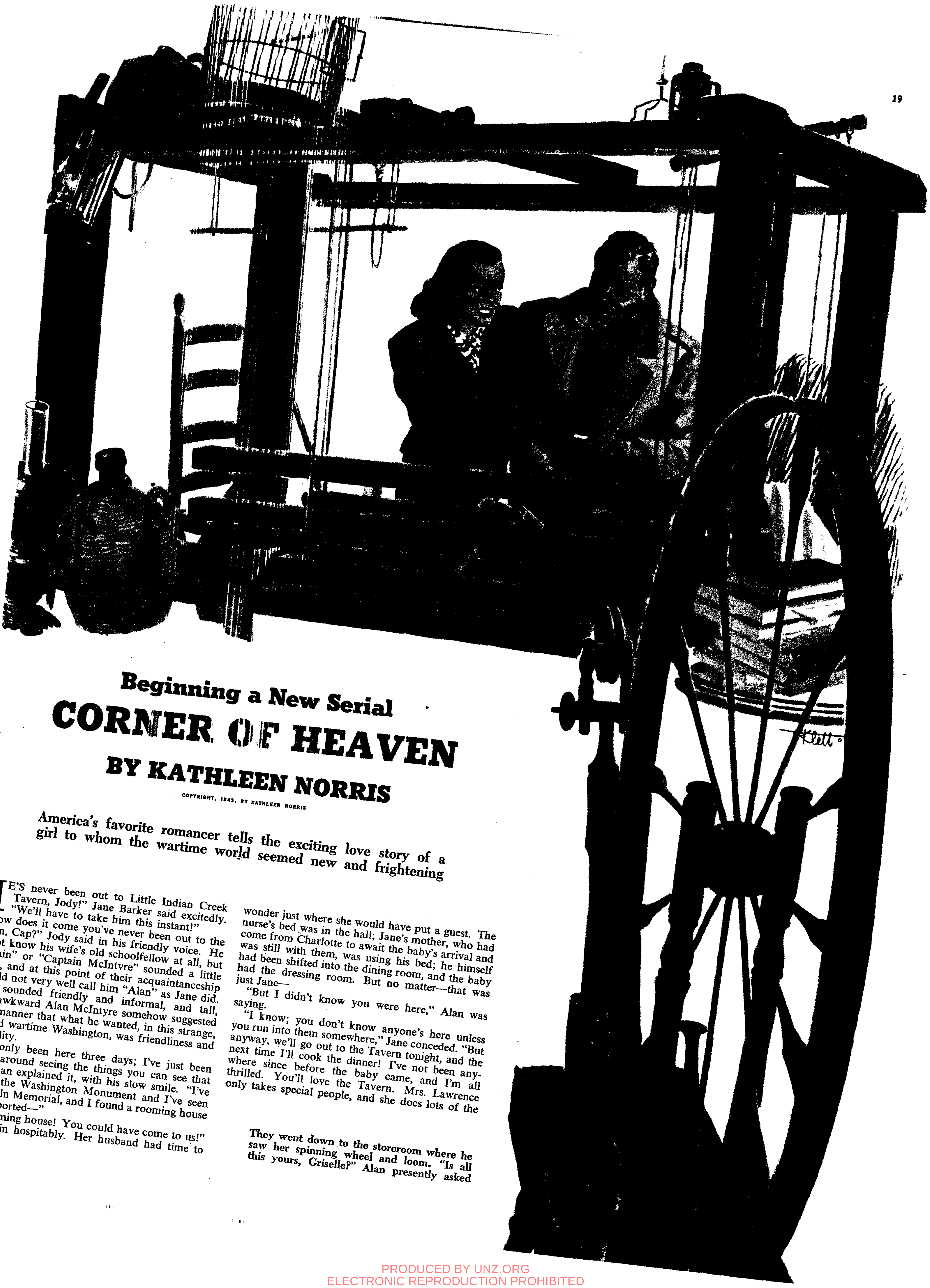
"You Russian dog!" von Moske screamed in blind fury and shot again. Then he pulled himself together and smiled. *Defeat into victory,* he thought.

Colonel Baron von Moske had been given up as dead, when a week later he reached the German lines. As General von Gronau pointed out to his staff, it was a magnificent example of Nazi courage and endurance. Von Moske was a hero. But he was suffering from exposure, and the general told him to take a furlough.

But even with his wife's arms around him, von Moske kept seeing himself with the dead eyes of Visaroff. He knew, he would always know, that he was a coward and a cheat, the mental inferior of a Russian, a man whose word was worthless—a common murderer.

Nazi officers do not commit suicide, so according to the story that appeared in the newspapers Colonel Baron Hugo von Moske died of a heart attack.

"He must have done it in a moment of madness," General von Gronau said. But he was wrong. It was a moment of terrible, devastating clarity.



Beginning a New Serial

CORNER OF HEAVEN

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

COPYRIGHT, 1943, BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

America's favorite romancer tells the exciting love story of a girl to whom the wartime world seemed new and frightening

"HE'S never been out to Little Indian Creek Tavern, Jody!" Jane Barker said excitedly. "We'll have to take him this instant!"

"How does it come you've never been out to the Tavern, Cap?" Jody said in his friendly voice. He did not know his wife's old schoolfellow at all, but "Captain" or "Captain McIntvre" sounded a little formal, and at this point of their acquaintanceship he could not very well call him "Alan" as Jane did. "Cap" sounded friendly and informal, and tall, lanky, awkward Alan McIntyre somehow suggested by his manner that what he wanted, in this strange, confused wartime Washington, was friendliness and informality.

"I've only been here three days; I've just been walking around seeing the things you can see that way," Alan explained it, with his slow smile. "I've been up the Washington Monument and I've seen the Lincoln Memorial, and I found a rooming house—and reported—"

"A rooming house! You could have come to us!" Jane put in hospitably. Her husband had time to wonder just where she would have put a guest. The nurse's bed was in the hall; Jane's mother, who had come from Charlotte to await the baby's arrival and was still with them, was using his bed; he himself had been shifted into the dining room, and the baby had the dressing room. But no matter—that was just Jane—

"But I didn't know you were here," Alan was saying.

"I know; you don't know anyone's here unless you run into them somewhere," Jane conceded. "But anyway, we'll go out to the Tavern tonight, and the next time I'll cook the dinner! I've not been anywhere since before the baby came, and I'm all thrilled. You'll love the Tavern. Mrs. Lawrence only takes special people, and she does lots of the

They went down to the storeroom where he saw her spinning wheel and loom. "Is all this yours, Griselle?" Alan presently asked

cooking herself. It's famous. Could she take us?" Jane broke off to ask her husband, who had returned from the telephone.

"Yep. I said three, at half-past seven," Jody reported. "How long have you been in uniform, Captain?" he asked.

"Six months. I was in the R.O.T.C. in college and got a commission in the Reserve. When I was drafted, they put me in the Medical Corps."

"Oh, then you went in before Pearl Harbor!" Jane exclaimed. "But what about—what about your mother?" she pursued. "And Steve? Steve's—is he still—"

"Yes, Steve's the same." Alan answered the unspoken question as she floundered about in some embarrassment. "My brother," he explained to Jody. "He had a bad smashup eight years ago—he's twenty-two now. Broke his thigh. He'll never walk—not like other boys, that is; but he's all right otherwise. He wants to be a doctor, too; go into research work. He's still at home with Mother," he said to Jane.

"In the old house with the white blinds?"

"In the old house. I suppose," Alan said to Jody with his dry smile, "that you hear a good deal of Alameda, California, in one way and another?"

"Everyone Jane meets is related to someone in Alameda," Jody admitted, grinning amiably. "If she hears the name Jones, Smith or Robinson, it's 'Oh, you must be related to the Joneses of Alameda!' or 'Are the Billy Smiths your cousins?' "

"I do not!" Jane protested joyously. "No," she added, "but Alan and I grew up there and we know everybody."

"Did you do your medical work there?" Jody asked.

"No; at the university in Berkeley. Then I had two years at the City and County in San Francisco, and then they called me to report for duty, and sent me to New Jersey. Now I'm waiting orders to go somewhere else."

They were out in the February evening darkness of the tree-lined avenue now; cars were shooting through Washington's streets; Georgetown's old bulkheaded brick houses showed window squares of light. The air was soft with threatening rain.

"It's just as well to get out to the Tavern while we can. *Sometimes* the roads are closed," Jody said, when they had climbed into the small car that was parked at the curb.

"We've seventeen miles to go, now please don't drive fast, Jody," Jane said inconsistently as they started on their way. "You'll like this place, Alan," she added, settling herself comfortably between the two men on the front seat.

"I like everything about this town," Alan told her.

"Well, not the rushing and the delays and all the new offices you get lost in!" Jane protested. Alan smiled, and Jane wondered if every woman who met him fell in love with that flash of white teeth in the lean, sunburned face. The thick brown hair that was clipped so close was crisped into curves and waves; the eyes were gray, often narrowed into a quizzical look that was characteristic of him; the hands were clean and strong and nervous, a doctor's hands. He really is adorable, Jane decided. "I didn't hear you," she said aloud.

"The changes in Washington don't mean anything to me because I never saw it any other way," he explained.

Jane's eyes showed that even now she did not hear him.

"And you're not married, Alan? But you have a girl?" she asked abruptly.

HE LAUGHED, an embarrassed laugh, but Jody, who had been for a second alarmed, subsided. That laugh sounded as if he rather liked Jane's audacity.

"No girl," Alan said.

"Oh, too bad," Jane said. "The Tavern," she briskly resumed, "is run by Mrs. Lawrence—she's a lady—a gentlewoman, mind you, who opened the Tavern twenty years ago. And there's a ghost there too, a lady in brocade with powdered hair and a fan—and once, remember, Jody?—once when a man asked for chili sauce, her feelings were so hurt that she never would let him come again."

"Jane, pull yourself together," Jody said from the wheel. "The ghost had nothing to do with the chili sauce."

"Well, there *is* a ghost there!" Jane persisted. "Old General Cruickshank saw her—lots of people have seen her—and once, when someone told Mrs. Lawrence about it she just smiled and asked if the big white dog was with her. This is the place, Alan—it's the old Fillmore mansion—she was Mabel Fillimore."

The clouds had blown aside and, through the old trees of a magnificent drive, moonlight was streaming down in floods of silver. Far up at the end of the avenue, from the stately columned portico of an old mansion, mottled with blots of black and white, hospitable lamplight was dimly glowing.

"If ever any place was going to have a ghost!" Alan said appreciatively. They mounted a wide half circle of shallow steps and went into a great hall; doors on all sides of it were opened into rooms where fires blazed and groups of patrons were busy about little dining tables. But the tall girl who came forward to welcome them and take care of their wraps showed them to a small empty room delightful in its effect of privacy and quiet. A coal fire was burning here in a shining brass grate. The walls were paneled and chipped and faded to a beautiful old blue color, the chintz-covered chairs were drawn into an inviting half circle.

The girl had disappeared, but presently Mrs. Lawrence herself came in, carrying a plate of small toasted crackers bubbling with cheese, and accompanied by a tottering old colored man with a tray of glasses.

"Well, Mrs. Barker, you've not been here for months!" Mrs. Lawrence said, welcoming her guests. A delicate, nervous-looking little woman who had once been a beauty, and still had many of the mannerisms of a beauty, she smiled at them all from under a fluff of graying-brown curls.

"Too long! But we stayed in the country until October last fall," Jane said.

"So somebody was telling me. I'll tell you who asked for you—old General Cruickshank."

"Oh, yes, the general! He's an old darling who lives here eight months a year," Jane explained. "He's your cousin, isn't he, Mrs. Lawrence?"

"No, dear; just an old friend. He's had rooms here for twenty years."

"We'll see him tonight?" Jane asked.

"No, my dear; you won't. He left for California a week ago. He's getting on in years—the general, he's over eighty," the hostess explained, "and he's got a married niece there, and a nephew, Doctor Sam Cruickshank, who lives out there in Berkeley—"

"Doctor Sam Cruickshank!" Alan put in interestedly. "I know him. He was one of my instructors at the university there."

"Well, I guess he was," Mrs. Lawrence conceded, with a doubtful look at Alan. "Anyway, the old general thought he'd had about enough of winter, and he went out to California and he's living there. You know," she added in a confidential tone, to Jane, "he missed old Professor Mountjoy. He used to walk over and see him every day. When the professor died—"

"THE old boy died?" Jody interrupted.

"Yes, sir; died about six—well, it's seven weeks ago now," Mrs. Lawrence said. "Why, that girl—the girl who opened the door to you—that's his granddaughter," she added in an undertone. "That's Griselle. There wasn't anywhere else for the child to go, and there aren't any relatives, so I asked her to stay on here until she knew what she wanted to do, and here she is."

"He left some property, did he?"

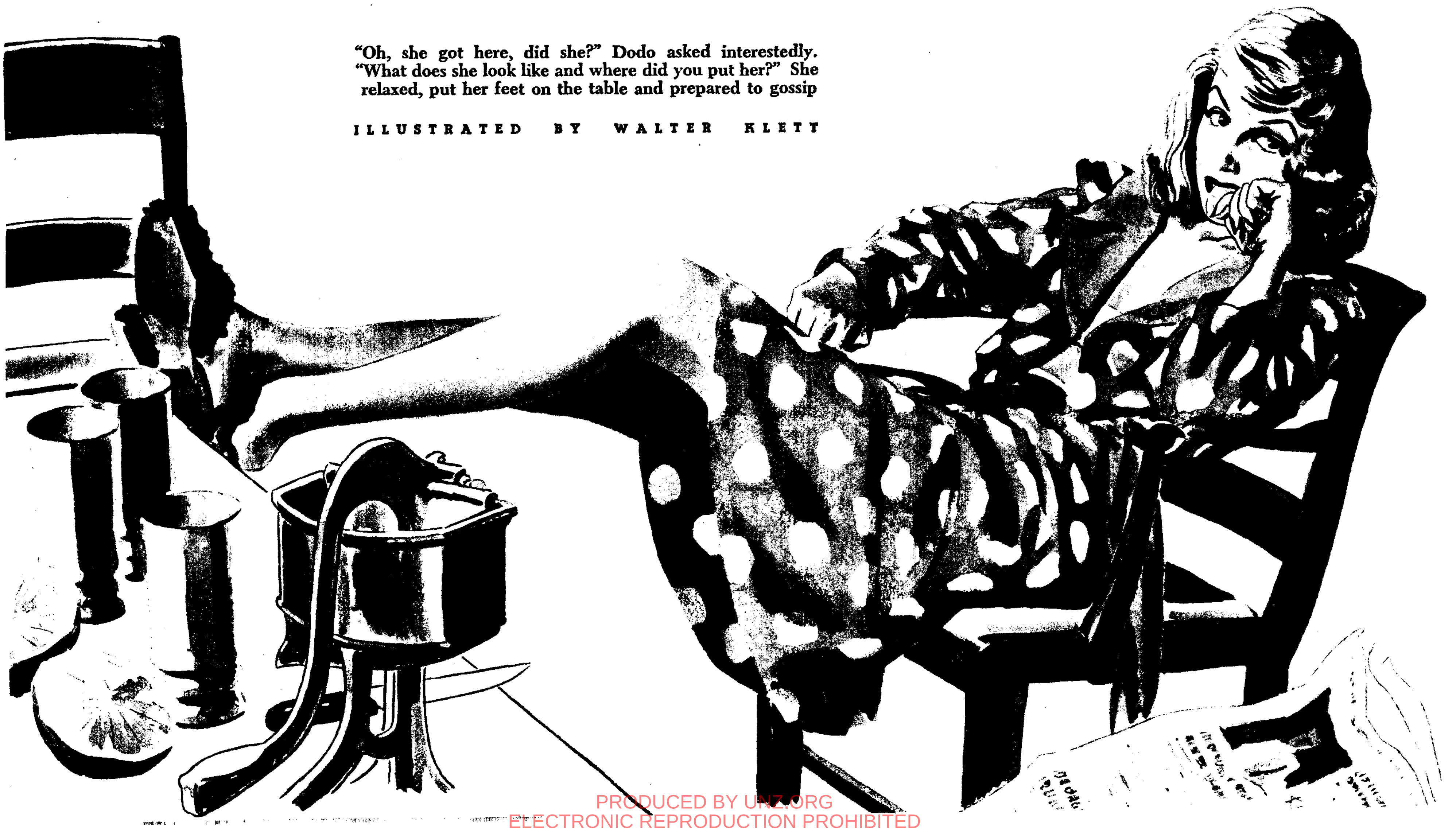
"Not much, when everything was cleared up. . . . A few thousands maybe. And of course she—" Mrs. Lawrence lowered her voice cautiously—"she's just about as able to take care of herself as a baby!" she murmured. "She's a lovely girl—she wants to do everything she can to help me—she's a good cook too—and of course speaks Russian and Greek and I don't know what! *But—!*"

She stopped with an eloquent spreading gesture of her hands, and Jane said animatedly, "She's a—an interesting-looking girl. Kind of—Victorian-looking."

"She's going to be handsome," the other woman said. "But that girl now—d'you know she's never been to a dance?"

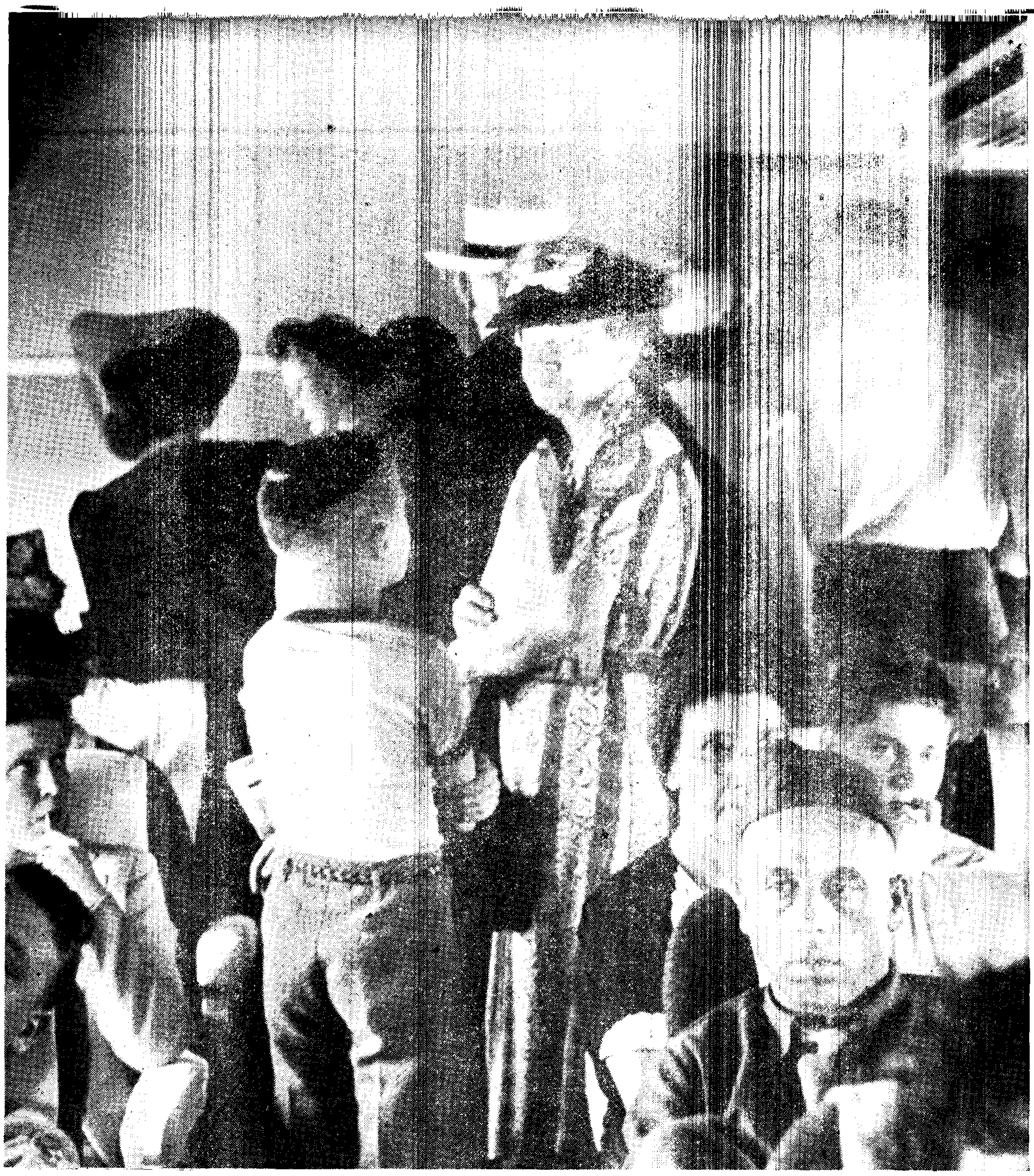
"Oh, nonsense!" Jody said, sunk into a

(Continued on page 68)

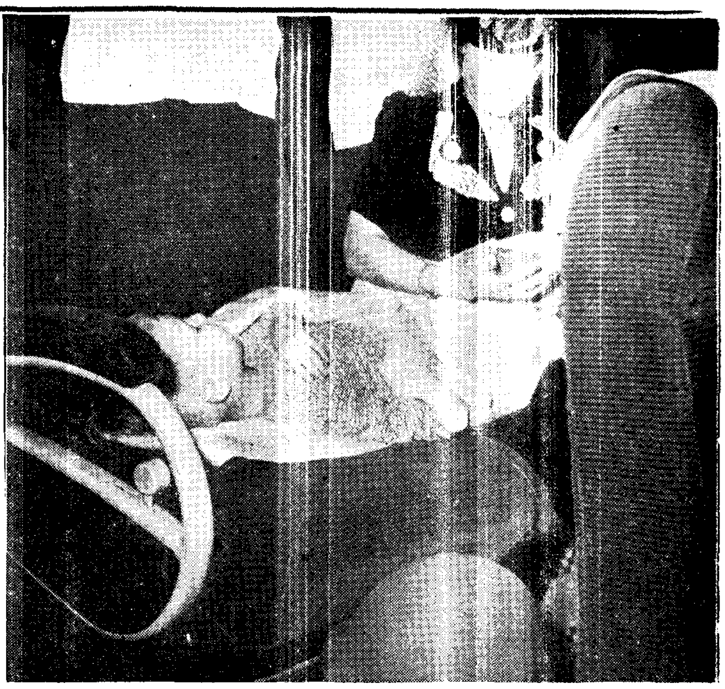


"Oh, she got here, did she?" Dodo asked interestedly. "What does she look like and where did you put her?" She relaxed, put her feet on the table and prepared to gossip

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT



Crowded coaches like the one above are a common sight on today's overtaxed railroads. The general rule is: *First come, first seated. Some unlucky passengers on transcontinental runs have to* stand for the better part of three days. "Standing room only" doesn't discourage their traveling



Top: Mother and child await return of soldier husband who is foraging for food. Below: Cramped conditions haven't cramped this soldier's style

Even though cars may be air-conditioned, the equipment cannot cope with the body heat generated in jam-packed cars. Below, a man has fainted

This thoroughly exhausted soldier and his companion are limp but lucky—they have seats, and sleep as best they can. Note the tired cup on ledge

The rigors of Army life include getting from one place to another sardine style. These soldiers sleep two deep, but are too weary to care

Some people can make the best of any situation. Seat or no seat, in the privacy of the vestibule, love conquers all

A soldier and his family are happily reunited on a train heading west. Warming the baby's milk on trains presents a problem of major proportions

diner for breakfast, only to find, after standing in line for two hours, that the food supply was exhausted.

One of America's fastest trains pulling out of Chicago is packed to the last inch every day; its accommodations are for 450, but it regularly carries 950 to 1,000 people. I tried to help a woman get on it in the middle of the week—when travel is supposed to be "light" —but in vain.

I saw an eighteen-year-old soldier, headed from Oklahoma to Massachusetts on a serious illness emergency call, stand for hours though his face was flushed with fever, he had a hacking cough, and he seemed too weak to hold his head up.

In some metropolitan stations, service men are given the preference by being allowed to enter the trains first; yet after they're there, they very often give up their seats to women. One major, in charge of two coaches of soldiers, told me his men begged for permission to give up their seats to women and children standing in the aisles of coaches next to theirs.

Maintenance men say that air-conditioning equipment designed for seating capacity only cannot possibly cope with throngs packed in aisles. The air in coaches packed with sweating bodies often becomes unspeakably foul. Add to this the coughing of those with colds or worse, and the presence of many babes in arms and small children, and you have the setting for an epidemic.

The trouble is, people are determined to travel the most where the war congestion is the greatest. In so doing, they are seriously menacing themselves and the war effort alike. The railroads are making superhuman efforts to give the public what it wants, while they urge and exhort civilians to cut down on avoidable travel. The appeal has largely failed so far, which means that the situation resolves itself down to this: If the people won't ration themselves, the government will have to. ★★★

SEVEN SINS

BY SAX ROHMER

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

IN LONDON, late one night, the eccentric Lord Marcus Amberdale informs Scotland Yard, by telephone, that he has found a dead man in his home. With some assistants, Chief Inspector Firth goes to the scene of the murder (if murder it is) and identifies the victim as Sir Giles Loeder, a noted radio broadcaster.

Lord Marcus answers all questions satisfactorily: and in one of his rooms he shows the detectives a woman—the beautiful and notorious "Mrs. Vane"—whom he has put in a trance so that he can (so he says) perform some experiments of great importance to the world. Firth does not regard him as a suspect.

While in London, trailing a gang of Nazi conspirators, Gaston Max, a French criminal investigator, learns that the people he is after and the person, or persons, Scotland Yard is after, frequent a gambling place run by a clever woman: Mrs. Ysolde Destrée.

Working hand in hand with the English authorities, Max gains possession of a code message which, decoded, proves conclusively that Sir Giles Loeder had been a German spy; that, previous to his death, he had been keeping Berlin informed, through his carefully worded radio speeches, of what was going on in England! . . .

Lord Marcus Amberdale has an attractive young cousin: Fay Perigal. Fay is in love with Dick Kershaw, a flight lieutenant in the R.A.F., who—deeply involved in an affair with Rita Martin, a pretty but conscienceless young woman—has disappeared.

One day, Fay is deep in a conversation with Dan Corcoran (a patient at the hospital where she works) when Dan's father, Michael Corcoran, arrives. Hardly have they greeted Mr. Corcoran and exchanged a few words with him when *Dick joins them.*

The young fellow (obviously much in love with Fay) gives evidence of terrific emotional strain. He answers a few questions. After which he tells them a strange story: he says that, infatuated with Rita Martin, he had become suspicious of her; he had followed her one night and found her with Loeder. Later, alone with Loeder, he had knocked the scoundrel out, killed him! . . .

Colonel O'Halloran, of Scotland Yard, interrogates Lord Marcus, mentioning things that might make a case against his lordship. After a pause he adds: "Then, your friend Mrs. Vane knew Loeder."

VI

LORD MARCUS hesitated. Then: "I cannot recall that Mrs. Vane ever mentioned Loeder. I was, of course, aware of the fact that he had been her lover."

"H'm!" The colonel took an appreciative sip and set his glass down. "Relations with women friends quite beyond me, Amberdale; always were. They used to say in the old days, something to do with a woman led you to chuck up the army."

"I know they did." Lord Marcus spoke wearily but patiently. "And they were right."

"What!"

"Yes, O'Halloran. Something occurred, in Egypt, which radically changed the current of my existence. A woman (I shall not mention her name) died; and it was the end of life for me in that sense in which most men regard life. In another sense, it was the beginning."

The assistant commissioner was watching Lord Marcus fixedly, sympathetically. "Don't tell me if you don't want to."

"I have no more to tell you, O'Halloran—about her. I am merely trying to explain why I went in for those somewhat obscure studies which, from that day onward, wholly enthralled me. You may recall that I was traditionally a religious man, but up to that time, religion had meant little to me. I suddenly determined that it meant everything, but not in its accepted form. I proposed to prove, scientifically, as one proves a thing in the laboratory, that the human spirit survives death. Once, there were schools in which this subject was systematically expounded. Today, it is in the hands of impostors. I set out to endeavor to recover some of that older, true knowledge; and in a measure, O'Halloran, I have succeeded!"

Colonel O'Halloran continued to watch the other man speculatively; there was a doubt to be read in his little blinking eyes, but deep sympathy remained.

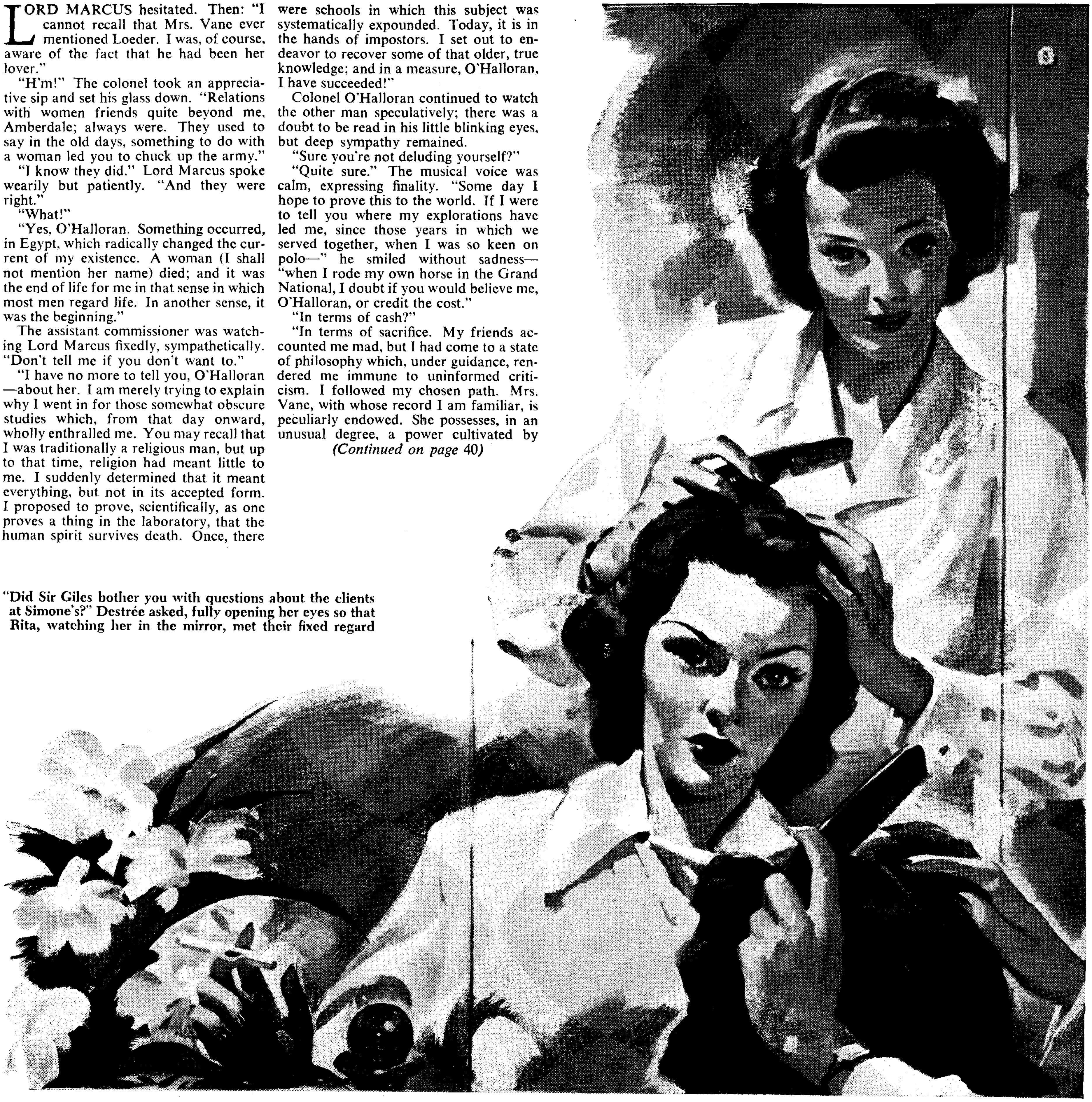
"Sure you're not deluding yourself?"

"Quite sure." The musical voice was calm, expressing finality. "Some day I hope to prove this to the world. If I were to tell you where my explorations have led me, since those years in which we served together, when I was so keen on polo—" he smiled without sadness—"when I rode my own horse in the Grand National, I doubt if you would believe me, O'Halloran, or credit the cost."

"In terms of cash?"

"In terms of sacrifice. My friends accounted me mad, but I had come to a state of philosophy which, under guidance, rendered me immune to uninformed criticism. I followed my chosen path. Mrs. Vane, with whose record I am familiar, is peculiarly endowed. She possesses, in an unusual degree, a power cultivated by

(Continued on page 40)



"Did Sir Giles bother you with questions about the clients at Simone's?" Destrée asked, fully opening her eyes so that Rita, watching her in the mirror, met their fixed regard

"Come and get it!" [illegible] chow call always [illegible] thing like a [illegible] Below, at left, [illegible] en open field [illegible] enjoy a finely [illegible] while their rifles are [illegible]

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

U. S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

FOOD THAT FIGHTS

By Helen[illegible] Hu[illegible]ing[illegible]

Four basic [illegible] have licked [illegible] mendous pro[illegible] ting the righ[illegible] right place [illegible] time, and ev[illegible] ry, including [illegible] any kind de[illegible]

ON THE Alcan Highway, when the thermometer drops to 78° below, even dried navy beans will freeze, and the Army has to store its food in ice houses to keep the cold *out*. Inside a tank in action on the desert, the temperature frequently rises to 150 degrees. Army combat rations must be planned with these extreme conditions in mind.

About two years ago the Quartermaster Corps began working out the new problems of food for the new kind of war. Civilian experts were called in—experts in nutrition, dietetics, food chemistry: experts in the processing, preserving and packaging of foods.

Much of the experimentation was done under the direction of Colonel Rohland Isker of the Subsistence Research Laboratory in Chicago.

An important part of their job involves what the Army calls "acceptability." The test of "acceptability" means merely that the most scientific diet ever devised in a laboratory is no good if the boys won't eat it. So taste and appeal are important too.

The miracle food of the war is Ration K. It contains 3,000 calories; is done up in a brown-paper package (weatherproofed, gasproofed), which weighs two pounds and measures six by four by six inches and contains one day's food for a husky soldier. It is divided up into three smaller packages—one each for breakfast, dinner and supper. The main item of each meal is a small but satisfying tin of meat, or meat and eggs, or a very good soft cheese.

Small cellophane envelopes contain powders which, with water added, turn into coffee, bouillon and lemonade. (The lemon powder has Vitamin C in it, which prevents scurvy.) For sweets there are a fruit bar (good): some supermalted-milk tablets (cooling and very good); and the Army's special nonmelting chocolate bar which can be eaten as is, or boiled up with water to make cocoa. For the rest there are some hard, grahamlike crackers (acceptability rating: Dubious—they're pretty hard). And, of course, chewing gum and cigarettes. Toilet paper is brown—white paper has too high visibility from the air. (Even underwear is olive drab, to reduce wash-line visibility from the air.)

If you don't want to light a fire to tell the enemy where you are, you warm up the meat tin by placing it in the motor of your tank or jeep. Otherwise you pour a little gasoline in the sand and light it.

When our troops landed in Africa, a K ration was issued to each soldier in case the field kitchens failed to show up on schedule. They did, however; and soft-hearted Yanks gave away thousands of K rations to hungry-looking Arab kids whom they passed along the roads. This openhandedness vexed the Army, which had convoyed those K rations a long way, but it tickled the Arabs, who went for the meat and the chewing gum with gusto. They have since adopted the K ration as a sort of standard of currency.

An older type of emergency food, Ration C, was developed a few years after the first World War and is a true "iron ration," since each meal comes done up in two tin cans.

It has meat and beans, or stew or hash in one can; crackers, powdered beverage and hard candy in the other. The Marines landed with it in the surf of Guadalcanal. It saw a lot of service in Africa with the truck and jeep boys. But it all tastes pretty much the same. And it has other drawbacks besides. The six cans for a day's eating weigh four pounds and if you fall on them you're apt to hurt yourself—whether you're parachute-jumping or merely throwing yourself flat, as the bombs start dropping close.

That was why in the spring of 1941 Colonel Paul P. Logan of the Quartermaster Corps was asked to develop a ration which would be light and small enough for parachute troops to carry. And so Ration K was born.

Special Ration for Cold Climates

The group rations fulfill a different kind of need. Suppose a small force of men were going to hack their way laboriously over a rough mountain trail, as in the Owen Stanley Mountains. Those men wouldn't want to use the same ration as a mechanized force, with its relatively lavish use of heavy canned goods. So the Army has prepared the Mountain ration. For high altitudes or cold climates, it contains 4,300 calories, the highest of any of the special rations. It is extremely compact for packing by muleback or manback.

With large use made of foods like beans and cereals as well as meat, and with almost everything dehydrated, one nine-pound box will provide a day's good meals for three men.

But it wouldn't do at all for a soldier in the New Guinea jungle. He's engaged in a solitary job of sniping or infiltration, and he's perspiring at every pore. So for him they've invented a one-man, four-day package called the Jungle ration. It's a light, cool diet, containing plenty of dried milk and dried fruits, with salt tablets to replace the salt lost through perspiration. Every detail of it is based on what we've learned the hard way in the Pacific.

In the last war a large body of troops with the A.E.F., due to some caprice of transport, lived exclusively on canned salmon—"goldfish"—for nine weeks. Or maybe it was nine days. Anyway, it was an awfully long time, and if you don't think so, just try it.

That's one thing that will never happen in this bigger and better war. Generals and colonels have been lying awake nights thinking about variety. Nine different meat or cheese items make each K ration a surprise package, or at least that is the idea.

Each of the group rations is made up in several different menus—and if fifty thousand cases of one ration and one

(Continued on page 60)

They've Got What it Takes!

YOU can take it from the men who fly 'em—from Republic Aviation Corporation's chief test pilot Joe Parker *(below, right)* and the young fighter pilots with him: these new Thunderbolt fighters, the Army P-47's, they've got what it takes! And when you've wrestled one of these babies out of a screaming power-dive, you've earned a Camel. For Camels it is, with Joe Parker . . . with men in *all* the services.

★ 24
★ 25
★ I
THE PLANES

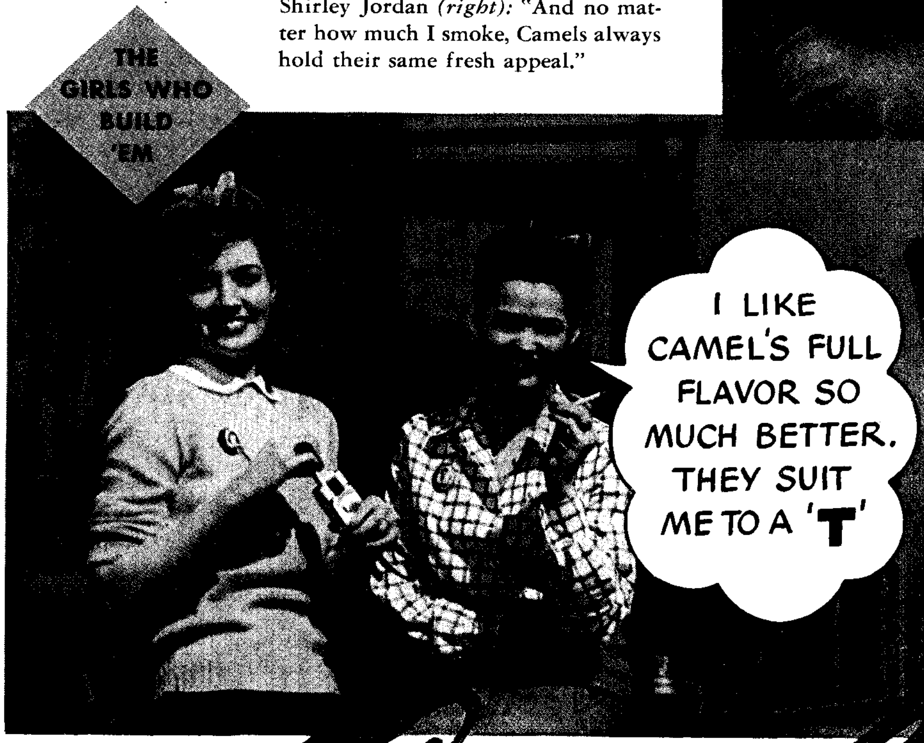
THEY DIVE AT 725 M.P.H.

◆ They may not be what the doctor ordered for a quiet ride, but this new Thunderbolt fighter, built by Republic Aviation, is what the Axis asked for—and is going to get!

◆ What's it feel like? "Well," says Joe Parker *(at far right)*, who tests these Thunderbolts, "when you're diving that fast, you feel like you were a part of a solid piece of steel. And when it's over, I sure enjoy a Camel."

◆ Lunch on the day shift—and then a Camel for these Thunderbolt workers below. Says Josephine Walz *(left)*: "I find Camels milder all ways." Adds Shirley Jordan *(right)*: "And no matter how much I smoke, Camels always hold their same fresh appeal."

THE MEN WHO FLY 'EM
IT'S ALWAYS CAMELS WITH ME. THEY'RE EASY ON MY THROAT— THEY'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES!


THE GIRLS WHO BUILD 'EM
I LIKE CAMEL'S FULL FLAVOR SO MUCH BETTER. THEY SUIT ME TO A 'T'

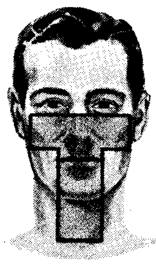
CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

FIRST IN THE SERVICE

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and the Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens.)

The "T Zone"

—where cigarettes are judged



The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you . . . and how it affects your throat. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T." Prove it for yourself!

BUY
WAR BONDS
STAMPS

Camels

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

SOVFOTO

In wartime the Russian family shares small quarters. Table discussion is largely about political and economic problems. Two families split the use of a kitchen

A RUSSIAN FAMILY

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

RADIOED FROM MOSCOW

Collier's correspondent introduces you to a typical Russian family. No Soviet home has escaped the tragedies of war, but the working people generally view their future with confidence

SOVFOTO

Russian movies carry a message. Here's audience reaction to comedy. The Soviet deems an actor essential, calls him cowardly if he enlists

IF YOU don't mind walking up five flights of stairs, come along with me and meet the Starostin family. They aren't an extraordinary family at all. They're much like the Smiths or the Joneses on your block, if you happen to live in a community of factory workers. They're an average Russian family, and if you put about twenty million families like the Starostins together, you have the Russia of today—just as, if you put twenty million typical American families together, you'd have the America of today.

The real fundamental strength of a country doesn't lie in its leaders or in its armies. It lies in the cumulative faith and patriotism of the Smiths and the Joneses. Here in Russia it lies in the ability of the Starostin family to hold out, to produce and to fight on the home front.

Suppose we go into their home and meet them and find out how they live and what they do and how much food they get and what they pay for it. Let's find out how they dress, what their amusements are, and what they think of the war and its outcome. By that time—who knows?—we might come to the conclusion that the Starostin family is not much different from the Smiths or the Jones family down the street. And, too, we might get a better understanding of this country about which so little is known in America.

I was quite out of breath when I climbed five flights in a large apartment house on Rochdelskaya, which is in the Krasnaya Presnia section of Moscow. This is not a particularly beautiful section of the city, but today we aren't looking for the superficial beauty of a park or boulevard or the man-made beauty of buildings like the Bolshoi Theater, or the magnificent, clean stateliness of the Lenin Library. We are in a neighborhood dominated by factories and workers' flats, for only in such a neighborhood can we find the average family of Russian workers.

Grandma Ekaterina Filipovna Starostin opened the door and smiled when she noticed me catching my breath. The work of a foreign correspondent is not work which trains him to climb five long flights of iron stairways. Grandma Starostin looks much like any other grandmother, whether you'd meet her in Sevenoaks, Kent; Londonderry, Ireland; or Middletown, Ohio. At sixty-four, there are lines in her face that reflect a lifetime of work, but she stands straight and her smile of welcome lights up her face as she murmurs a typical Russian word of welcome, "Mozhno," which means much more than the literal, "You may come in."

Grandma Starostin worked in a textile factory which is just across the street. She worked there for thirty-five years, married a fellow workman and bore him five children; and now, because he's dead, she receives an old-age pension and keeps house for two of her married daughters and her two grandchildren. She presides over her neat, immaculately clean, three-room apartment, and very definitely she is the head of the family. She had a huge samovar on the table and tea was ready.

I sat down with the two married daughters and two shy grandchildren while Grandma Starostin busied herself with the cutting of bread and sausage. Occasionally, as we talked, she would put in a word or half-consciously pat one of the children on the head, a gesture which seemed to be part of her, made perhaps unknowingly.

We sat in a room that was half dining room, half bedroom. It was about twenty feet long and ten feet wide. The whole apartment had an area of twenty-five square yards, for it is by square yards that apartments are rented. There was

(Continued on page 56)

This snowbird wears spiked shoes

ANOTHER REASON FOR GOODYEAR LEADERSHIP

RANGING over vast stretches of the Arctic, U. S. Army planes must make high-speed landings on surfaces covered with snow—and sometimes glare ice.

This means a nasty skidding problem. No ordinary tire will work. That's why Goodyear has developed an entirely new type of airplane tire — one with a remarkable tread that "takes hold" on slippery, grassy fields or on sheets of sheer ice.

In this versatile Ice Grip Tire, thousands of steel-wire coils are embedded in the tread. You can scarcely see them but they "bite" into the icy surface, help bring the plane to a quick, safe stop. And, unlike most tires developed for this purpose, the Goodyear tread gives efficient non-skid traction on normal runways.

While it was designed primarily to answer an emergency military need, the new Goodyear Ice Grip Tire is now also ready to serve commercial airlines . . . to make a permanent contribution to the greater safety of all winter flying.

Widely known for its pioneering with tires and other rubber products, Goodyear also is working for victory by using its broad experience in metals, chemistry, fabrics, aircraft — fields vital to war now, vital to peace later on.

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

SHARKS

BY J. D. RATCLIFF

As many a shipwrecked mariner will testify, sharks do eat men—or did, before science got on the job. Now, sharks have no more appetite for Yanks than Englishmen have for sauerkraut

This diver has no worries. The tiger shark is anesthetized, the jewfish harmless. In the open sea, sharks are another matter, but science has found a new chemical which protects torpedoed sailors and downed fliers

MARINE STUDIOS, MARINELAND, FLA.

YOU may have seen the compact little horror story that ran in the newspapers last year. Three fliers crashed off the South American coast. Their plane sank almost immediately, and the men started swimming. Sharks lazed along behind them, making a leisurely investigation. After an hour, they struck. They took one of the fliers. The other two swam on. Another hour passed, and the sharks attacked a second time. The third man reached shore to tell the story.

This story was the opening chapter in one of the best research stories to come out of the war. Two scientists, working for the Office of Strategic Services, read the newspaper report. They were Doctor Henry Field, curator at the Field Museum in Chicago and Harold J. Coolidge of Harvard. Couldn't something be done to protect men from shark attack?

They knew that only a few species of sharks attack men. Nevertheless, hardly a day passes that news articles do not refer to "shark-infested waters;" and stories of rubber-boat survivors invariably include mention of sharks. All seamen, all fliers, are shark-conscious.

The war's most horrible scene of slaughter was enacted last year off Madagascar. A German torpedo ripped into a British ship carrying Italian prisoners. Sharks, maddened by the smell of blood, attacked and destroyed everything floating in the water.

Such cases are rare exceptions. Under ordinary circumstances, the shark isn't the courageous marauder everyone pictures him to be. He is a rather timid creature. He prefers his natural fish foods and attacks man only when driven by hunger or mob instinct.

Both Field and Coolidge knew this cold analysis was good enough for a man sitting on shore but wasn't much help to a sailor or flier floating in tropic waters. The shark remained a psychological hazard of first rank. What was needed was a workable, efficient repellent.

They took their idea to the Navy and to the Office of Scientific Research and Development, which co-ordinates all research work relating to war. Both were enthusiastic. Funds were allotted, and a dozen research men got busy. William Douglas Burden, head of Florida's famous aquarium, Marineland, took charge, and was assisted throughout by Mr. Arthur F. McBride and Mr. Arthur H. Schmidt of his Marineland staff.

Most of the work was centered in Massachusetts, at the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution. The laboratory had large salt-water tanks for the experiments, and had eighty small dog sharks on hand.

There were three obvious approaches. Sound, color or odor might act as shark repellents. The first two were quickly eliminated. Odor seemed to be the best approach. The shark has small, poorly developed eyes, but the olfactory (smell) lobe of its brain is large and highly developed.

The researchers worked out a technique for testing various chemical repellents. Thus, they worked their way through hundreds of chemicals. None of them had any appreciable effect in repelling the attacks.

A Bit of Fisherman's Lore

Things looked pretty hopeless at this stage. Then Mr. Stewart Springer, foremost United States authority on sharks, remembered a bit of fisherman's lore. Storms frequently kill sharks caught on stationary lines off the Florida coast, and when dead sharks were hooked other sharks stayed away. So, after every storm, fishermen had to move lines to new locations. Why? Did the decomposing shark meat give off some odor which kept live fish away? Springer decided to see.

He and his helpers killed dog sharks, let them lie around the laboratory until they gave off an unholy stench. When the meat was sufficiently ripe, they added little chunks of it to the feeding cages. The sharks wouldn't come near. They would start swimming hungrily toward the baskets, get the scent, then swerve away. This was the start.

Field tests in Florida followed. Tiger sharks and bull sharks follow the shrimp boats—waiting for "trash" fish to be shoveled overboard once shrimp nets are lifted. In a matter of seconds, sharks struck bait lines trailed behind these boats. When decayed shark meat was added to the bait, they would charge—then whirl and disappear when they got the scent.

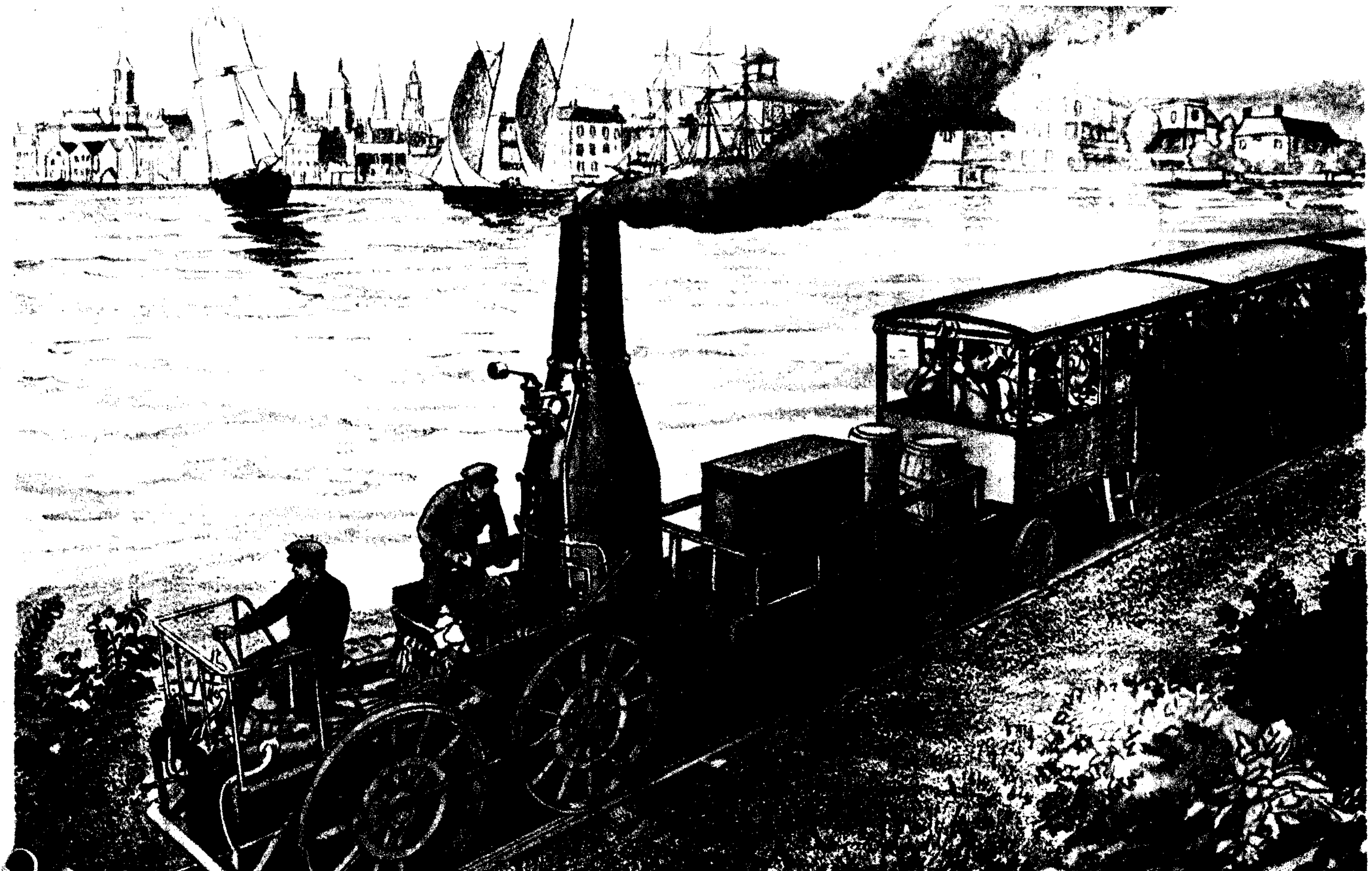
After this preliminary work, chemists got busy on the decayed meat—seeking the "X" factor which repelled sharks. They worked their way through 7,000 pounds of odoriferous shark meat. Last winter they came up with a pure chemical repellent 100 times as effective as the decayed fish itself. We can't tell you the name of the chemical—the Navy won't permit it—but it is cheap and plentiful.

Meanwhile, the chemists working at Woods Hole found still another chemical which acted as a powerful repellent. This was combined with the stuff extracted from shark meat to achieve a double-barreled effect.

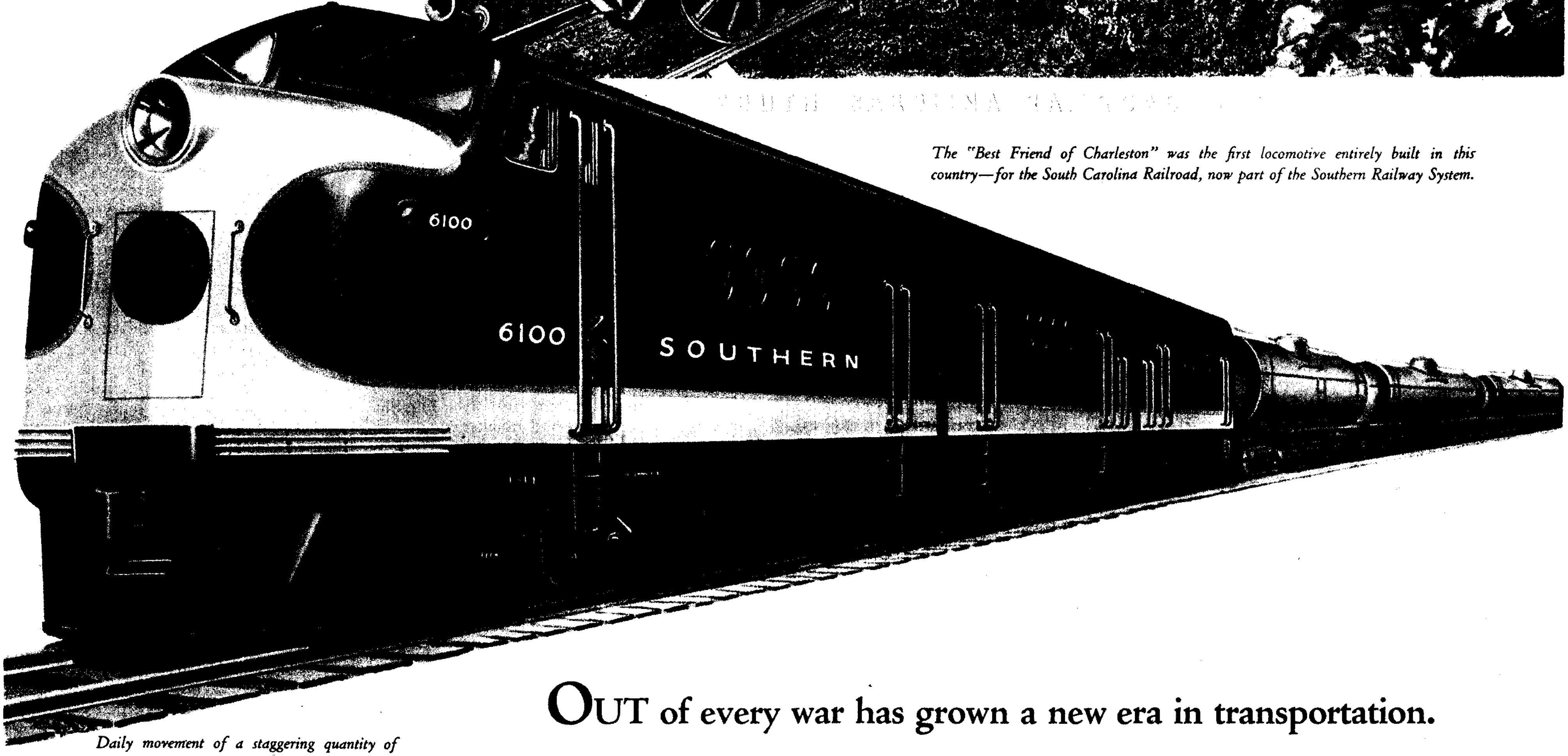
How does this chemical work in practice? Arthur McBride of Marineland led a party of scientists to Ecuador to see—where there are thousands of hammerheads and ground sharks which feed on the mullet run. Working offshore in a small boat, they put out shark lines, baited with a variety of choice foods: bloody sides of beef, whole goats, mullet. Sharks attacked these lines voraciously, but once the repellent was added, there wasn't a single strike.

This work was completed only a few weeks ago. The repellent is being pressed into a cage about the size of the wafer of soap that fits in shaving mugs. It can be pinned on Mae West life jackets and will be effective for about twenty-four hours—long enough for the men to be picked up. Fliers and seamen will be armed with this chemical protection as quickly as possible. Once they have it, they no longer need to fear the shark—that shadowy menace of the seas. ★★★

THERE'S SOMETHING NEW IN THE PICTURE



The "Best Friend of Charleston" was the first locomotive entirely built in this country—for the South Carolina Railroad, now part of the Southern Railway System.



Daily movement of a staggering quantity of oil from New Orleans to the Eastern States is the No. 1 war job of the Southern Railway. The Southern assigns its fleet of General Motors Diesel freight locomotives as the key motive power to expedite this important flow.

OUT of every war has grown a new era in transportation. This one is no exception. The pattern of that new era had been set, even before this war, by the General Motors Diesel Locomotive. And its Leadership in the Peace to come is forecast in the way this locomotive is today meeting the challenges of war.

There will be something new in the farm and industrial pictures too. For there will be GM Diesels ready to serve wherever America needs power.

GM
GENERAL MOTORS
DIESEL
POWER

LOCOMOTIVES......................*ELECTRO-MOTIVE DIVISION, La Grange, Ill.*

ENGINES..*150 to 2000 H.P...CLEVELAND DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Cleveland, Ohio*

ENGINES.....*15 to 250 H.P......DETROIT DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Detroit, Mich.*

Just naturally better!

Nature did you . . . and us . . . an especial favor. Here's why . . .

"Dry" grapes from the non-irrigated I.V.C. vineyard give these California wines their delicious flavor. Unpuffed with excess water, our "dry" grapes are smaller, but the juice is more luscious . . . just naturally richer!

Since 1883, I.V.C. Gold Medal and Cucamonga wines have been bottled at the winery. Red and white—table and dessert—sparkling and still . . . I.V.C. presses, matures and bottles 26 different wines for your pleasure . . . here at the world's largest vineyard.

Distributed exclusively by Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y.

A Left Hand Like Charley White

Continued from page 12

this day he had absently called his brother by that baby name. "He's got to eat," Lefty told Max. "You going to have something sent up?"

Louie turned upon his brother. "Shut up, shut up, shut up! Eat, lay down and rest, do this, do that! Why you always talking?"

There was a knock, and then the door opened and two men stood in the hallway: a worried-looking fat man with white hair, wearing a checkered cap, and behind him, peering, a little man with a big cauliflower ear. Max called out, "Well, Doc!" His face, made up for appeasement, changed quickly. He put on his smile and went to meet the fat man. The little one closed the door carefully and moved a few feet to the left, like the inept member of an amateur theatrical company.

"Max," the fat man said, letting Max shake his hand, "I got to see you."

"Why, yes, Doc," Max said, dropping his smile.

Louie stood staring, with his swollen lips parted. He lifted his hands, questioning. "You the promoter here?"

"Yes, yes," Max said; he touched Louie's arm in an affectionate gesture. "Louie, this is Doc Rivers, promoter here."

"Oh," Doc said, taking off his cap and showing vague distress.

Louie put out his hand quickly and smiled. Doc wiped his hand on his trousers and then gripped Louie's hand. Louie said, "How are you, Doc?" Lefty was proud of Louie, of the way he could act. Louie would have shaken hands like that a year ago, in a cabaret, after winning a fight. But Louie was scowling again. "How much this farmer go, anyway? Forty-five? Fifty?"

"Don't make no difference now if he weighs a ton," Doc said. "He ain't fighting."

LOUIE'S mouth fell open; his hands dropped, and he laughed. It was that crowlike laugh that Lefty worried about. "Haaaw! Not fighting!"

Max's eyes popped in alarm. "Not fighting? It cost me dough to come up to this jerk club!"

Lefty turned and walked to the window. "There you are," he said.

Louie grabbed at Doc's hand; his eyes were suddenly wide and desperate. "I got to *have* that fight! I got to find out!" He stopped then, startled at what he had said. "The guy's escared," he said. "Haaw!"

Doc disengaged himself and sat down on the bed. He wiped imaginary sweat from his forehead and held his arms wide. "Money," he said, explaining everything.

"Make him fight!" Louie cried, pawing at Doc's shoulder.

"Wait a second," Max said. He stood before Doc, squinting down at him. "We got to hold you to your agreement," he said, making the words seem a stern rebuke. "A verbal contract, good in court."

Doc put on a righteous face; he withdrew a fat wallet from his trousers pocket and slapped it reassuringly. "Absolutely," he said. He replaced the wallet, but then self-consciously removed it to his inner coat pocket. "A hundred bucks," he said, screwing up his face as if in pain. "I said to him, I said, 'A hundred bucks; fifty I promised you and fifty you get, a hundred bucks!' "

"I'll fight him on the street!" Louie chattered shrilly, feinting at Doc. "You tell him—tell him, he don't show up, I'll go looking for him! Butcher the yella farmer!"

Lefty turned from the window. "Oh, shut up what you'll do," he scolded.

Max's eyes moved with effort from the pocket where Doc's wallet rested. "Well," he said irritably. "Go get somebody else."

"Who?" Doc demanded. "You tell me who."

"Or," Max added, but not hopefully, "pay us off."

There was a spell of silence. Doc gave Max a sidelong glance. "There's just one way I can see . . ."

Max stiffened; his eyes bulged with indignation, and he thrust his outspread hand toward Doc's face, like a cop stopping a big truck. "No-no! You don't cut *us!* Not a nickel!"

"Look, Max," Doc pleaded, "for the sake of clean sport, Max. I put in twenty-five and you put in twenty-five—"

Max snorted, turning on his heel. "Lefty," he said, "go get the car."

Louie had opened his mouth to speak to Max; then he whirled to look at Lefty. "Okay!" he jabbered nervously, waving his hands. "Okay! The fight is off!"

Doc stood up, his fat face showing his hurt. "Look, boys," he said. *"Please.* I want to be fair and square . . ."

Louie wheeled to face him, his puffy lips drawn back. "Yeah, fair and square!" His right hand had dropped; with his left stiff, he pushed Doc violently backward. "Kind of a racket you running here? You want I should fight this farmer; he weighs fifty-sixty; a lousy hundred bucks—you think you can cut me?" He thrust his face up into Doc's. "Two cents, I take a punch at you, lousy gyp!"

Doc's face was gray, and his lips trembled. "No, no, Louie!" he begged, backing away, holding out his hands. "I don't only want to break even."

"Lousy gyp!" Louie snarled, and he knocked Doc's protecting arms down with one short movement of his left forearm. "Two cents—"

Lefty said, "Louie, you stop."

Louie stepped back, quickly glancing toward his brother.

"Okay!" he said; his voice broke and became shrill. "Okay—the fight is off!"

Lefty winced; he stood with his back to the window, watching Louie, seeing the way his breathing had quickened, the erratic flexing of his fists. Louie said, speaking to nobody in the room, "I got to *have* that fight."

Lefty pursed his lips, glancing at Max. Max was watching Doc. Lefty looked at Doc and knew there would be no more talk of a cut. He knew the fight would go on. Poor kid, he thought, looking at Louie, what if he goes in there, crazy like he is? In that dirty can, fighting a year fighting in his head, one guy after another and now he's escared. He's escared to fight, and he's escared not to fight. I won' leave him fight that farmer. No knowing what might happen; the bell rings, he'll go bugs. Lefty knew what could happen to a fighter in a few seconds.

He said to Doc, "I'll fight."

"What?" Doc said. His face expanded for an instant he was hopeful.

Louie laughed. "Haaw! You fight!"

Doc moved warily away from Louie "You'll fight *him?"*

"For fifty bucks," Lefty said.

Max snorted angrily. "Oh, be quiet, be quiet."

Doc was disappointed. "Why not? Why not, Max?"

"Why not?" Max mocked. "Well, for one thing, they're brothers."

Doc looked from Louie to Lefty. "Brothers?"

Big-Ear stepped forward. "They don't look it," he said. Doc waved him back.

"For another thing," Max said sourly, "Lefty ain't had a fight in three years."

Louie laughed derisively, "The chin," he urged Max. "Tell him about the chin."

LEFTY looked down at his feet; he was absently stroking his chin, but then he remembered and put his hands behind his back.

"He's got a glass chin," Max said. "He always got knocked out."

"Not always," Lefty said.

Doc was looking at Lefty in an odd way. *"Saay!* I seen you fight once! A boy I had three years back, Young Jeffries —wasn't it you fought him in Zanesville?"

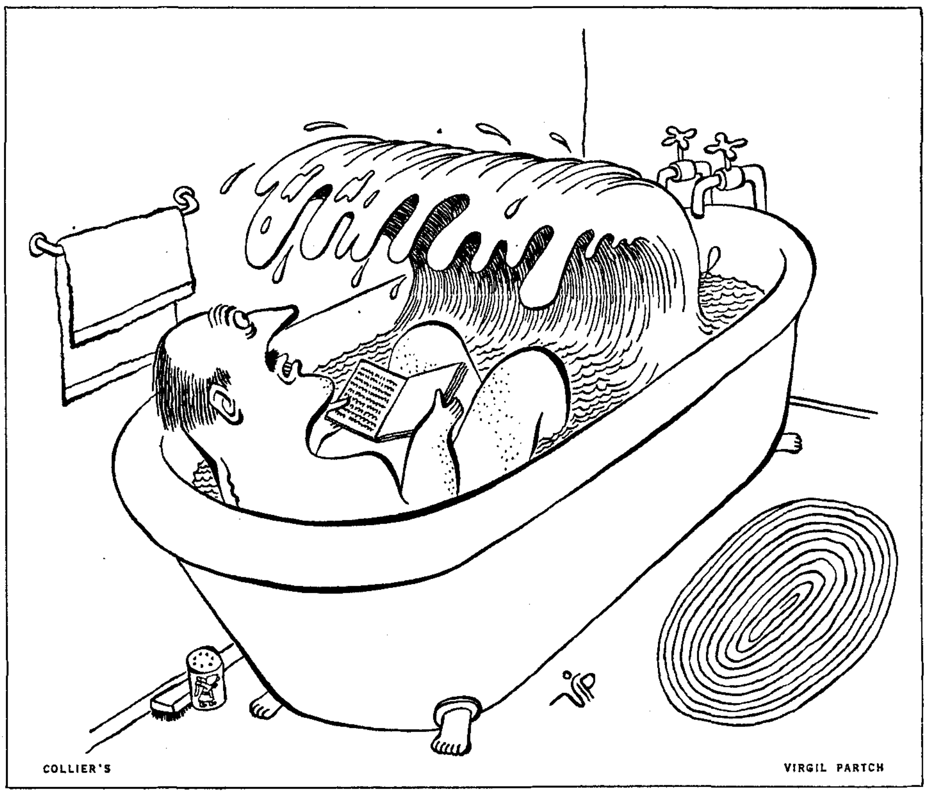
"Yeah," Lefty said, nodding, mildly pleased. "Young Jeffries. I stopped him."

Doc nodded enthusiastically. He grasped Lefty's hand and shook it, as if they had just met. He laughed, and his face grew red with hope. "Sure! I remember, I remember. You had a good left hand, I remember. It reminded me something of Charley White."

"Haaw!" Louie shrieked. "A left hand like Charley White!" He danced about, pointing at Lefty. "Yeah—on the same side! The same side!"

Lefty looked steadily at Doc. "For fifty bucks," he said.

Max's face became thoughtful. He



The Wisdom of the East

There's a good reason for the Oriental water pipe—to clean smoke by filtering it. *There's the same good reason for Fleetwood's extra length.* By straining and filtering each puff through extra length of unsmoked obacco, Fleetwood *gives* you the goodness of fragrant tobacco smoke—while it *saves* you from more of the nicotine, throat iritants and tars that stain fingers and teeth—provided you smoke a Fleetwood no farther than you would smoke a shorter, old-size cigarette.

The end of any cigarette is a cleansing, cooling filter for the smoke. The longer the end, the cleaner the smoke. Light your Fleetwood. Smoke your usual amount. Then discard the l-o-n-g-e-r end (the strainer) that made every puff a *cleaner, finer* smoke!

FLEETWOOD

A CLEANER, FINER SMOKE

FLEETWOOD IMPERIAL
FLEETWOOD
IMPERIALS
A CLEANER, FINER SMOKE
COPR. 1943, THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INC.

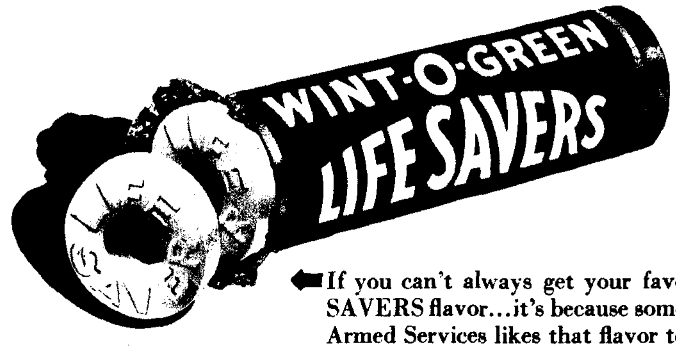
A SUPERIOR CIGARETTE AT THE STANDARD PRICE • THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INC. • "HOUSE OF TRADITION" • LOUISVILLE, KY.

When she orders you around like this...

and you'd rather be at ease like this...

TRY THIS

Everybody's breath offends now and then—after eating, drinking, or smoking. Let LIFE SAVERS save yours. Only 5¢.



If you can't always get your favorite LIFE SAVERS flavor...it's because some one in the Armed Services likes that flavor too. And we know you'll agree that he should have first call.

fished a stubby pencil from his pocket and made figures on the bureau cover.

"Fifteen bucks, about," Lefty said. "Thirty-three and a third out of fifty."

"Seventeen," Max said. He smiled up at Doc. "Well," he said with an elaborate gesture of resignation. "If it's any help to you—"

Louie sat down abruptly and wiped sweat from his face. "What's all this?" he snarled. But Lefty knew he was relieved.

Doc glanced from face to face, suddenly suspicious that he had been somehow tricked. "It'll be all right, won't it? I mean, course you two are brothers . . ."

Lefty said soberly, "It'll be all right."

Louie jumped up, hunching his thin shoulders, shaking his left hand, jabwise, at Lefty. "I won't carry him!" he cried savagely. "I won't hold him up!"

"Nobody asked you," Lefty said.

Max patted Lefty's shoulder, smiling at Doc. "It'll be all right," he said. "These boys'll give you a fine show."

Louie barked, "I'll knock his head off! I'll knock him out first punch!"

Lefty said, "Stop yelling."

"Then that's settled," Max said, seeing the satisfaction in Doc's face; he sat down. "Only," he added, rising hastily, "I got to have our end now, just in case. . . . Want to get a early start home, after."

Doc inflated his chest and yanked out the big wallet. He extracted a fifty-dollar bill and laid it in Max's waiting palm.

"There's fifty," Doc said, and then, counting, "fifty-one, fifty-two, fifty-three . . ." He paused to lick his thumb, and said over his shoulder to Lefty, "You better get out of here, case somebody thinks something is coming off. Howard," he said to Big-Ear, "you take him up to my place."

Louie flopped to the bed; he sat there sulkily, pounding his clenched right hand into the palm of his left. "Remember what I said," he told Lefty, lowering his voice. "Remember what I said."

Big-Ear stepped forward, crooking his finger at Lefty. "We ain't afraid of *him*, are we?" he said. "We ain't. . . ." But his voice drizzled off when he caught the baleful look in Louie's eyes, and he backed toward the door and opened it without turning.

Lefty picked up his topcoat and adjusted his cap. "Well," he said, following Big-Ear, "so long."

Louie just looked at him; the others didn't answer. Closing the door, Lefty heard Doc counting, "Seventy-six, seventy-seven, seventy-eight . . ."

LATER, in a basement dressing room at the armory, a crowd of Center Point sports stood looking down at Lefty as he sat on a bench along the wall, waiting to fight. Big-Ear sat beside him, holding a great towel and with a galvanized pail half full of water on the floor between his feet. Lefty glanced up warily and saw the sports all staring at him, and he looked quickly away. A stout man in horn-rimmed glasses, who had been gazing unblinkingly at Lefty for half an hour, finally asked, "How much you getting for fighting this Louie what's-his-name?"

"His name?" Lefty said judiciously. "I think his name is Joe."

From upstairs the sounds of stamping feet and yelling voices came intermittently. Big-Ear cleared his throat and turned on the bench to face Lefty. "I figure," he began loudly, then stopped and went on in a whisper, "I figure this guy is a sucker for a good right hand. . . . Oh, you got a left hand."

Lefty looked down at the borrowed sneakers on his feet. He wasn't comfortable, waiting to fight Louie. He had seen Louie's fights, all of them. Louie had his own ways of winning. Lefty told himself: It's the best thing, and fifty bucks is fifty bucks. After the first fight, he'll be better; he'll be all right. He won't be so nervous. It's better he should fight me. The way he is, that big farmer might of hurt him bad.

Upstairs, the impatient fight crowd had grown noisier. Lefty stood up, flexing his bandaged hands, starting to dance lightly, moving his left arm slowly, like a southpaw pitcher warming up. Big-Ear jumped up and stepped forward. "Better loosen up," he said self-consciously.

Lefty realized that it was hot in the room; he was hot, anyway, and he sat down. Doc, looking excited and worried but very important, opened the door then. "All right, Lefty," he called. Lefty stood up; he took his topcoat and draped it about his shoulders. "Now *you* know what to *do,*" Doc said, as if he doubted it.

Lefty winked. "Don't worry about him," he said. "He's just talking."

Doc looked puzzled. "Well," he said, "you do the best you can, Lefty. The other fights wasn't so hot." He patted Lefty's arm and started away.

"Don't worry," Lefty said.

Big-Ear was behind Lefty; he stopped and patted Lefty's arm as Doc had done. "Don't worry," he said. "This guy is a sucker for a left hand."

Lefty turned to Big-Ear, rather pleased. "Yes," he said, smiling. "He always was." They started up the stairs, and the crowd from the dressing room followed them.

UPSTAIRS, Louie and Max were ahead of them, going down the aisle. Lefty stopped, watching Louie hurrying to the ring; he waited till Louie had ducked under the ropes, till he had come up in his pirouette, bowing, with his vaudeville smile. There was only a spattering of handclaps, and Lefty was disappointed. Louie made a grimace and turned abruptly to his corner. There was no applause at all when Lefty crawled into the ring.

Big-Ear came clumsily through the ropes, splashing water from his bucket. "What's that for?" Lefty asked him. "Where's the fire?" He held the bucket while Big-Ear got out of the ring to set it below. Re-entering, Big-Ear saw Max, across the ring, breaking the new gloves for Louie, and he picked up the pair given Lefty and tried to do likewise. Doc, in the center of the ring, raised his hands for silence, and the crowd began to stamp and yell. Big-Ear was awkwardly lacing the gloves on, when Lefty had to rise to acknowledge his introduction: "From St. Louis . . . weighing one hundred and thirty-seven pounds—Lefty . . . *Smith!"*

Lying back against the padded angle of the ropes, Lefty heard the crowd give Louie a noisy salute at his introduction. He saw Louie, bowing again, smiling his phony show smile, and somehow he was resentful. For these strangers, he thought, my brother will crucify me. Me, doing him a favor. Why can't he act like a human being once in his life? Anybody else would do it; not his brother Louie. Within the red gloves, Lefty's fists grew tight and hard and filled him with a confidence that had no foundation but nonetheless gave him comfort. Okay, he told himself, I ain't helpless. Louie bobbed and danced in mid-ring till the cheers died away. Poor kid, Lefty thought, I'm glad I done it; he waited a year for this.

He got up and went to the center of the ring, where Doc stood beckoning. He faced Louie; Doc put his arms about their shoulders, drawing them together. "Now, boys," he was saying, "I want a good, clean fight, and give the customers a good, clean show. Don't lay heavy on the ropes; the nuts is wore on the posts."

Louie shuffled on his toes, licking his swollen lips, looking at Lefty; Lefty looked at the floor. Poor kid, Lefty thought, all he ever wanted was to get up in a ring and have a crowd holler for him while he put some guy's eyes out. Doc was finishing, "Shake hands now and come out fighting . . ." He wanted to say more but, for sportsmanship's sake, forbore.

They barely touched glove tips and turned toward their corners. Lefty walked slowly; he stood with his back to Louie, studiously working the glove on his left hand, waiting for the bell. He saw the timekeeper's hand pulling at the bell cord, but not till the act was completed did he turn and walk out to meet his brother. There was Louie, his eyes black and bright and malignant, his mouth bulging with the special mouthpiece; Lefty watched the right hand, not held as any other fighter would hold his but more as a cat might poise its claws for striking.

Lefty heard somebody in the crowd calling his name; he muttered, "Oh, what the hell," and threw the left hand. He threw it for all there was in him. Louie beat him to the punch, but almost at the same time that Louie's right batted into his chin, Lefty felt the impact of his own blow solid on Louie's face. Black was all around him, and he put his head down, waiting. Then Louie's punches rained upon him, coming in pairs, a smash in the jaw, a wallop in the belly, a jolting punch in the face, a hammer blow to the neck, the heel of a glove across his face.

Lefty reached blindly, grabbing, and pulled Louie in close. He was the stronger, but he could not stop his brother's two ripping fists. "Take it easy," he said, twisting away from the low ones. "Take it easy down there."

He hung on, with Louie punching, grunting, snorting as he let his punches go. Lefty wondered why Doc didn't break the clinch. The familiar nausea had come to him with the first blow, and the left side of his face was numb; but when he could see again, he let go and stepped back.

Backing away then, he saw Louie coming in, brushing at his right eye. He saw the thin, white break in the brow and the beginning of blood: and he remembered how Louie had always feared eye cuts. He went forward with his hands only half raised, crying, "Oh, Oolie, I'm sorry, I'm sorry!"

Louie rammed a left into his face and hit him hard on the chin with a right swing. Lefty's legs were weak; his arm muscles seemed cramped; he had punched just once, and he was panting. But, backing away, he threw his punch, his left hand, and missed; the crowd yelled for him, so he let it go again, and missed so badly that he fell to his knees. The crowd laughed then; and Louie, when Lefty had only half risen, stepped behind him and clubbed him to the floor with one, great, high-swung haymaker. Lying there, pushing the dirty canvas away, the sense of the fight departed Lefty; he was only a man hired to do a job, so he got up.

He got up and walked straight to meet his brother, and he swung his one punch as he walked. All the time, he could see Louie's right coming; he skewed his head against it, but not quickly enough. It hit him; another hit him, flush on the chin. But a strange thing was occurring: Lefty's left was still swinging; it was a bodyless, floating left fist in a glove, sailing along, as if it had sailed so for miles, and when it landed on Louie's cheek, it seemed a mere touch; it only nudged the strained face gently and then fell strengthless at Lefty's side.

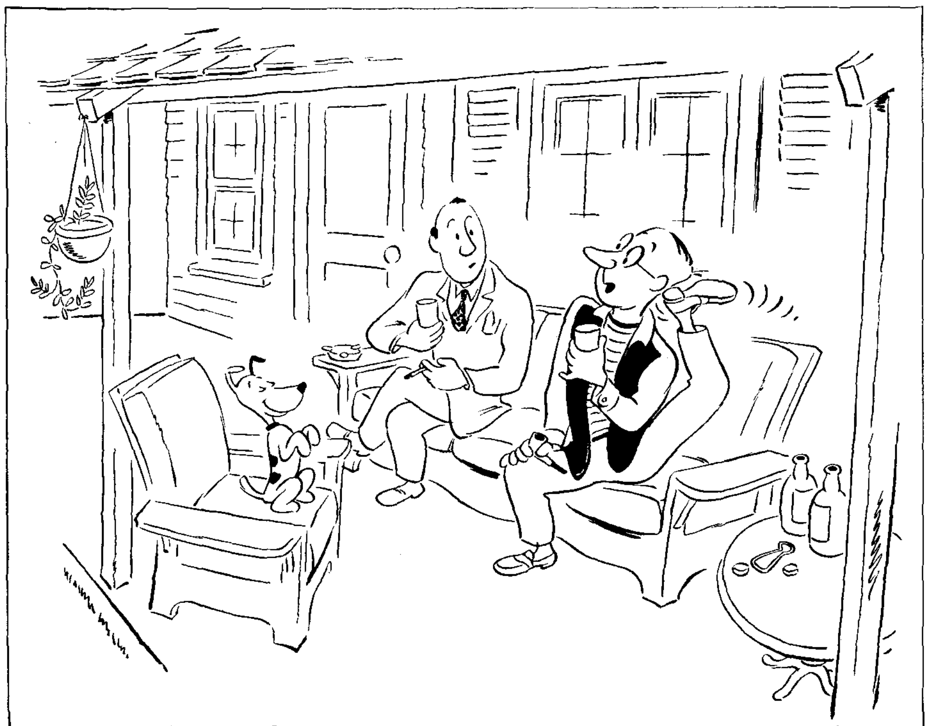
Louie was down; he was crawling on the canvas; he had been knocked down, and yet, his eyes were as black and bright, his face was unchanged, as if he were still the one to shape the course of the battle; and it was obvious that he did not know, his brain had not yet told him, that he was down. The frenzied voice of the crowd came up to Lefty from every side, and he was thinking crazily: If they'd stop, I could lay down and rest.

LOUIE had struggled to his knees. He looked up into the glare of light, and Lefty, now seeing the trickle of blood that blinded his brother's right eye, knew what had happened. Lefty saw Louie's face change in a way that he recognized, and pity choked him, remembering his brother, a little boy crying.

Doc was counting, away too fast, swinging his arm down with every count. Louie tried to lurch to his feet and only drove his head against the floor. Two men in ringside seats whooped above the clamor of the crowd, throwing their hats high. Doc ran to raise Lefty's right hand, and Big-Ear came stumbling through the ropes to paw, puppylike, at Lefty, pulling at his gloves, babbling, "I knew it! Knew you didn't have no glass chin!"

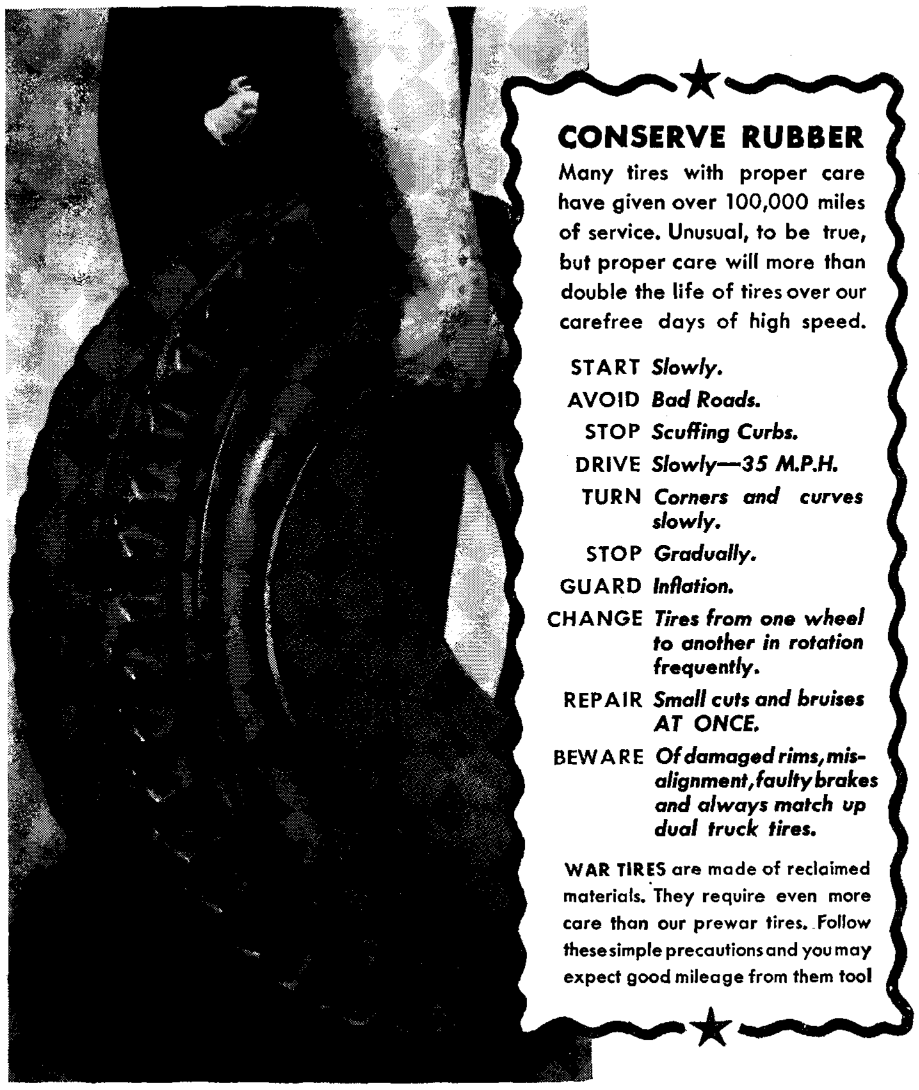
Lefty looked down at his brother. Doc said, as if whispering, but actually shouting, in his ear, "Go pick him up. Make a hit with the fans." Lefty shook his head. There was nothing he could say; there was nothing he could do. He sobbed as he thought: He'll hate me forever now, his own brother. A strange feeling grew within him and became a familiar, remembered sensation, his dimming sight, the lightness of his body, the rushing silence in his ears, and he thought bitterly: Oh, why so slow? Why now? Why so late? for he knew he was going out like a light.

THE END



"It hasn't been all one-sided—he's taught me a number of things too"

COLLIER'S CLAUDE SMITH



★

CONSERVE RUBBER

Many tires with proper care have given over 100,000 miles of service. Unusual, to be true, but proper care will more than double the life of tires over our carefree days of high speed.

START *Slowly.*
AVOID *Bad Roads.*
STOP *Scuffing Curbs.*
DRIVE *Slowly—35 M.P.H.*
TURN *Corners and curves slowly.*
STOP *Gradually.*
GUARD *Inflation.*
CHANGE *Tires from one wheel to another in rotation frequently.*
REPAIR *Small cuts and bruises AT ONCE.*
BEWARE *Of damaged rims, misalignment, faulty brakes and always match up dual truck tires.*

WAR TIRES are made of reclaimed materials. They require even more care than our prewar tires. Follow these simple precautions and you may expect good mileage from them too!

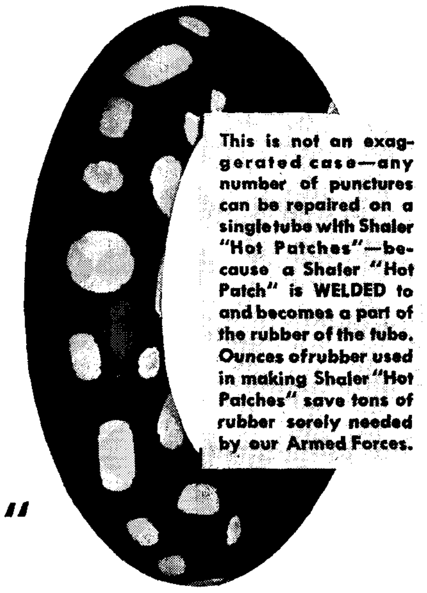
★

CARE FOR YOUR CAR
FOR YOUR COUNTRY

SHALER
HOT PATCH
TUBE
REPAIRS
VULCANIZED

● Your tubes can be repaired many times if repaired the Shaler Vulcanized "Hot Patch" way. Tube repairs made with Shaler "Hot Patches" insure against unnecessary failures which may ruin not only the tube but the tire casing as well. Being vulcanized or welded to the rubber of the tube, the "Hot Patch" becomes a permanent part of the tube. To be safe,—to conserve our vitally needed rubber supply—to insure maximum mileage from every tire, insist on a Shaler Vulcanized "Hot Patch" repair of every puncture. Made by the makers of RISLONE and KARBOUT, oil alloys that free sticky valves and prolong engine life... THE SHALER COMPANY, Waupun, Wis. and Toronto, Can.

Look for the Authorized Shaler Dealer sign and "Let a Man Who Knows How" repair your tubes. 168,000 Authorized Shaler Dealers from Coast to Coast are equipped to serve you.



This is not an exaggerated case—any number of punctures can be repaired on a single tube with Shaler "Hot Patches"—because a Shaler "Hot Patch" is WELDED to and becomes a part of the rubber of the tube. Ounces of rubber used in making Shaler "Hot Patches" save tons of rubber sorely needed by our Armed Forces.

SHALER

"HOT PATCHES"

THE SAFEST TUBE REPAIRS KNOWN

THE NEW PENNY—and How it Grew

BY KYLE CRICHTON

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB LEAVITT

AS IF the food shortage and the gasoline rationing weren't bad enough, the war has dealt us one last crowning blow, to wit, the new zinc-coated penny. As a war baby not even cherished by its mother, it is calculated to drive mad every ticket seller, bank teller and money-changer in the nation. It has the looks of a dime and the value of a cent, and the Republicans will undoubtedly claim that the whole thing is a Democratic plot.

The mother of invention in this case is Nellie Tayloe Ross, Director of the Mint, who was told very bluntly by the WPB in June, 1942, that the old one-cent piece might be cherished by the American public with devotion, but, as from this day forth, there would not be another pound of copper available for it.

This was a blow of some magnitude, for Mrs. Ross (the first woman to be governor of an American state—Wyoming) because the demand for pennies had never been greater than in 1942. From the beginning of coinage until the Mint discontinued the copper coins, about eleven billion one-cent pieces had been struck. In the fiscal year of 1942 alone, one billion and a half pieces were struck—almost one tenth of the all-time total, requiring 4,600 tons of copper for that purpose.

With the phenomenal increase of vending machines (we seem to get almost everything that way these days) and the various sales taxes, more pennies were needed than ever before. Mrs. Ross had been experimenting with the problem for months because it was plain that there were going to be metal shortages. Her metallurgists had been making extensive tests with glass, plastics, zinc and steel. Stainless steel would be good, she informed the WPB eagerly. How about it? No stainless steel, they said sternly. Zinc? No zinc. Glass wasn't practicable, and plastics provided coins so light that they made no impression on the vending machines, plastics were also badly needed for war purposes.

The final result was no choice at all; the Mint would have to take low-carbon steel or nothing. This was a harrowing prospect, because the steel would most certainly rust, and the coins would soon look like slugs, an abhorred word among all true coin lovers such as the owners of slot machines. A concession was made by WPB whereby the coins were to be electroplated with five ten-thousandths of an inch of zinc. The steel now comes to the three great U. S. Mints (Philadelphia, Denver, San Francisco) in bars eight feet long and a width of five coins across.

Coinage of the new steel coin started in February of this year, and by June 1st, a total of 113,526,000 one-cent pieces had been produced. Of that number, 95,642,677 pieces had been distributed by that same date, showing the great need for them. The weight of the new coin is 42.5 grains; the old bronze coin was 48 grains. The new coin has a diameter of .750 inches and a thickness of .062 inches.

In the interval between the discontinuance of the old and the coining of the new, things were in a mess. The Federal Reserve banks were clamoring for pennies, and there were, no pennies. At this juncture Mrs. Ross appealed nationally for penny hoarders to disgorge, and the coins came forth in floods. It was found that some families had as many as 2,000 pennies cached away in glass jars, tin cans, piggy banks and dresser drawers. Doctor J. Elwood Amos of the University of Pittsburgh put on a drive among his students which provided a record haul of 1,000,000 pennies. That has helped a great deal and is being continued. It is not true that the copper coins now in circulation will be called in and melted down; we're going to need all the pennies, new and old, we can get our hands on.

The saving of 4,600 tons of copper a year is sufficient to meet the combined requirements of two cruisers, two destroyers, 1,245 Flying Fortresses, 120 field guns and 120 howitzers—or it can provide the copper for 1,250,000 shells for big field guns.

There was no denying that the new penny caused much confusion on its appearance. The ticket seller who grabbed up a quarter, a nickel and a dime, thinking she was getting a forty-cent admission, was often chagrined to find that what she really had was thirty-one cents. But the difference between a dime and the latest penny is readily apparent after a few looks at the new beauty and, even more fortunately, the bright little newcomer tends to become dark after a bit of use.

Taking the Shine Off the New Penny

If the Mint ever gets enough coins ahead so they can keep them in storage before shipping them out, it is hoped that the darkening process will already have taken place before their public appearance. Attempts to darken them artificially with the use of liquids failed because it was impossible to get an even coating; the coins just looked mottled and rather ill.

There were many indignant suggestions about correcting the situation. Most frequent question was: Why wasn't a new design used?

Answers: (a) If it was hexagonal, it couldn't be used in vending machines and in money-counting machines in banks. (b) Can you imagine the outcry at the thought of a hole being punched in Lincoln's face? (c) It would take months to get a new design made, approved and put into production. There would first have to be a competition for the design among the artists, or the uproar would be tremendous. After that, the design would have to be approved by the Fine Arts Committee and the President. It would take another month to make the master die, and additional months to get the working dies into operation.

Several sections of the country had not had a look at the new pennies when this was written, but they will be around very shortly and it is just as well to be prepared. They are lighter than a dime and have a soggy fake sound when bounced.

Think that over philosophically when you've just taken in a handful of pennies under the misapprehension that you're rich in silver. Leading a charge of irate citizens up the steps of the Treasury isn't going to do any good. The penny is made of zinc-coated steel because there isn't a single other thing in the world it could be made of. After all, it isn't hay. ★★★

The smile is one of relief. Nellie Tayloe Ross, Director of the Mint, was told by WPB that she couldn't use copper for pennies any more. Here she examines a new batch made of zinc-plated steel

How life insurance dollars help produce steel for Victory

WHEN PEARL HARBOR CAME, Americans had reason to be proud that our steel industry was ready to beat our ploughshares into swords at an astonishing rate.

This year alone, American steel mills will have turned out the steel needed for countless wartime uses. Steel for an estimated 60,000 tanks, 90,000 airplanes, 15,000,000 tons of shipping . . . steel for guns, shells, and bombs. Steel for great cables like those that righted the *Oklahoma* and other battleships sunk at Pearl Harbor . . . steel for the fleets of scrapers and tractors that helped build the Alaskan highway.

Result of courage and faith

These contributions to our war effort didn't just happen by accident. Long before Pearl Harbor, far-sighted steel management had the courage and the faith to increase steel capacity far beyond immediate needs.

Management was able to do this because of our natural resources, our native ingenuity, the skill of American manpower. . . and the millions of dollars invested in industry by people who have faith in America's future.

Among these are the policyholders of America's life insurance companies. Through their companies, 67,000,000 policyholders have invested about $1,750,000,000 in the bonds of industrial concerns. Of this amount, more than $350,000,000 represents investments made by Metropolitan for policyholders.

These investments have been made not only in the steel industry, but in the aluminum, rubber, oil, chemical, and many others. Our war effort requires maximum production in these industries. This production could not have been attained without adequate financial backing. Every life insurance agent who persuades some individual to provide or retain life insurance is the means of making life insurance dollars available for such investments.

Today—war comes first

Today, most of Metropolitan's fund available for investment is going into United States Government Bonds to help finance the war. When the war ends, the dollars that policyholders have set aside to insure the security of their families will again be ready to support and encourage sound and stable peacetime industries.

Steel, for example, is already doing its postwar planning. The present feats of that industry are an indication of what we may expect in steel for better peacetime products, ranging from railway equipment to kitchen cabinets, and from automobiles to bread knives.

Planning for the future

Just as life insurance policyholders contributed to our present industrial capacity, every one who uses life insurance to plan his own future is helping, through payment of premiums, to underwrite industry's postwar planning.

For Metropolitan's 30,000,000 policyholders have faith in the continued and growing greatness of their country.

BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS FROM ANY METROPOLITAN AGENT, OR AT ANY METROPOLITAN OFFICE

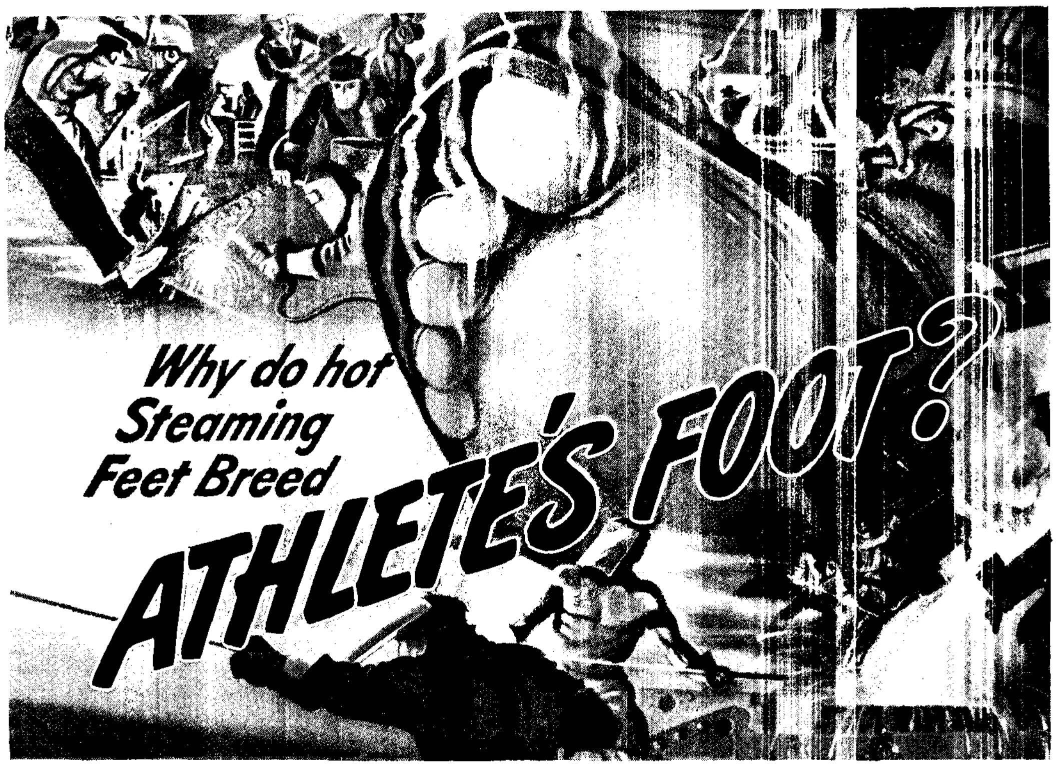
COPYRIGHT 1943—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

75th ANNIVERSARY 1868-1943

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(*A MUTUAL COMPANY*)

Frederick H. Ecker,
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Leroy A. Lincoln,
PRESIDENT
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.



ATHLETE'S FOOT is caused by tiny plants called fungi, which are present on all feet most of the time. When excessive perspiration occurs, as it does in hot summer weather, two *things happen*. 1. *The Athlete's Foot fungi feed on the perspiration and dead skin, grow twice as fast*. 2. *The perspiration irritates the skin between the toes, causing cracks. Then, the fungi attack the raw flesh through the cracks and spread.*

Look for cracks between your toes tonight! These are the danger signals. When skin cracks, your natural protective barrier of smooth, unbroken skin is gone. Ceaseless itching, pain in walking, inflammation of the toes—all tell you Athlete's Foot has struck your feet!

At the first sign of a crack drench the toes with Absorbine Jr. *full strength*. Repeat night and morning.

Q. W[illegible] A[illegible]

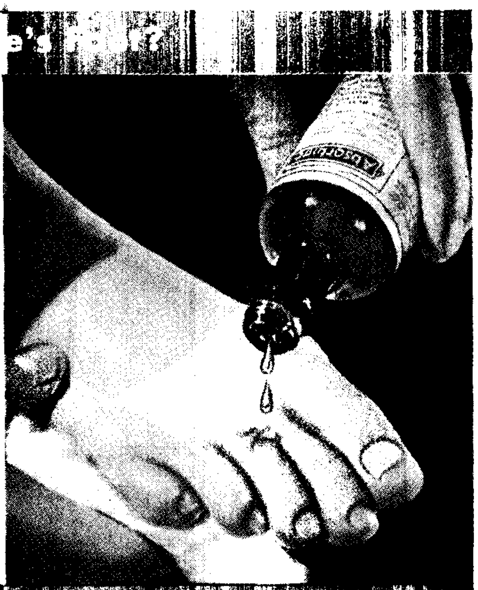
A. 1. Absorbine Jr. is an effective fungicide. It *kills* the Athlete's Foot fungi *on contact*.

2. It dissolves the perspiration products on which the Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.

3. It dries the skin between the toes.

4. It soothes and helps heal the broken tissues.

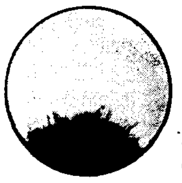
5. It eases itching, pain of Athlete's Foot.



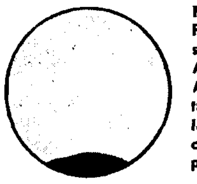
Q. Where can I get Absorbine Jr.?

A. Buy Absorbine Jr. at your drugstore. $1.25 a bottle. For free sample, address W. F. Young, Inc., 201N Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass. Don't take chances with Athlete's Foot this summer. It can keep you off your job, cause days of misery. Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr.

PROOF that Athlete's Foot fungi DIE AT TOUCH of Absorbine Jr.



Fungi growing fast
Photomicrograph of Athlete's Foot fungi. This parasitic plant life burrows under the tissues, irritates delicate nerve endings. No wonder Athlete's Foot causes such severe pain!



Fungi dead
Photomicrograph showing that Absorbine Jr. kills Athlete's Foot fungi as they are reached. No *longer can they grow*, causing you so much pain and misery.

ABSORBINE Jr.

KILLS ATHLETE'S FOOT FUNGI ON CONTACT

Also brings QUICK RELIEF to these summer troubles

SORE, ACHING MUSCLES
TIRED, BURNING FEET
BITES OF MOSQUITOES AND OTHER SMALL INSECTS

It's the Americans

Continued from page 16

before, with slabs of chocolate, bunches of flowers, packets of candy.

"Young man, I am *not* your aunt," she said one day, angrily.

He looked at her in the queer, gentle way he had, his long face lighting.

"Sure, I know it. But I wish you were," he said, and he peeled a piece of chewing gum for himself, and offered her a bit. She snorted angrily, ignoring it, and fled.

It made no difference to Elmer. When he wanted her, he just went after her. He never had any difficulty in catching her. He would walk beside her, explaining to her how you flew a bomber. He told her how Berlin looked at night, the flak coming up at you. He told her how lonely a kid felt sometimes, up there in the sky.

Aunt Louie did not believe a word of it. She thought him an accomplished liar. "He's probably a greaser," she said scornfully.

"But he isn't, Aunt Louie. He's the skipper of a crew. Seven people," said Rose.

"You seem to know a great deal about it," said Aunt Louie.

HOW could she help knowing about it? He would come and sit in the stables, on a bale of hay, and talk to her while she combed the goats. Talk of his aircraft, as a young man speaks of his first love. Her idiosyncrasies, her likes and dislikes, her tendency to ice over. And he told Rose of the loneliness of the skies, the cloud scenery making another world—a world where rainbows were colored circles.

Aunt Louie never found him there; otherwise she would probably have put an end to it, as she had put an end to the only romance Aunt Kate had ever had. But would she? Elmer had a way of getting round Aunt Louie no one else had ever had.

Even over the matter of the pigeon, Elmer won. Up on the picture rail in the big hall, quite a large, stout pigeon appeared one day, bowing graciously to Aunt Louie as she passed.

"Shoo!" cried Aunt Louie, flapping a duster. "Take it away. I won't have birds in the house."

"That's Airborne Joe," said Elmer. "He's our carrier pigeon. Each bomber has one—in case. Just in case. He's a cute little fellow. He has his own oxygen mask for when we get way up."

"Stop talking nonsense and remove that bird," said Aunt Louie.

"He's got to stay around today. The aircraft's being cleaned up, Aunt Louie. He won't do any harm."

"He *is* doing harm," said Aunt Louie ominously. "*Will* you take him away?"

"He won't come down till teatime, anyhow," said Elmer. "I'll take him away then. He's a punctual kind of bird, is Airborne Joe. Sometime I plan to fit a rear light on him, let him go, and race him home."

Aunt Louie looked at him with that drowning expression she sometimes had, and went away, slamming a door.

"Gee . . ." said Elmer. "I hope she isn't sore."

He picked a letter up from the table, looked at it, and put it down. "Why does nobody ever post them?" asked Rose. "They've been here for days."

"That's 'In Case' mail," said Elmer quietly, his hands in his pockets. "When we set out, we hand a letter to the chap there, saying, 'Take this in case anything happens to me, and I don't get back.' "

She drew her breath in swiftly. "Oh!"

"When a kite is posted as missing, we drink the kids' health in their favorite drinks. Then we throw away the glasses into a corner so that they get broken. . . . Then we don't talk of them any more. It's the only way."

His voice was flat and matter-of-fact. He might have been describing a flower border. Rose walked over to the window. Her throat ached.

He came and stood beside her, a fair boy with a long, humorous face—almost ugly, till he smiled. "Well," he said, "I got to go." For a moment it was as if he wanted to say something else, but he didn't. He turned and went out.

Presently she saw him with a vast accumulation of kit, and Airborne Joe on his shoulder, crossing the garden. And later, drawing her curtains aside at bedtime, she heard the roar of bombers, and saw them rising, one and one, winging like big black bats over a full moon, till the night swallowed them and they became part of it, and the noise of them died away. She closed her eyes and prayed in her heart, "O God, bring him back safe. Please bring him back safe."

She had never known before when he went. He never talked about it. But this time her heart told her.

There seemed to be a strange stillness over the world next morning. No engines throbbed on the landing ground. There was silence in the requisitioned side of the house.

They would be sleeping, thought Rose, after the raid. She tiptoed through the hall on her way to breakfast. The officer had just come in. He stood, pale-faced and leaden-eyed, by the mail table, looking through the letters. If he saw Rose, he gave no sign.

It was while they were at breakfast there came a knock at the door and a boy in uniform stood there. For a moment Rose's heart leaped, for she thought it was Elmer—Elmer, come to tell Aunt Louie all about it—even if she didn't want to know. But it was an orderly, carrying a little tray. The tray had a letter on it, and a slab of chocolate. He handed it to Aunt Louie and withdrew.

"What's this foolery?" said Aunt Louie, tearing open the letter. "Elmer Jansen. What does he want to write to me for? Pah, all this nonsense."

But in that moment, Rose knew. Knew, and a queer, cold courage and self-control came to her. She said, and her voice was hard and clear, "That's 'In Case' mail, Aunt Louie. It means he has not come back."

THERE was a silence. Aunt Louie picked up the letter again, and looked at it. Her hands that never shook were shaking. "Hadn't you better read it?" said Rose quietly.

"*Dear Aunt Louie: If you ever get this it will mean I have got it and shall not be back to bother you any further with my nonsense and the tales you don't believe. Thanks a whole lot for being so swell to all of us. I had a lot of fun at the manor and no one is more sorry than I am at having to leave so suddenly.*

"*I had this chocolate from home yesterday. I hope you will like it and am sad we shan't meet again.*"

"Gone!" said Aunt Kate, incredulously. "I—I can hardly believe it. Why, only yesterday . . ."

"Be quiet, Kate," snapped Aunt Louie. She looked at Rose. "You are sure of this?"

"He told me. All those letters out there on the table mean that. Nobody delivers them until the aircraft is posted as missing."

Aunt Louie got up. In some queer way she seemed to have unstiffened. "I—I am going to my room," she said. The door closed behind her.

"She's crying!" said Aunt Kate, horrified. "I haven't seen your aunt cry since the death of Queen Victoria. She thought she didn't like him, you know. But now she realizes she did. He was so wonderful with her. Patient . . . like a lover. She never had a lover, you know. I've often thought that is why she was so hard. He was so sweet with her, that boy. And she didn't know, but she liked it! Oh, my poor Rose! And you loved him."

Rose said, quietly, "I shall love him till I die."

SHE went about her usual work all that day. She fed the chickens, groomed the horses, attended to the goats. Part of her seemed to have died.

She met the officer coming out of the mess, and stopped him, but found she couldn't speak. She didn't have to. He put his hand on her shoulder.

"Sorry, kid. He was one of the best pilots we had. He crashed on the way home. The others saw him. He left a letter which I sent along to your aunt. . . ."

Rose nodded. She said nothing. There was nothing to say. Now she had only memory, and a dream of the thing that might have been between them. And, in her mind, a picture of the last she had seen of him, as the bombers went out, like bats, over the moon.

SUMMARY

So many have so much to say
About the topics of the day
With countless personal variations
Of all the war communications
And other matters pertinent
To business and the government,
That after having heard or read
What barely half of them have
said,
I have an even hazier photo
Of what is going on in toto.

S. H. DEWHURST

All that day she kept thinking if only there was something she could do for him! But she couldn't even have the puny comfort of laying flowers on his grave. . . . And then, quite suddenly, after she was in bed that night, she thought of it.

She got up, and put on her childish old-fashioned red flannel dressing gown, and went downstairs. She didn't know what his favorite drink was. When he had been with them, he had liked Aunt Kate's cowslip wine.

She filled a wineglass and stood there in the flickering candlelight.

"Here's to K for Kitten," she said, loud and clear. "God bless them all!" She drained the glass and flung it from her with a sob. It hit the wall and shivered into small pieces. . . .

A voice said mildly, "What's going on here . . . ?"

She stood quite still, her eyes closed. He only had one good arm, but he put it round her. His head was bandaged, his long, solemn face looked longer than ever, with its white swathings. His right arm was in a sling.

He drew her to him. "If I thought you were crying for me," he said, "I certainly would be a happy guy. . . . Even though I've lost my kite, and we didn't get the rear gunner out."

"What happened to you? What happened?" she whispered. "They said that you had gone. Aunt Louie got her 'In Case' mail."

"And the slab of chocolate?"

She nodded. "And the slab of chocolate."

"We got shot down all right, and the kite sank. But I got clear with some of the kids. Gee, but those rubber dinghies are pretty uncomfortable, I can tell you. For kids with long legs. Then a destroyer picked us up, and I came right along."

He kissed her.

"What will your aunt say?"

"Does it matter?" she asked.

"No. But it would be kind of nice if we didn't have to upset her."

"She cried—I can tell you that. When she got your letter, she cried. Aunt Kate said it was the first time since the death of Queen Victoria."

"She did? Then let's go right along and see her now."

He was gray with weariness, almost asleep on his feet. She said, "Wait till tomorrow, darling. We'll tell her tomorrow."

But he shook his head. With his one good arm around her they went upstairs. There was a line of light under Aunt Louie's door, late as it was. Softly Rose opened it. . . . Softly they went in.

She wasn't in bed. She was kneeling, in her gray dressing gown beside her *prie-dieu,* looking for all the world like some ancient monk. She wasn't so much praying as issuing a few orders to the Almighty:

"Too young," Aunt Louie was saying angrily; "far, far too young . . ."

Elmer looked at Rose, and his face lighted—the way it did. Then he went over and laid a hand on the old woman's shoulder.

"Aunt Louie, just a minute. I want that letter back."

She looked up at him. For a moment Rose thought she was going to put her arms around him.

"It wasn't time to send my 'In Case' mail," he said. "Not this trip. After all, I got back."

Aunt Louie got up very slowly. She put a hand on both his shoulders and looked at him, her hard face all broken up and gentle.

"You're hurt . . ." she said. "Have you had it properly seen to? Rose, don't stand there like a dummy. Get some sheets on the best spare bed, while I take him down to the dining room and give him some sandwiches and something to drink."

LATER, Rose found them sitting at the table, an unlikely couple. It was the first time that she had ever known her aunt to be liberal with the whisky and the sardines.

"You shouldn't take all this trouble for me," said Elmer. "If you give me all this encouragement, I'll be asking you to let me marry Rose tomorrow."

"We'll talk about it tomorrow," said Aunt Louie. In her eyes was the look she would have had for her own son, if she had ever had one. "You'll get off to bed now."

He was skillfully unwrapping a piece of chewing gum with his one good hand. "Have a bit? Go on. Try it," he coaxed. "You don't have to finish it if you don't like it."

"Oh, well! Thank you very much." Aunt Louie took it gingerly.

Elmer bent over, suddenly, and kissed her. "Good night, Aunt Louie," he said. "Funny the way I kind of knew from the start you'd be my aunt some day, too."

Rose took him upstairs. What Aunt Louie would have said at any other time, if she had suggested showing a young man to the spare room, wearing her nightgown and dressing gown, Rose couldn't imagine. Now, she said nothing at all. When Rose got back, she was standing there, looking at the piece of chewing gum that lay in the palm of her hand.

"Now then, Rose. Get to bed," she said, with a swift return of her old grimness. "What on earth has been going on here? The whole place full of broken glass! I shall have to speak to Jane tomorrow."

THE END

Message on the Fly!

"SEND ammunition immediately!"—a typical wartime message that often can't be sent by radio for fear of enemy detection. This is where the Piper L-4 "Grasshopper" renders a real service. By following the method pictured above, the Piper L-4 swoops down, picks up the message on the fly with a hook and speeds it to headquarters.

This is but one of many wartime uses of the Piper L-4. The development of these uses will result in a finer peacetime Piper Cub for you.

FREE BOOKLET ON HOW TO FLY. Send today for your copy of "You, Too, Can Fly!" If you also want the full-color Piper catalog, enclose 10c in stamps or coin for postage-handling. Piper Aircraft Corporation, Department R83, Lock Haven, Pennsylvania.

PIPER Cub
Points the Way to Wings for All Americans

Seven Sins

Continued from page 25

certain priestesses of Ancient Egypt, that of releasing the spirit, which is deathless, from the body, which commonly trammels it throughout earth life. Many such priestesses of the past, whose powers exceeded anything we can well imagine today, were in no sense models of physical purity."

Colonel O'Halloran began to roll a cigarette. "Frankly, all rather beyond me."

"Naturally. One is strangely alone in such pursuits; it is part of the price one has to pay. Fortunately, my financial resources, and my family name up to a point, enable me to defy prejudice and to ignore misunderstanding." He raised his hand to his high brow so that the green scarab which he wore twinkled like the eye of a reptile. "But I recognize the fact that when homicide intrudes upon my studies I have no armor against malice."

Colonel O'Halloran bit ragged ends from his cigarette and, taking up the carafe, refilled both glasses. "Quite satisfied about your man Wake?"

"Yes," Lord Marcus replied, prolonging the word in a meditative way. "He juggles with the household accounts, steals my wine, my whisky and my cigars. I believe he goes in for dog racing, and no doubt the housekeeping allowance is employed to make up his losses. In every other respect, he suits me well."

COLONEL O'HALLORAN grinned; it was a cheerful, mischievous, rather boyish grin. "Wouldn't suit me."

"A more honest man would probably be less competent."

"Might be. Less expensive, too. Fact is, Amberdale—might as well get down to it—you have some queer acquaintances. Wake and Mrs. Vane are only two of 'em. The interest of my department begins and ends, more or less, with the Loeder case; but Loeder case overlaps much more urgent job. There's a spy ring in London. It's a serious menace to war effort. These people are believed, in certain quarters, to use the underground gambling racket as a means of getting information."

"Might I ask in what way this concerns my queer acquaintances?"

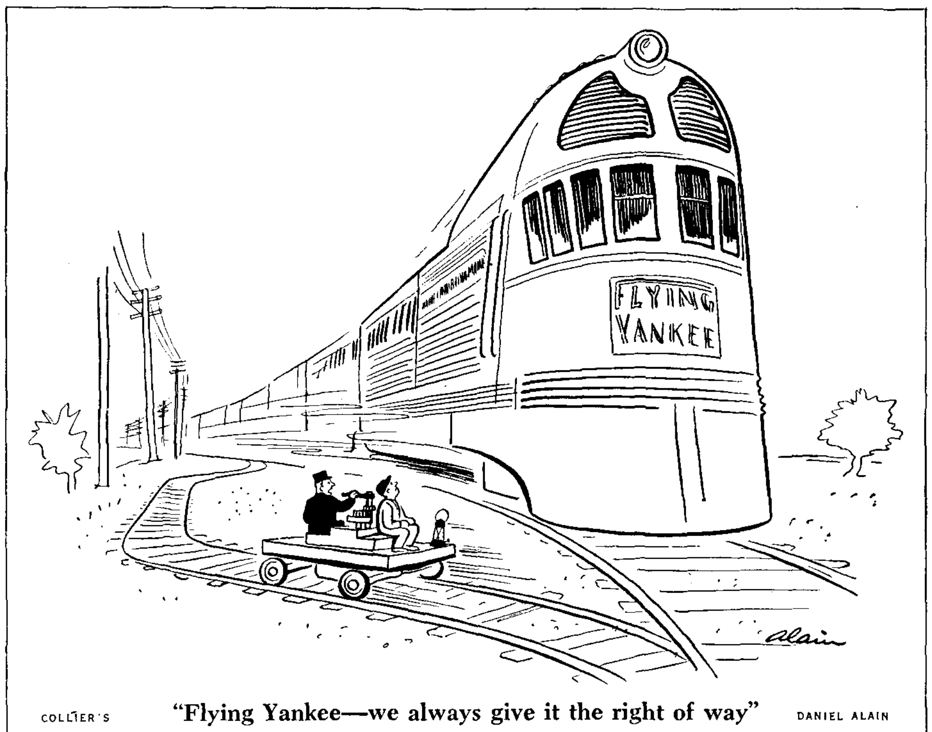
"Well—saw you lunching with Mrs. Destrée the other day at the Grand Marnier. She's up to her neck in the racket, although we can't prove it. See what I mean?"

"I take it to mean, O'Halloran, that these associations are held to lend color to the suspicion that I am an undesirable character."

Colonel O'Halloran grinned again. "Not by me. But the average working police officer can be excused if he tries to add up two and two to make four. Destrée is a pretty woman and goes nearly everywhere; Eurasian, I should say, but attractive. Thing is, Amberdale, why have *you* taken her up?"

Lord Marcus raised his glass, twirling it slowly and watching the amber liquid as a seer watches his crystal.

"I am trying"—his effortless oratory was audible above all other sounds—"to assemble a psychic chain. The spiritual core within a man is much older than his body, O'Halloran. Some of us have shared common experiences when the world was young. Those of us who are peculiarly sensitive recognize these associations; in this way groups are formed, groups brought together by old love and by old enmity. The seven deadly sins turn us aside from our true destiny and have kept us on the treadmill of mortal life all down the centuries. Now, the significance of seven is a subject which I have no time to discuss, but I am trying to assemble a group of seven people whose paths have crossed one another in past lives."



COLLIER'S "Flying Yankee—we always give it the right of way" DANIEL ALAIN

"What for?" asked the colonel.

"To strengthen my individual power. The *force* which I could generate in this way might achieve miracles. Mrs. Vane, in trance, is able to recognize those who belong to the same cycle as ourselves. She might identify you—correctly, I have no doubt—or she might point to a complete stranger."

"New kind of hunting, Amberdale."

"No, O'Halloran, very old. I make it my business to seek out those whom she has recognized in order to learn if they are in other respects suitable. In this way I recently made the acquaintance of Mrs. Destrée. She is a woman steeped in evil; her spirit is old as Atlantis; but it is a spirit of power. In such an experiment as this which I contemplate, the positive and the negative good and evil must be nicely adjusted. My cousin, Fay Perigal, will, I hope, consent to join us. She will help to adjust the scales."

"She isn't keen, I take it?"

"It frightens her," Lord Marcus replied simply. "But since the time when she was a little girl, when during her holidays I used to take her to Hampton Court, to the zoo, to matinees, and so forth, I have known that her spirit was a white flame, a spirit older and wiser than mine." He sipped his sherry, and, as if he feared that he had transgressed, smiled his disarming smile. "I must apologize, O'Halloran, for this sermon; but you are partly to blame."

"Not a bit of it. Extraordinarily interested." The assistant commissioner emptied his second glass. "Suppose we go in to lunch?"

RITA MARTIN set out at three o'clock from Simone's upon an assignment booked for her that morning by Mlle. Dorine.

Recently, her associates had noted a change creeping over her, but only one had succeeded in discovering its cause. Sadness was in it, and her friend, Dora, fully understood its origin, since she guessed rather than knew that Rita's smart clothes and comfortable apartment had been due to the munificence of the late Sir Giles Loeder. But there was something else.

Rita seemed to become apprehensive every time the telephone rang; seemed to mistrust any new client who entered the place. Dora understood this also. She had overheard Lady Huskin cross-examining Rita about her friendship with Sir Giles; she knew that Rita had been with him on the night of his death. Rita, however, had not confided in Dora, who only that morning had said to her, "You are as restless as a cat. What's up with you?" But Rita had shrugged her shoulders irritably and had made no reply. Now, as she passed through the shop, the receptionist said to her:

"You can go home when you have finished, Miss Rita. You need not return to the salon."

"Thank you, Mlle. Dorine. Goodby."

"Goodby."

She opened the door and stepped into the street, then hurried on around the corner. A young auxiliary policeman (in private life a screen juvenile) who stood there, smiled appreciatively, but his smile seemed to frighten her. He scratched his chin reflectively, looking after the trim figure and wondering if he had lost his sex appeal. In fact, she had barely noticed the man but had merely noticed the uniform, and members of the police force had become objects of dread to Rita.

There was not an hour of the day and there were comparatively few of the night—those haunted, sleepless nights—when she did not check up in every memorable particular upon the events of her final parting from Sir Giles. Over and over again, a maddening iteration, she had reviewed those persons who knew, or who might know, that she had been in his company just before his murder.

There were the people who had been at the roulette party in Hay Hill. Actually, Sir Giles had introduced none of them: he never did on such occasions. He had contrived to keep her well in the background, so that even Lady Huskin had failed to see her. Teddie Olivar had invited her to a drink in a side room, and there might have been others who knew her by sight. Now, of course, that old cat Lady Huskin knew.

She found herself avoiding the glances of all taxi drivers; for the man who had driven her home on that fatal night would certainly be able to describe her. By an unfortunate coincidence, she had been twice in his taxi, first on the way to the B.B.C., and later from Berkeley Square to her own apartment in King's Road.

Why had the police not asked for her evidence?

Then, there was someone else—someone else whom she knew in her heart had seen her, and had seen her with Sir Giles: Dick Kershaw. Why had he not come forward, demanded an explanation? Had he too gone to the police?

This was the menace which overhung Rita Martin, haunted her by day and by night. It was beginning to take inevitable toll of her good looks. As if, she reflected, fortune had not hit her hard enough already; for where could she hope to find the quarterly rent of her snug little quarters in Chelsea? In fact, failing one man, the man upon whom she had counted and who unaccountably had disappeared, what did the future hold for her? And now, this assignment.

It was with Mrs. Destrée at Gatacre House.

She dreaded the interview beyond measure, but it was impossible that she should avoid it, and she could no longer afford to lose her employment; this would mean going straight into the army. Furthermore, it would mean. . . . Her thoughts made her feel quite dizzy. In fact, she stood still on the corner of Clarges Street, endeavoring to regain command of herself.

Destrée . . . who was Destrée? Destrée's name she had often heard spoken, but hitherto Destrée had not been a client of Simone's; then, on that evening, Rita had seen her glittering in the shadows like a brilliant night moth. Rita, a brunette herself, admired dark beauty, and she thought Destrée was exotically lovely. But even if Sir Giles had offered to introduce her, which he studiously avoided doing, Rita would have refused the honor. Rita was a realist and did not shirk facts. She feared Destrée as the average woman fears an adder.

When she arrived at Gatacre House she was almost sick with apprehension.

"LADY HUSKIN mentioned your name to me," said Destrée. "You know Lady Huskin?"

"Yes, madam, I dress her ladyship's hair regularly."

Her voice was toneless but not altogether steady.

Destrée sat in a cushioned chair which more nearly resembled a throne. Rita thought that it was some kind of Arab work; the pale lemon-colored wood was inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl. Destrée wore a white swan's-down wrap having long sleeves, and she sat before a wonderfully equipped dressing table, watching her own and Rita's reflections in the mirror.

"You have seen me before, sometime, I believe, Miss Rita?"

Rita swallowed rapidly and stooped to pick up a brush from the small table beside her. "Yes, madam, I believe I saw you once—in the distance."

Destrée sighed contentedly as the brush was passed through her hair and closed her eyes entirely, or seemed to do so. "At Mrs. Sankey's?" she murmured.

"Well, madam, I believe that was the name of the lady to whose flat I was taken one evening. Mrs. Sankey herself was not there."

"No. She lives out of London. She lets her flat for parties. . . . Yes, I remember now," Destrée murmured. "You came with poor Sir Giles Loeder."

"Yes, madam."

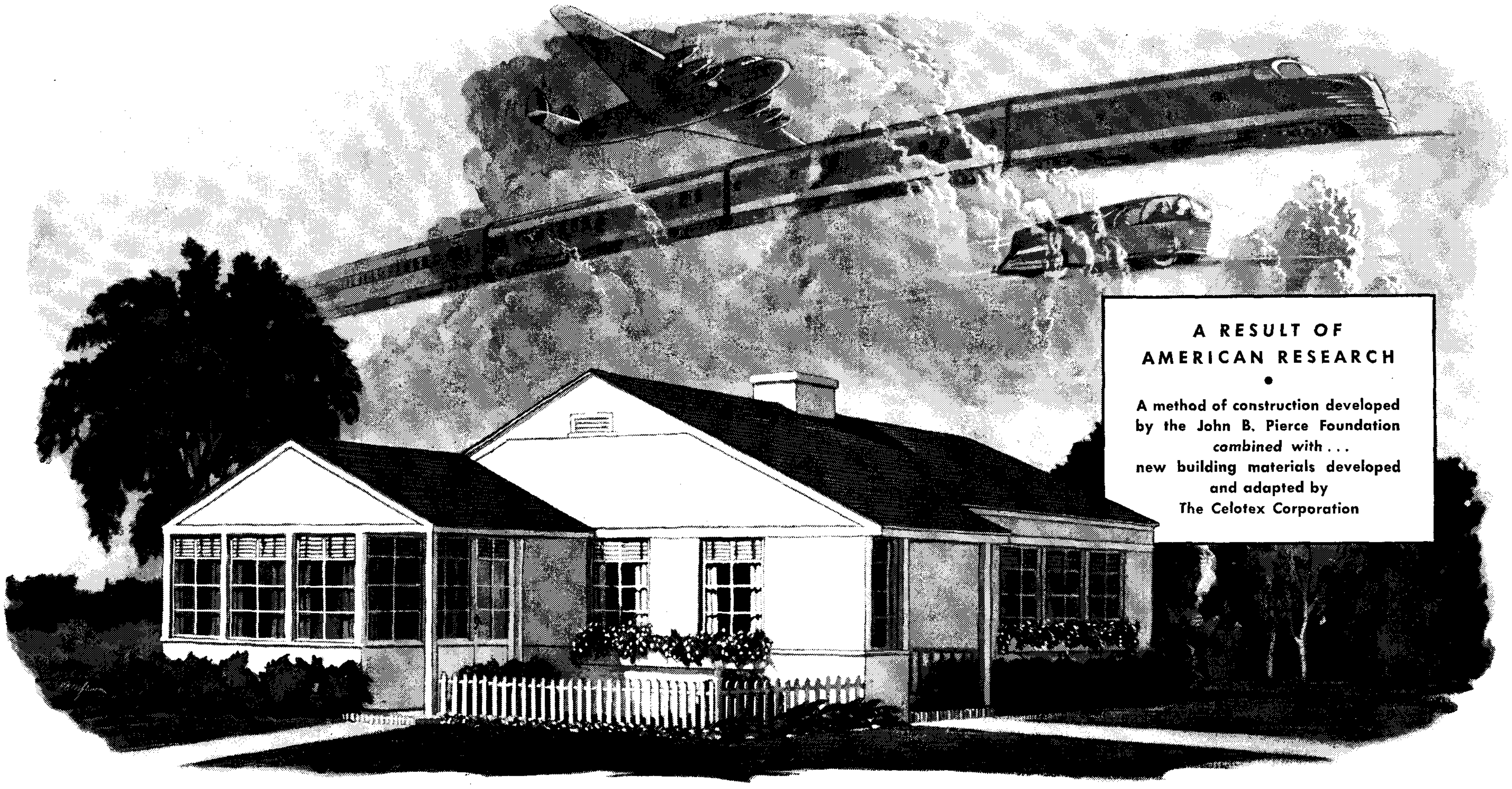
"Poor Sir Giles was rather fond of pretty girls, I am afraid. Yes? His choice was—most democratic."

Perhaps there was nothing in these words but a sort of playful sadness, yet they acted sharply upon Rita; in fact, they stimulated a spirit of bravado which sometimes irrationally took charge of her behavior.

"Really, madam, I am afraid I know

REVOLUTIONARY!

One of America's Finest Low-Cost "MIRACLE HOMES" OF TOMORROW



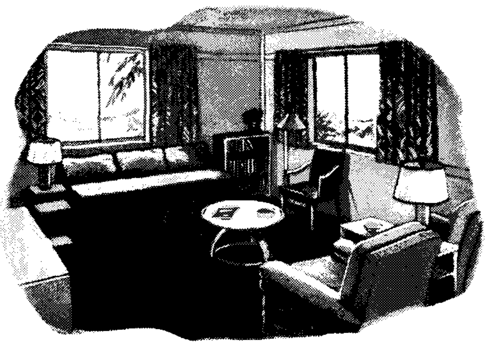
A RESULT OF AMERICAN RESEARCH

•

A method of construction developed by the John B. Pierce Foundation *combined with . . .* new building materials developed and adapted by The Celotex Corporation

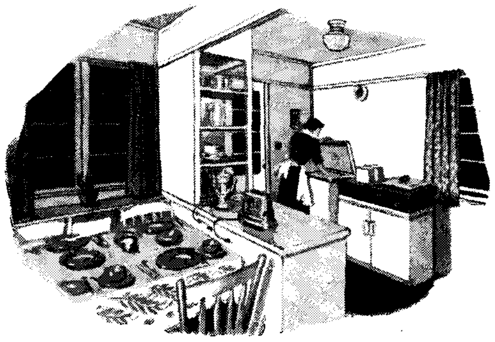
A CELOTEX CEMESTO HOUSE . . .

Own One Tomorrow with War Bonds Bought Today!



New Beauty and Livability

Your living room will be charming, spacious, flooded with light from "picture" windows. The wall space and window space will be well balanced, making possible many variations of furnishings and decorations. Throughout the house, not one inch of space is wasted —it's *all* useful and livable.



A Paradise of Convenience

Your kitchen and bathroom will come as complete units, giving you a choice of styles and colors. The kitchen will be a marvel of work-saving convenience—complete with built-in cabinets and latest type sink, electric refrigerator, electric range, electric washer, ironer and water heater.

OUR BIG JOB now is to win the war. When that job is finished, a great new day will dawn for every American citizen. Planes, trains, cars, radio—all are ready to give us post-war miracles . . . and so is this great new development in the *home* of tomorrow!

This Celotex Cemesto House is no dream, no flight of fancy. It is a reality . . . ready and waiting to revolutionize all previous standards of livability in a beautiful, permanent home that costs very little to buy and keep up.

The reason for this is a new method of construction for low-cost housing developed by the John B. Pierce Foundation using new materials created through many years of research by The Celotex Corporation. Both method and materials have been thoroughly tested and proved in *more than fifty million dollars worth* of home and industrial building.

What is Cemesto?

The house takes its name from the material—complete exterior and interior insulated wall in *one* fire-resistant unit! Though less than two inches thick, Cemesto gives greater strength, weather protection and fuel economy than other walls *many times* as thick! These mass-produced insulated wall units make possible amazing savings in construction time and costs. Yet this method of construction and these new materials create houses that give you a choice of individual design.

CELOTEX

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ROOFING • INSULATING BOARD • ROCK WOOL
GYPSUM WALL BOARD • LATH • PLASTER
SOUND CONDITIONING PRODUCTS

Your Cemesto House will have further individuality because of another Celotex multiple-function product —Celo-Roof. This product combines complete roofing, sheathing and insulation in single roof units. Developed for greater strength and permanence in a variety of designs and colors that give roofs modern streamlined beauty at low cost.

Learn About Cemesto Now

Of course, war restrictions make it impossible for you to build and own your Cemesto House today. But, you can begin now to learn more about Cemesto—what it looks like . . . how it has been adapted to a new fundamental structural design which will be used in many variations in Cemesto Houses of tomorrow.

This method of construction, developed by the John B. Pierce Foundation, is now being used to build streamlined war model homes for workers near many huge war plants. One of these housing projects is described in an illustrated booklet, "A Vital Contribution," which you can get by signing and mailing the coupon. Do it, today. See how war-housing is today's proving ground in furthering the development of one of America's finest low-cost "Miracle Homes" of tomorrow.

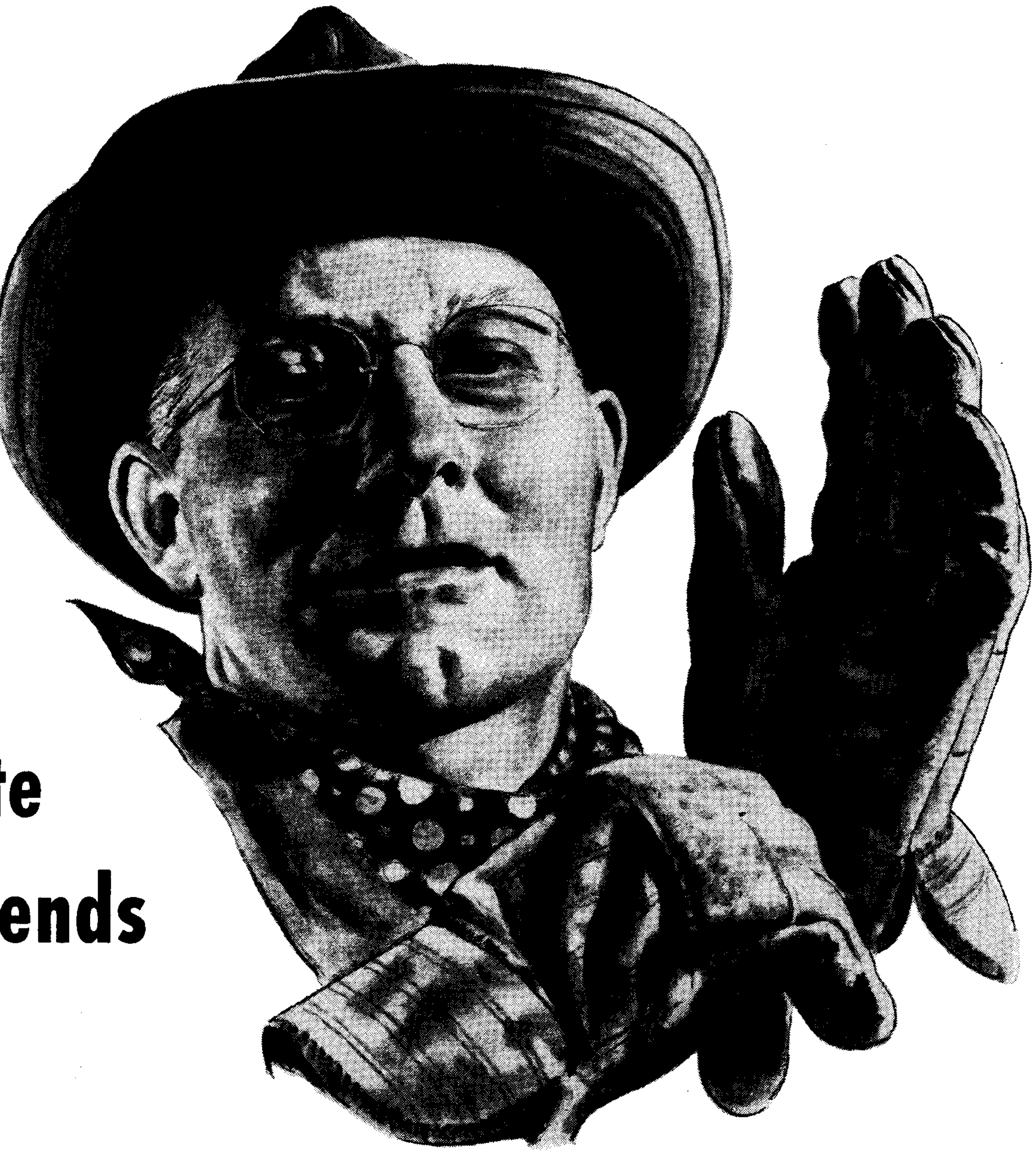
THE CELOTEX CORPORATION, Dept. C-5, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me your illustrated booklet, "A Vital Contribution," which shows how Cemesto is being used today in vital war-housing projects.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City*________________ *State*________



Why Professor Tate spends his week-ends as a Section Hand

FOR VICTORY—KEEP ON BUYING WAR BONDS

Professor Richard Tate teaches history in a western college town where Southern Pacific trains often stop.

Meeting him in his classroom you'd probably not suspect that he also works on railroad track, with a section crew. But Dick Tate doing his week-end job on S. P. right of way is a different man from Professor Tate delivering a weekday lecture to his students.

He looks leaner, healthier. He "eats" hungrier. And he's better pleased with his part in the war effort...

PROFESSOR TATE likes to think of himself as an example of what's happening to our whole country in this war.

"Nowadays," the Professor declares, "we Americans are learning that a lot of tough work must be done if we're to keep our right to a free, good life.

"I see the trains go by packed with troops and war goods, and I know that railroad transportation is vital. That's why I'm mighty pleased I can get in some good licks of work on Southern Pacific track."

IN WESTERN COMMUNITIES all along Southern Pacific's 15,000 miles of line, thousands of good citizens like our Professor Tate are giving up their week-end leisure to do a necessary war job for the railroad.

We are very proud of these emergency railroaders who answered our appeal for help to meet a serious shortage of track workers. Proud, too, of all our full-time S. P. "regulars" who carry the main part of the work load.

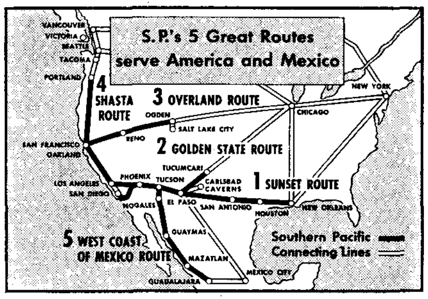
With more than 12,000 S. P. men now in the armed forces we need all the help we can get to keep the war trains rolling. We also need more cars and locomotives—but with what we now have *we're moving the greatest traffic load in all our 80 years of railroading!*

SOUTHERN PACIFIC serves the great sweep of West and South. Over pioneer, strategic routes, our tracks converge on the Pacific Coast to point like daggers at Japan.

From Ogden in Utah across Great Salt Lake, across the High Sierra to San Francisco. From New Orleans in the deep South, from Houston, San Antonio, El Paso, along the Rio Grande to Los Angeles and San Diego.

From Tucumcari in New Mexico over the Continental Divide to Southern California . . . from Portland in the evergreen Northwest down through Oregon, down through all of California. Southern Pacific's network of tracks throughout the West, Southwest and South contacts more military and naval establishments than any other railroad.

Steadily our war load grows. In mounting tempo until peace comes, the Victory trains must roll. *The men and women of Southern Pacific—ninety-five thousand strong—are dedicated to this vital, all-important task!*


S.P.'s 5 Great Routes serve America and Mexico
VANCOUVER
VICTORIA
SEATTLE
TACOMA
PORTLAND
4 SHASTA ROUTE
3 OVERLAND ROUTE
OGDEN
SALT LAKE CITY
RENO
NEW YORK
CHICAGO
SAN FRANCISCO
OAKLAND
2 GOLDEN STATE ROUTE
TUCUMCARI
PHOENIX
TUCSON
CARLSBAD CAVERNS
1 SUNSET ROUTE
LOS ANGELES
SAN DIEGO
NOGALES
EL PASO
SAN ANTONIO
HOUSTON
NEW ORLEANS
GUAYMAS
5 WEST COAST OF MEXICO ROUTE
MAZATLAN
MEXICO CITY
GUADALAJARA
Southern Pacific
Connecting Lines

S·P

The friendly Southern Pacific

One of America's railroads—ALL united for Victory very little about that. I have always lived in the country, with my father, a retired civil servant."

This statement, which Rita thought necessary in order that Destrée's mind should be disabused of any false idea implied by the word "democratic," was strictly true. Her father was a postman whose enthusiastic patronage of all the bars in his territory had led to his premature retirement.

"You met Sir Giles when you came to London, I suppose?"

"Yes, madam."

Destrée sighed again and was silent for some time, when: "Did he bother you with a lot of questions about the clients at Simone's?" she inquired, fully opening her eyes so that Rita, who was watching her reflection in the mirror, met their fixed regard and became conscious of an almost physical effort as she turned her head aside.

"Simone's clients, madam?"

"Yes, of course. Little titbits for his articles and broadcasts. Women are so indiscreet at their hairdresser's, and poor Sir Giles was such a student of life and sometimes so boring."

Rita's heart was thumping with such violence that she was afraid to stand too near to Destrée in case Destrée should hear it.

"I don't remember that he did, madam."

"Oh, well, I only wondered. He had such an inquiring mind. How tragic that you should be with him on the very night of his death!"

The long-expected moment was here. This woman whose silky hair swept through Rita's fingers was going to cross-examine her; perhaps to inform the police, secretly, so that her own association with the gambling parties should not be compromised. Hurriedly, Rita tried to prepare a line of defense, but could think of none.

She replied, almost in a whisper:

"It was terrible, madam."

"He had a large sum of money with him, I believe?"

GOOD heavens! That was a line of attack which Rita had not anticipated. If it were true, and she didn't know if it were true or otherwise, she might find herself arrested for the theft!

"Is that so, madam?" was all that she could think of saying.

Destrée closed her eyes again; she had seen all that she wanted to see. "So I believe. Sir Giles and I were old friends, and the idea that someone killed him for his money is terrible—too terrible! Perhaps you can throw some light upon what became of the case he was carrying?"

"I, madam!" Rita dropped a brush, stooped and picked it up. "Pardon me. How clumsy I am! Really, I know nothing about it."

"But surely, you left together?"

"Well, yes, madam, we did. And I think he was carrying a case, as you say."

"Yes, I think so," murmured Destrée, "and the police seem to be sure. In fact, I think I read that they had a clue to the theft."

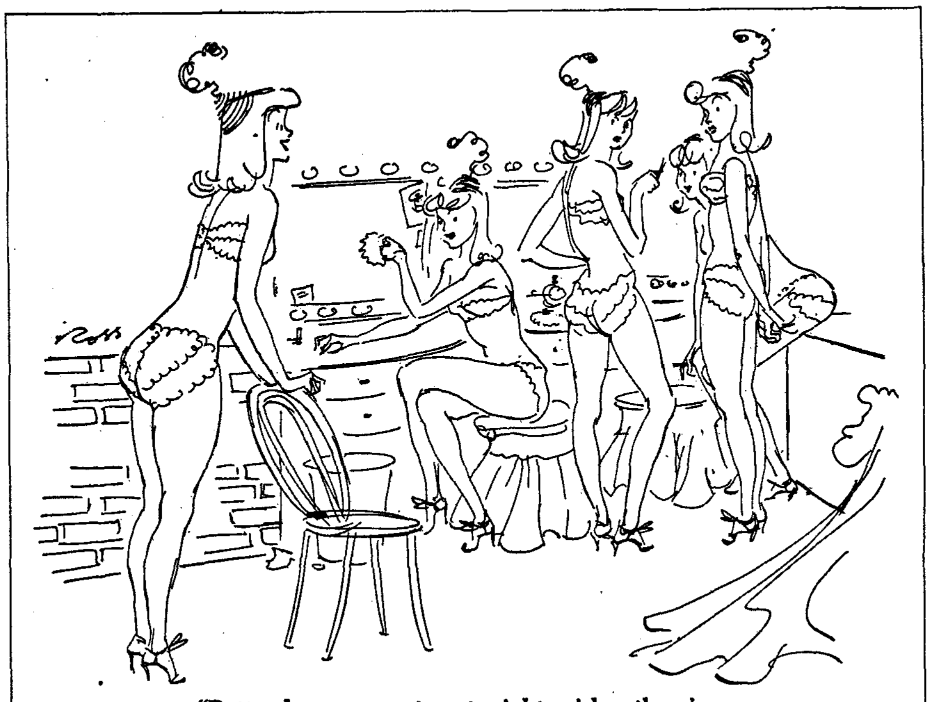
"Yes, madam, I believe I read something of the kind."

"A man so—democratic, in his acquaintances, might easily be made the victim of a plot. You see? Such dreadful things are happening all too often in the blackout in London, just now, don't you think?"

Rita stooped over the side table, arranging bottles, brushes, combs, and other implements of her profession. "I believe it is so. Nothing happened, madam, while I was with him."

"For your sake, I am glad to hear it. In fact, I am so surprised that you have not been questioned already."

Rita thought rapidly. "I could tell them nothing that would help in any way," she said, hesitantly, "or I should, of course, have come forward."



COLLIER'S "Better be on your toes tonight, girls—there's a talent scout from an airplane factory out front" AL ROSS

She worked rapidly, trying to forget herself in her task, trying to overcome a sense of faintness which she ascribed to the atmosphere of the room, laden as it was with the perfume of lilies.

When, at last, hairdressing operations were completed to Destrée's satisfaction (and Rita was forced to admit to herself that she was not exacting) Destrée stood up, closed her eyes and stretched her arms. She wore white shoes, lined and trimmed with fur.

"I must rest a while," she murmured, "before I dress. Please be so good, Miss Rita, as to bring me the wrap hanging on the screen; there."

"Certainly, madam."

Rita crossed the thickly carpeted floor, and took down that remarkable robe displaying all those variegated tints of the Californian poppy, arrayed in which Destrée loved to take her ease. As she turned, having it draped over her arm, Destrée dropped the garment of swan's-down, and the powdered satin beauty of her body was so perfect that Rita inhaled sharply and stood quite still for a moment. Recovering herself, as Destrée extended rounded arms, Rita draped the silken robe over her shoulders.

"Remember to let me know," she murmured, "if anything should occur."

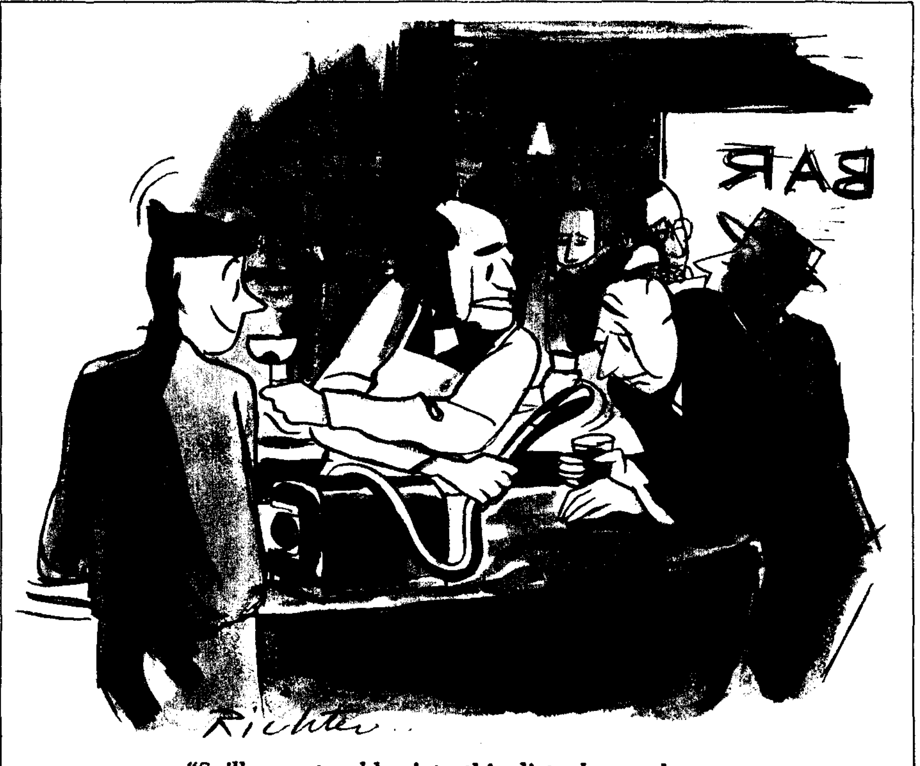
When Sergeant Bluett entered the office of Chief Detective Inspector Firth he found no one there. He looked about him and began to whistle Up in the Morning Early, beating time with a newspaper which he carried. Then, a frown crossed his features, and he ceased whistling abruptly. He went over to the desk. Upon that monument of orderliness lay an official envelope bearing the address: Chief Detective Inspector Firth. "Ah!" said Bluett, picked up the envelope and then laid it down again. He knew that it contained photographs.

He began to whistle again, checked himself, and turned as the door opened.

Chief Detective Inspector Firth came in carrying a bulky volume under his arm. "Ah, there you are, Bluett. I thought likely enough ye had resigned."

He crossed to his desk and placed the volume upon it. Bluett returned to his favorite leaning post, the mantelpiece, as Firth sat down.

"Verra difficult these days," said the chief inspector, "to establish contact wi' sources of information overseas. It means a lot of putting two and two together."



COLLIER'S "Spill your troubles into this dictaphone, chum. I'll listen to 'em when I have more time" MISCHA RICHTER

He opened the big book, which had a thumbhole index. "There she is," he muttered. "But although I would recognize her, the woman hersel' is both better and worse."

Bluett, his ingenuous features displaying a shade of interest, came over and stood behind the chief inspector, looking down at a page upon which various items, some typed, and some in small, neat handwriting, were pasted. The page was headed: *Destrée, Mrs. Ysolde.*

A paragraph in small manuscript which had been stuck on read: "Place of birth, nationality of parents, unknown. Unable to trace prior to residence in Madagascar." This paragraph was initialed illegibly, and the hieroglyphics were followed by several reference numbers.

ANOTHER paragraph, typed, began with a date. It said:

"Married at Diego-Suarrez, Madagascar, by special license to Commander François Louis Destrée of the French Navy." Underneath was added, again in manuscript, "For details see J.B. pp. 19-21." According to other items it appeared that Commander Destrée had died in Algiers in 1928, having then been separated from his wife for some time. There was a further paragraph headed: "New York State Troopers." This said: "Destrée, Mrs. Ysolde: French, formerly lived in Madagascar; filed naturalization papers as United States citizen, May 3, 1931."

Underneath, and presumably from another source, appeared a brief note: "Party in question residing in Hollywood." Below it, and bearing a date later in the same year, came the statement: "Left Hollywood February 15th of this year: present whereabouts unknown."

Under a date late in 1938, there was a manuscript entry: "Mrs. Ysolde Destrée occupies a suite at Claridge's Hotel. Has accounts at Fifth Avenue Bank, New York; Hambro's Bank, London. Funds apparently ample. United States passport. Social contacts good; credit good; moves in international circles."

"Ye note that?" said Firth, looking up over his shoulder at the ingenuous countenance of Bluett. "That big gap? There's nothing here—" he rested a long sensitive forefinger on the page—"for close on seven years. Nothing between the time that she left Hollywood and turned up at Claridge's."

"That's right," said Bluett. "And I should say from the look of her flat she's still in funds. A beautiful woman—and a widow, too."

Firth, who had redirected his attention to the page, looked up again, and glared at his subordinate. "There are times," he said, "when yere sense o' humor becomes almost funny."

His eyes half closed, he regarded the smooth, fresh face and upstanding hair with marked disapproval. He returned to his reading.

Firth turned his gaze upon the left-hand page and studied a photograph which was pasted there, a head and shoulders of Destrée, depicting her wearing a tightly fitting suit and no hat; in fact, obviously an enlargement of a passport picture. "I wonder," he murmured. "That's a formidable woman, Bluett. I'm open to believe she knows more about the death o' Sir Giles Loeder than anybody suspects."

CHIEF INSPECTOR FIRTH had been writing busily for more than an hour when Bluett came in the next night.

"Which would ye say, Bluett," he demanded, "is the most fashionable night club in London now?"

"Green Spider," Bluett replied promptly.

"Is tha' so? And for luncheon?"

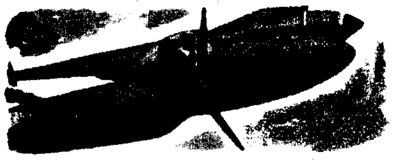
"Grand Marnier."

"Aye, I'm thinking ye're no' far wrong. Now"—he leaned back in his chair—"I have some particulars concerning the

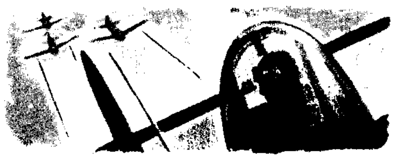
Jap-hunting without a gun!

THE TRUE STORY OF HOW A CRIPPLED LOCKHEED LIGHTNING OUTFLEW 13 JAP ZEROS AND GOT HOME, SAFE!

1. With cameras instead of guns in its nose, a P-38 Lightning was photographing the Jap base of Rabaul. Suddenly ten Zeros dove out of the sun, and before the American pilot knew what was happening, tracer bullets were ripping into his plane and then one engine conked out.

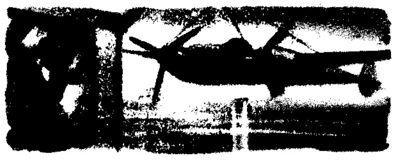


2. Somehow, with only one engine left, he had to get away from those ten Zeros. He pulled back the stick, jammed down the throttle, pointed her nose at the sky. By the time the Japs came to, he was five miles up and on his way home.



3. 400 miles later, three more Japs started a deadly game of hide and seek. Still going on one engine, he streaked straight out over the ocean and "Just ran 'em out of gas!" Yes, he ran them out of gas...but he also ran clear back to New Guinea with photographs that were vital to our Coral Sea victory.

4. The Lightning is used as a camera plane because it can fly faster, higher, and farther than any enemy fighter—can take punishment and still deliver the goods. These qualities result from many months of designing and testing. From hundreds of wind tunnel experiments we developed the non-stall wing design that makes it impossible for a P-38 to go into a tail-spin even on one engine. It's this sort of designing that gives every Lockheed and Vega plane *extra* strength and *extra* dependability.



Lockheed P-38
Lightning
Fighter

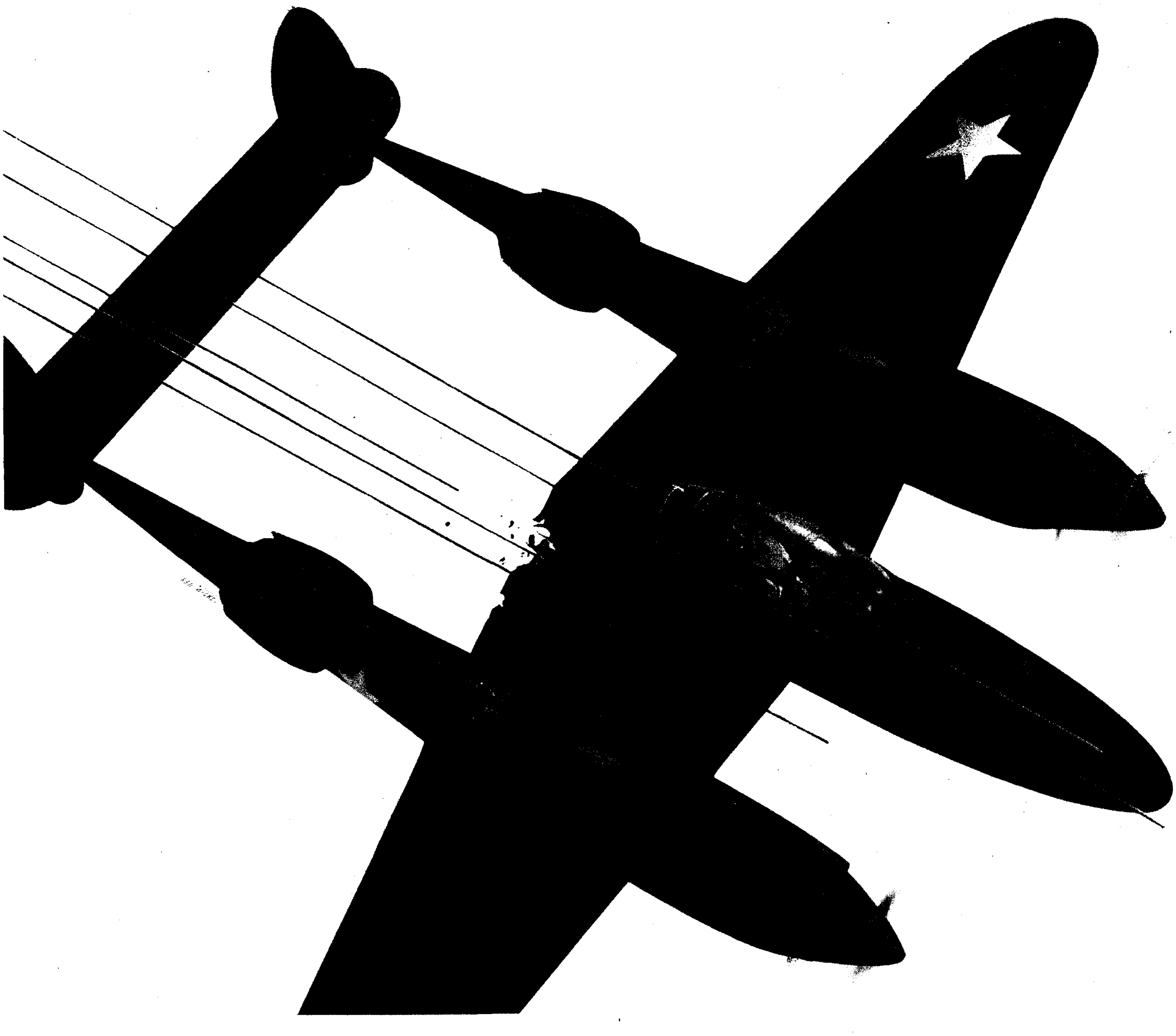
ALL FIRST CLASS MAIL

BY AIR — IT'S COMING!

Vega Ventura
Medium
Bomber

Copyright 1943, Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, Vega Aircraft Corporation, Burbank, California. Member Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.

LOOK TO *Lockheed* FOR LEADERSHIP



shareholders in both o' them. Destrée is almost certainly one."

"That's right. She's got the knack of being in on a good thing."

"I'm thinking so. Roulette in Mayfair is a good thing."

"Ah," murmured Bluett, "but we can't pin that to her." He rested his elbow on the mantelpiece, then, with a startled look, began to search all his pockets. "I've left my newspaper behind," he muttered.

"That will be a serious blow. Was your dinner wrapped in it?" Firth showed a row of small, regular lower teeth, in one of his rare smiles. "I ha' been making a summary of the Loeder case to date." He tapped the writing block. "Maybe you will check it over wi' me. I ha' notes here o' the principal parties so far concerned in the matter, wi' what we know about them." He glanced down. "Lord Marcus Amberdale: We ha' failed to prove any association between him and the murdered man, or to think of any motive which could have prompted the crime."

"Unless he's mad," muttered Bluett.

"A fact which is duly noted. Mrs. Vane: Observation has been kept on this lady, but nothing has come of it. Medical evidence and the evidence o' my own eyes suggest that she knows nothing more than she has told us."

"THE limping man," muttered Bluett, absently.

"As such, he doesna' appear in my summary. We may be in a poseetion to put a name to him in a short time. Next: Miss Fay Perigal. I dismiss her from the case. Wake, the butler: I ha' serious doubts o' this man, but we can get no direct evidence against him. You have interviewed his wife, and you tell me she seems a decent body, and that her story of what Wake did on the night of the murder corresponds entirely wi' his own."

"That's right."

"It is a matter into which I am minded to go further. I had him closely covered, as you know, and reports are curious. More o' this later. Mrs. Sankey, at whose flat in Hay Hill it is practically certain Loeder was playing on the night o' the crime."

"Left town," said Bluett. "Flat shut up."

"I am aware of it, and the fact in itself is suspeecious. This woman is the widow of an Indian civil servant, and I believe she sublets her flat to the roulette gang for a high figure. She is just a stooge, and likely innocent enough as they come. It is Mrs. Destrée who could tell us whether Sir Giles had money in his possession on that night when he left. I think he did."

"The empty case certainly points that way," admitted Bluett.

"It a'most confirms it; but the leather carries no fingerprints. Mr. Michaelis: he is a naturalized British subject, a man o' means and director of a number of city companies, including a concern called 'Mayfair Caterers' which controls the Green Spider and the Grand Marnier. I am wondering if another of his companies is the roulette racket?"

"In my opinion," said Bluett, "he is in on everything that Destrée is in on. I mean, he represents her on the Green Spider, the Grand Marnier—and, like enough, on roulette as well."

"That there is a man called Francis, who occupies a flat immediately above that of Destrée. According to Max, they are associated. This Francis is an American. I have had no chance to check his papers, but, if he's crooked, his papers will be in order. We know that game. I ha' found out, though, that he's London correspondent of the Transcontinent News Service of New York. That's okay, so far as it goes. In his spare time he is a radio comedian—"

"That's right: Francis Batt. Very good, too. *I* found that out."

"*You* did?" The tawny eyes half closed from the bottom upward. "It's just possible, Bluett, that someone told ye? I was thinking about Gaston Max?"

"So was I. That's funny. I was thinking he might have mentioned it to *you.*"

"Ah." The chief inspector frowned thoughtfully. "We know that Loeder was a German agent; and so we have to bear in mind that his murder may have been o' a political character."

"Gaston Max treats it as a sort of side show," said Bluett gloomily. "But we have got to solve it, haven't we? I mean, whether it's a gang murder or not. But I think your own theory is the right one: that robbery was the motive."

Chief Inspector Firth sighed and lay back in his chair again. "Weel, we had powers some days ago to investigate Sir Giles' affairs and to open his safe. I left it to you. What did you find?"

"Nothing much," Bluett admitted, "except evidence that he paid Rita Martin's rent and, of course, that curious matter of his drawing five thousand pounds in small notes from his bank about two weeks before his murder. The bank gave me the numbers of the notes, but they haven't traced any yet."

"It wouldn't help us much if they did," said Firth despondently; "at least, not that I can see. Of course, I should like to know what he wanted that money for. It's a large sum to draw out in cash. If only we could ha' got the gambling gang inside for a day or two, maybe an investigation o' their affairs might have shown if he had money on him at the time—"

He ceased speaking as the phone buzzed. Taking up the instrument: "Yes," he said sharply, "who is it? Mr. Michael Corcoran?" He glanced up at Bluett through half-closed eyes. "Michael Corcoran, K.C. Oh, very well—please show him up." He replaced the receiver. "That's verra queer," he muttered. "What in the name o' glory can Michael Corcoran want to see me about?"

"Shall I go?"

"No, wait. I'll give you the tip if necessary."

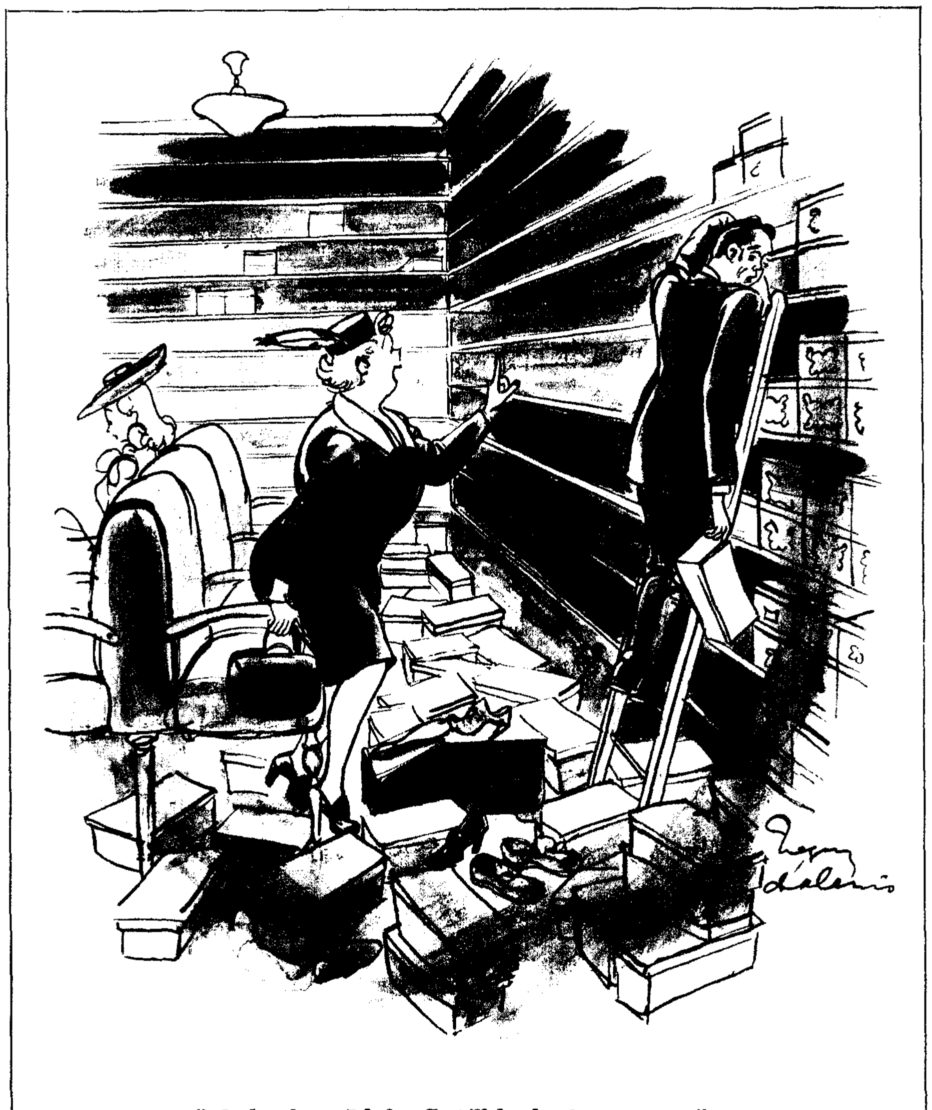
A few moments later Michael Corcoran entered, a portfolio under his arm; his air, one of professional briskness, and his attire, professionally correct.

"Good afternoon, Inspector."

"Good afternoon, sir. This is my assistant, Detective Sergeant Bluett. Would you wish this to be a private interview?"

"Not at all—not at all." Corcoran laid his portfolio on the desk and turned to Bluett. "My business concerns a case upon which I presume you are both working. In short, I am here on behalf of a client."

"Indeed, sir," said Firth, a puzzled frown between his brows. "How does your client's business concern me?"



COLLIER'S "Mark where I left off. I'll be back tomorrow" GREGORY D'ALESSIO

"It concerns you very intimately, Inspector, for the simple reason that my client killed Sir Giles Loeder."

COLONEL O'HALLORAN stared from the bay window of his office. He was busily rolling a cigarette, and his upcast gaze appeared to be fixed upon barrage balloons, oily bubbles in an azure bowl, for the afternoon was a brilliant one. In a leathern armchair near the large and somewhat untidy desk, Gaston Max sat, watching the check-coated back of the assistant commissioner. Max wore a pearl-gray suit, smartly tailored, dark blue soft-collared shirt, and a dull red tie with black spots. He was twirling a heavy-looking monocle by its cord around and around one extended forefinger.

"I am obliged, Colonel O'Halloran, my friend, for your interest. My case against the spy ring is making famous progress. Bernstein & Company are highly respected in the black market. We do a spanking trade. In fact, the good Lord Huskin, a worthy and clever man, acting on behalf of Lord Woolton, of course, has been inquiring about us lately. If I am arrested, you must get me out."

"Thanks," snapped the assistant commissioner without turning. "Don't count on it."

Gaston Max shrugged. Then: "I have something of interest to tell you. Only a few nights ago I was followed to Windmill Street by Detective Sergeant Bluett, a highly efficient officer. This did not matter. To him I revealed myself; we are all for one and one for all; but someone else followed me, also."

"Eh! what's that?" said the colonel, completing the manufacture of a cigarette and snatching out a lighter. "Weren't spotted, were you?"

"I hope not, and I believe not. But I am sure this will interest you: he who followed me had a limp."

"A *limp?*" Colonel O'Halloran's small eyes grew even smaller.

"Yes, he limped, this one. But when I departed, for it was unwise that I should return, Sergeant Bluett remained on the premises, hoping that the one who limped might come back. It made me to think furiously. I knew, for the good Bluett had told me, that he suspected a car to have followed him. But this I dismissed as a coincidence or a myth, and I worked out patiently, by deduction and by inquiry, what actually had occurred."

"And what had occurred?"

"I learned that someone, a man called Olivar—oh, without malice, quite innocently—had told some of the people connected with the gambling racket that when detained late I slept at my office. They spoke, of course, of Mr. Bernstein—"

"Of course!"

"I concluded that what had occurred was as follows: On my departure from the flat of the charming Mrs. Destrée, someone had gone ahead, perhaps in a car—for these people, under various pretexts, all seem to be able to run their cars in spite of petrol allowances and regulations. This person, I believe, had waited in the yard until I returned, then had crept up the stairs hoping to learn what I was doing and to whom I was speaking."

"I SEE," said the colonel. "Did he discover anything?"

"I have said that I hope not. But I feel that I again may have aroused their suspicions."

"Again—and in what way?"

"This limping man has become with me, also, an obsession. It is the same with our good Inspector Firth. It is a plague, I think. As there is one mixed up with Madam Destrée who walks like a cat, so lightly, so much on the toes, I wonder if this might conceal a—not impediment, but yes, impediment will do—in his feet. By accident, you understand—using my own devices—I remove a pair of shoes."

"Good Lord! How the devil did you manage that?"

"I brought them away in a suitcase which had contained bottles of brandy, mixed up in the packing; it was easy. I returned them an hour later with apologies, but I had made a discovery."

"Yes?" the colonel took a step forward, blinking so rapidly now that the movement of his lids became almost continuous.

"One of those shoes had an interior double sole. This man has one leg half an inch shorter than the other!"

"The limping man!"

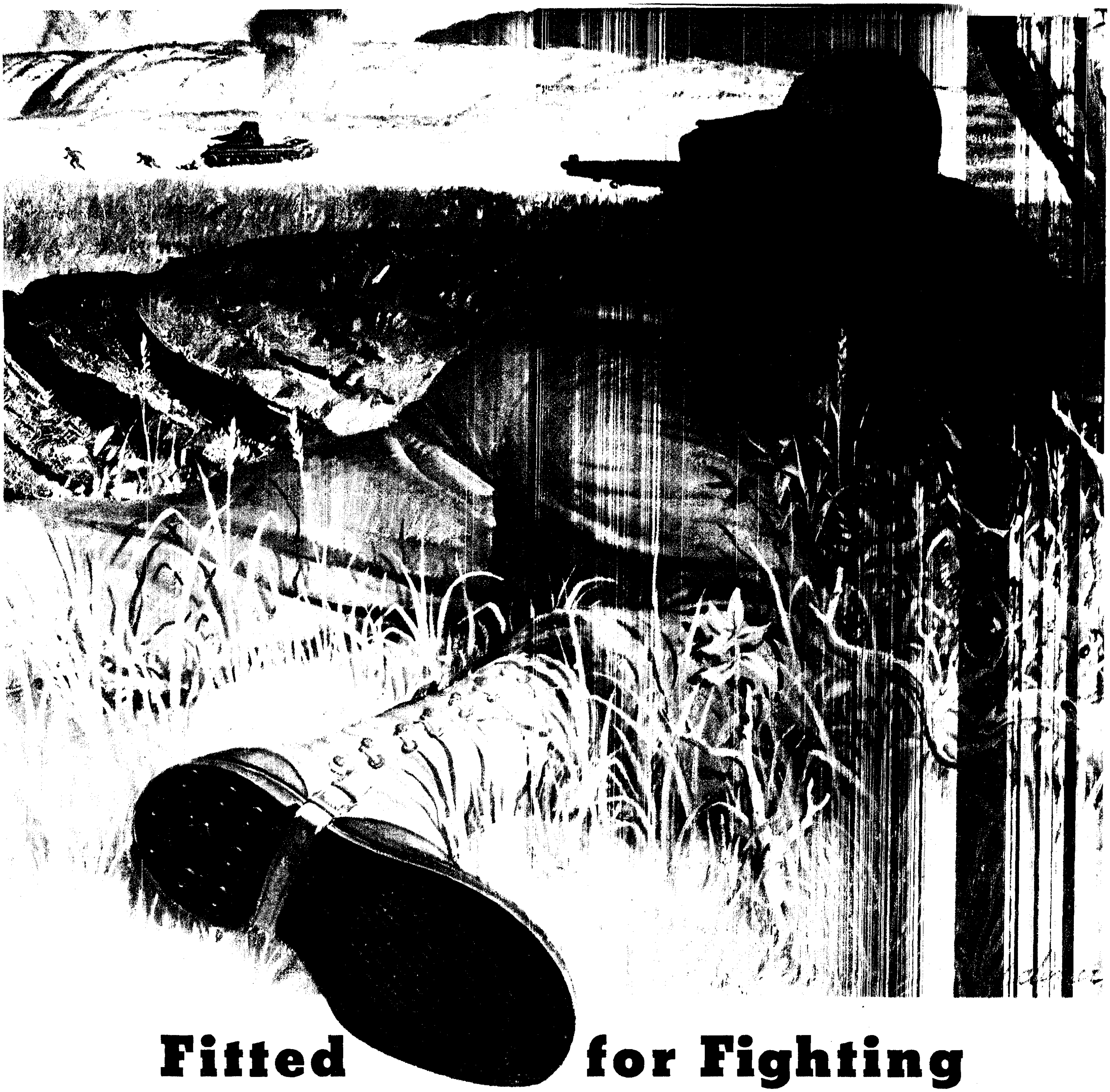
"We do not know, my colonel. *A* limping man, yes; but *the* limping man—my faith!—we have to see. Even when we have seen, what do we know? The dreams of a medium, they may mean nothing!"

"But to whom did these shoes belong?" The colonel displayed definite excitement. His homemade cigarette had gone out. He snapped the lighter into flame again.

"To a man called Julian Francis, who occupies a flat above that of Destrée."

"Yes, yes; mentioned him before. Go on."

"Yes, her first lieutenant at the roulette



Fitted for Fighting

Scientific foot care and proper shoes are a major consideration in keeping our men in fighting trim. For even in this war of tanks, trucks and jeeps, soldiers must often depend on their own two feet to get where they want to go.

Today, millions of U. S. Army shoes are soled as well as heeled with *rubber.* And Seiberling skill and fine quality rubber are going into millions of them.

Rubber is long wearing. It is waterproof. It soaks up the shock of stony, rough terrain. It's easy on marching feet—a great aid to the health, comfort and morale of our fighting men.

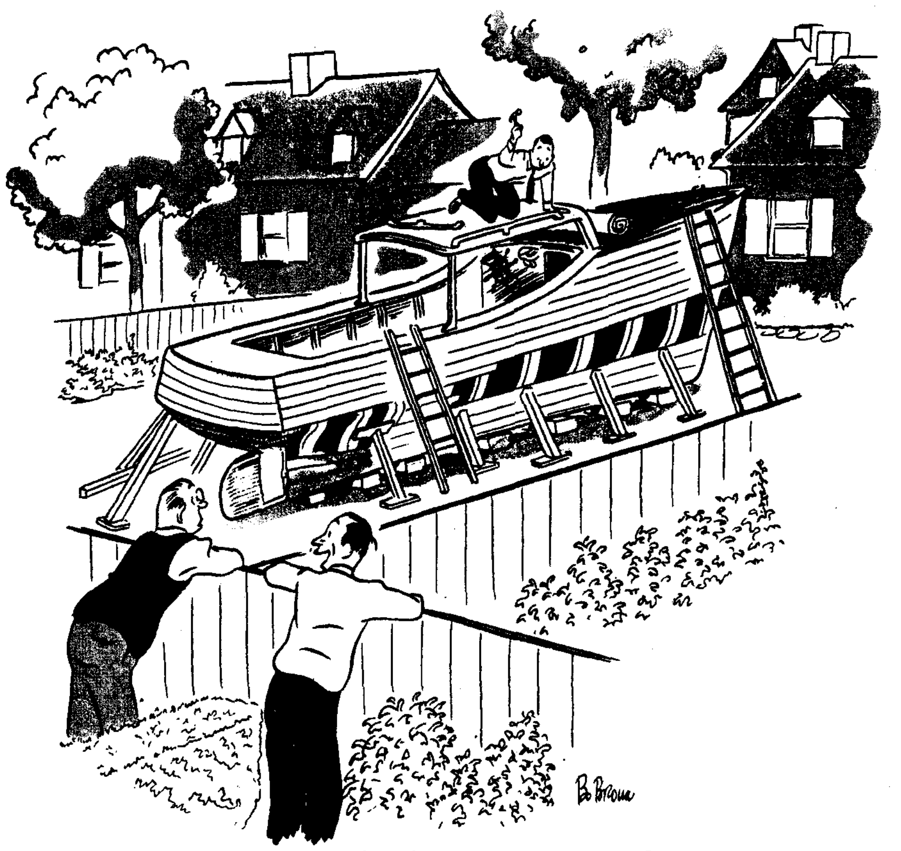
But in addition to rubber soles and heels, Seiberling experts are doing an outstanding job in the production of military tires, bullet-sealing gas tanks, rubber boats and pontons and much other urgently needed war materiel.

They are building *well* and building *fast,* with the skill which has made the Seiberling name on Rubber like Sterling on Silver. And they are learning much that will enable Seiberling products to serve you *better,* in many *new* ways, when the war is won.

Meanwhile, save rubber by caring for your tires. Drive slowly, keep your tires properly inflated and see your nearest Seiberling Dealer regularly. He's an expert at making tires last longer.

SEIBERLING *Experts in Rubber*

Wartime manufacturers of Bullet-Sealed Tubes and Military Tires for our armed forces—Bullet-Sealing Gasoline Tanks—Rubber Floats, Boats and Pontons—Rubber Parts for Gas Masks, Airplanes and Tanks. Also makers of Tires and Tubes for passenger cars and trucks—Sealed Air Tubes—Rubber Heels, Soles and Mechanical Goods.



COLLIER'S "He just started it this morning. He works in the Kaiser shipyard and this is his day off!" BO BROWN

racket. He is a citizen of the United States, domiciled in London. He is a correspondent of a well-known news agency, and he is also a talented radio entertainer."

"Radio entertainer?"

"Surely you have heard him. He sings and plays and makes an occasion. He is called Francis Batt."

"Francis Batt! Yes, believe I heard him only a few nights ago. Wasn't he on a program called Harry Dean's Guest Night?"

"But, yes, certainly. He travels here and there to entertain the forces. He is very good; oh, very good."

"Interests a bit mixed—what! Keeping something up your sleeve, Max."

Gaston Max revealed gleaming teeth in that smile which dispossessed the thinker and substituted the comedian. "Yes, yes. I know so much and yet so little. I have no evidence, you see, that Francis was the man who stole up Mr. Bernstein's stairs that night."

"H'm," muttered the colonel, doubtfully. "Well—your affair. What about Mrs. Vane? Take it you haven't lost sight of her?"

"But not at all. I called upon her in a so charming suite at the Barchester Hotel one day last week. She received me with great amiability."

"Pretty woman, or used to be. Haven't seen her for some time."

"But delightful. And her hair!—of that wonderful tint adored by artists who paint fire engines. But, yes, but she is beautiful, of course. She is"—Max shrugged, extending his palms—"of no very deep intelligence. No, but not clever enough to be a good criminal. I think Lord Marcus is right about her: she has psychic qualities."

"He seems sure of it," murmured the assistant commissioner. "By the way—I saw him at Grand Marnier the other day lunching with Destrée."

"But, yes!" This news seemed to startle Gaston Max. "With Destrée, you say?"

"Yes. I confess I was surprised. Interest purely psychic, so he told me."

JAMES WAKE in these days was a long remove from that chimera, a happy man; and for his uneasy frame of mind a number of things were responsible. In the first place, it was not every butler of his skill and experience who would have accepted the responsibility for such an establishment as that of Lord Marcus Amberdale. Its mysterious atmosphere, the strange experiments which took place there, queer people who called, and the fact (to which Wake was not blind) that the house with the scarlet door remained under police observation: these inconveniences did not add to the gaiety of life. But there was something else.

Now and again, upon his lawful occasions concerning household catering, Wake would drop in at a discreet public house, extensively patronized by upper servants of Mayfair, at about opening time in the morning, for a glass of bitter beer. On two separate occasions, recently, Mr. Francis had joined him.

Wake did not enjoy these meetings. The truth was that he had conceived a horror of the gambling racket, which urged him in future to keep well away from it, and from those associated with it. But, unhappily, he appreciated the fact that these people knew too much about his affairs to entitle him to take a high hand.

At the first of these meetings, a reunion so unexpected that Wake had felt his treacherous temperature rising, Mr. Francis had been most charming. After asking about Mrs. Wake, he had insisted upon ordering a whisky-and-soda for Mr. Wake. He finally suggested that, since Scotland Yard's interest in roulette seemed to have slumbered again, he might care to resume his duties from time to time as croupier.

"It's very good of you, Mr. Francis," Wake had replied, "but with that other matter, if I may so express myself, still hanging over the house of Lord Marcus, I doubt if it would be wise."

Although from first to last no publicity whatever had been given to this fact in the press, Wake was aware that Mrs. Destrée knew where the body had been found.

"Oh, I see; you mean the Loeder murder?"

"Exactly, sir, Police interest in the matter might lead them to the other, I thought."

"Well, we're short of croupiers, and I guess we wouldn't mind raising the fee to fifteen guineas a night. Would that interest you?"

"Indeed, sir, it is a handsome offer; and if you should feel justified in renewing it, shall we say early next month, it is one which I might be disposed to accept."

The purely business part of the conversation had ended there, but this meeting with Mr. Francis left Wake in an uneasy frame of mind. It was not improved when his wife informed him a few days later that Mr. Francis had called at Grosvenor Square, under the impression that Wake was there, and had had some conversation with her.

This disturbed Wake very much indeed, and possibly to relieve his doubts, Mr. Francis dropped in again when Wake chanced to be present. "We were stumped for a croupier on Wednesday night," he explained. "I could get no reply on your line, and so I figured you had very likely gone around to your wife's. But I drew a blank there, too."

"Oh, I see." Wake experienced a measure of relief. "Did you find a substitute, Mr. Francis?"

"I took a hand myself." The dimple appeared in his heavy chin, his whimsical regard hovered on the brink of laughter. "But it was awkward. The offer for next Friday is twenty guineas, Wake. Are you free?"

"I am not, sir." The reply was quite firm. "Lord Marcus is entertaining."

"Bad luck!" And again they had parted, on the best of terms, but Mr. Francis was obviously disappointed. Then, only twenty-four hours later, had come another blow, and from an unexpected quarter.

Lord Marcus was dining out and had given Wake permission to spend the evening away from home; he had therefore joined his wife, as he had done much more frequently of late, and from her had learned the news: An official from the Ministry of Supply (Mrs. Wake showed her husband his card) had called only an hour or so before, to announce that Sir George Clarking's house was to be requisitioned and converted into offices.

"So that means the sack for me, Jim," she concluded sadly, "unless of course, Lady Clarking can find a place for me in Scotland."

Mrs. Wake, a comely, gray-haired little woman, who feared no one in the world except her husband (whom she regarded as a supermind) was sincerely distressed.

"Have you written to Lady Clarking?"

"Yes; I posted the letter just before you came."

"When are they going to take over?"

"The gentleman said the premises would be inspected early tomorrow morning. The vans will be here in the afternoon to remove the furniture."

James Wake looked around that cozy sitting room in the basement which had been his wife's home and his own second home for so long, a pathetic expression upon his florid face. "Phew!" he muttered, dropping into an armchair. "That's the very devil."

It did not occur to him to ask any questions regarding this representative of the ministry, that is to say, regarding his personal appearance. Had he done so, possibly the line of conduct which he adopted might have been discarded in favor of another.

CHIEF INSPECTOR FIRTH was bending over a double sheet of foolscap spread out upon his desk, on either side of which certain photographs were pasted, when he heard someone whistling Up in the Morning Early, and the door of his office opened. He did not look up until the man who had entered closed the door behind him and rapped upon it. Firth raised his head.

"Ah, Max," he said, for indeed this pearl-gray figure was that of the celebrated Frenchman. "Ye come at a good moment."

"Any moment is a good moment when I see you, my friend." Max dropped down into a chair facing the chief inspector.

"How is the big case shaping?" Firth inquired. "I gather that for some reason the death o' the man Loeder set ye back."

"Oh, but most seriously. Loeder was their mouthpiece. It was Loeder who told the news to Berlin. At his death, I had to begin all over again. My faith, yes. If you would tell me who killed him, my friend, it might help a little."

"Is tha' so?" said Firth slowly. "Weel, I have here"—he rested a long, sensitive hand upon a document which looked like a legal brief—"a confession witnessed in the presence o' Michael Corcoran, K. C., of the man who claims to have killed Sir Giles Loeder."

Gaston Max sprang to his feet. "What! *what* do you say?"

"This is the confession, no word of which I doubt, of a young American airman, Flight Lieutenant Richard Hawke Kershaw."

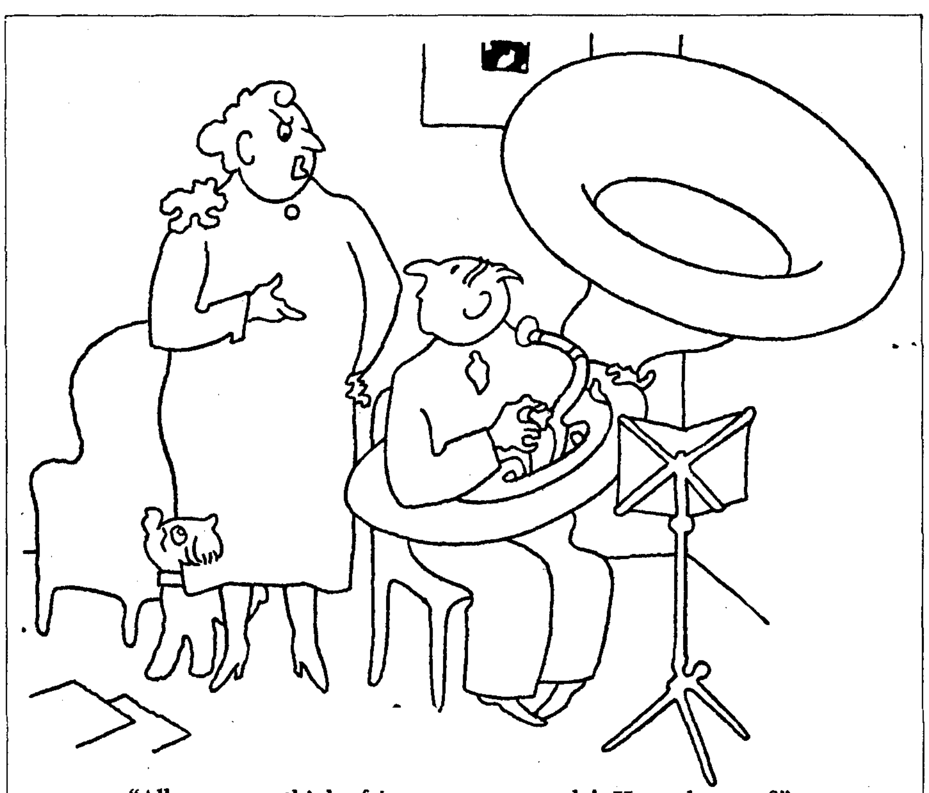
"Richard Hawke Kershaw!" Gaston Max raised his hand to his brow, a man bemused. "Where have I heard that name?"

"I canna say, but here is his confession."

"And you believe it?"

"Impleecitly."

(To be continued next week)



COLLIER'S "All you ever think of is your *own* morale! How about *us*?" GARDNER REA

SOCIAL SECURITY
for your wife and children

Simple Facts that Every Family Should Know

If you have Social Security, your widow will be entitled to a monthly check while her children are under 18 (or 16 if not in school). A typical widowed mother of three might receive $50 a month. But if she works in a commercial job paying $15 or more a month, her portion of the $50 benefit will not be paid.

Your widow would receive no Social Security benefits from the time her youngest child is 18 until she is 65 years old.

A Mutual Life Policy, wisely planned, will permit your widow to draw her Social Security benefits for the period children most need a home, and bring her combined income—from Social Security and life insurance—up to normal family requirements . . . a Mutual Life Policy can also give your widow a living income during the long years she probably will not be covered by Social Security.

Wouldn't you like to learn how life insurance and Social Security can work together for your family welfare?

The Mutual Life representative knows the Social Security rules. Let him show you what Social Security will do for you . . . how much other income may be needed if your family —or yourself at 65—are to accept Social Security and still live in reasonable comfort.

IMPORTANT SOCIAL SECURITY AND LIFE INSURANCE DATA

Write for FREE *Social Security* FILE

This specially designed file lists the 7 types of official records required to collect Social Security benefits, and provides for their convenient safe keeping. You will also receive a handy form on which you can estimate now your future Social Security benefits. It may save costly delay in obtaining Social Security benefits when due. Mail this coupon today to Dept. CS-3.

NAME.................................... AGE..........
ADDRESS....................................
OCCUPATION....................................

THE MUTUAL LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY of NEW YORK
Lewis W. Douglas, *President*

"*First in America*"

1843 . . OUR 100th ANNIVERSARY YEAR . . 1943
34 NASSAU STREET · NEW YORK CITY

We Man the Deck Guns

Continued from page 11

technical seagoing skill that makes an Annapolis man invaluable to the Fleet. But with regular Navy men at a premium, we do have enough ability to make a submarine think twice before rearing out of the water to gloat.

Subs don't bob up brashly any more and bang down ships with their deck guns, or launch a casual torpedo from a half-awash position. Aircraft are considerably more chary about coming in for sitting shots. We can outgun a submarine on the surface, we can make him dive, we can shake him off in a race, and we can bang the be-jeepers out of torpedo and dive bombers. Our boys have even slugged it out with—and sunk—enemy raiders disguised as merchantmen.

Not All Unhonored and Unsung

We of the Armed Guard seldom get a chance to do anything spectacular, but the Navy's files gradually are filling with names of men who've made Axis attacks on merchant shipping something considerably less than a soft touch. A youngster named Jerry Mahoney recently was decorated for the general hell he raised with German bombers on the Murmansk run, shooting down a flock of planes and actually exploding a torpedo with machine-gun fire as it knifed toward his ship. Awards for sinking submarines, especially after the ship has been torpedoed, have been rather numerous. Here's a typical example:

Out in the South Pacific last fall, a Liberty Ship stood out from port and was bull's-eyed, in the engine room, by a Jap torpedo. The merchant crew abandoned ship, but the Navy gun crew stood by to await developments. The lads didn't have to wait long; the Nips circled the ship, and popped up on the other side. That was the final pop. At point-blank range, our guys laid a four-inch shell into the sub's torpedo bins, and wafted our little brown brethren all the way back to Tokyo. The wounded ship, incidentally, stood up under the impact of the fish and crawled back into port.

One of the instructors at an Armed Guard school—nearly all the teachers are officers who've seen active duty—knocked off a sub in an amusing way. Jerry got rattled and bobbed up smack under the American ship's stern. He was so close that the after gun couldn't depress sufficiently to bear on him, so the officer calmly waited until the ship moved on a couple of hundred feet. He then sighted down the barrel of the big gun, like a kid sniping squirrels, and blew the German out of the water. The sub was so close the explosion knocked the gun crew silly.

The third assistant engineer on my ship claims to have been present at the sinking of a German raider in the South Atlantic —says that the Navy gun crew, firing a three-inch rifle, beat off and finally sank the heavily armed raider after several members of the crew had been killed. And in connection with raiders, here's a yarn which, for gallantry, hasn't been overshadowed in the war.

Not so long ago, the only survivors of an Armed Guard crew drifted into an Armed Guard center with a story to tell. Not one, but two gun-bristling raiders attacked their ship, and practically pounded it to a pulp. The young ensign in charge fought his guns long after the ship had been abandoned, actually sinking one raider.

His crew fearfully depleted, the youngster gradually worked through all the various gun stations, until finally he was acting as pointer, one man was loading and the other was working the trainer's scopes. They kept pouring shells into the other raider, which had entered the action, even though the boy's face had been practically blown away, and shell fragments had ripped his stomach apart. They drove off the second raider.

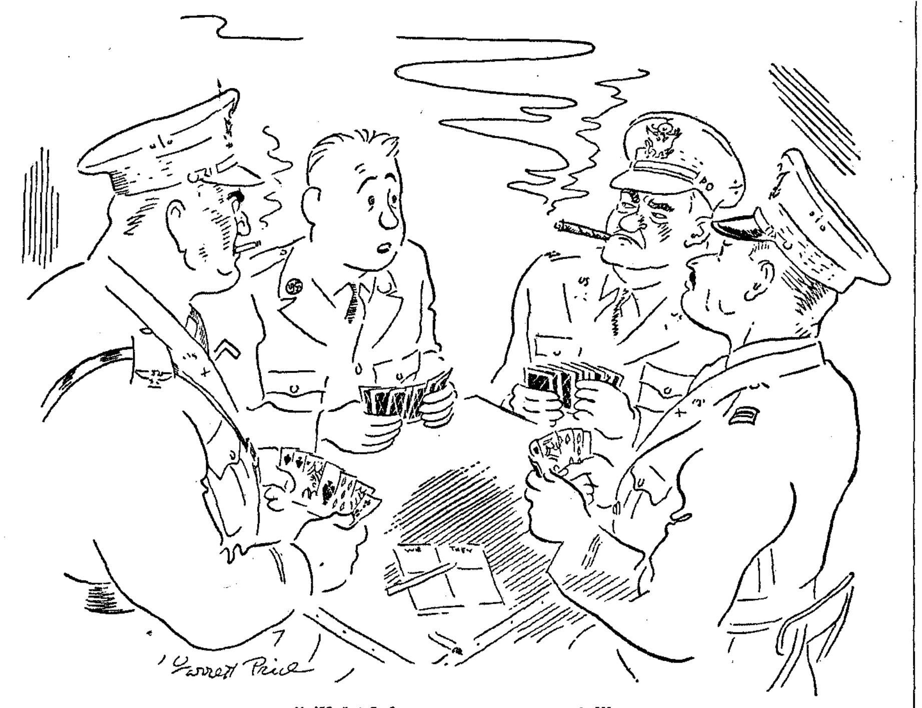
Staggering, the youngster helped his two remaining men get a boat over the side, but refused to go with them. They argued, but he was firm; he didn't want to burden them with a carcass that, at best, had only a few hours to live. The men finally rowed off, the ensign waved them a calm goodby and went down with his ship.

You win wars with men like that.

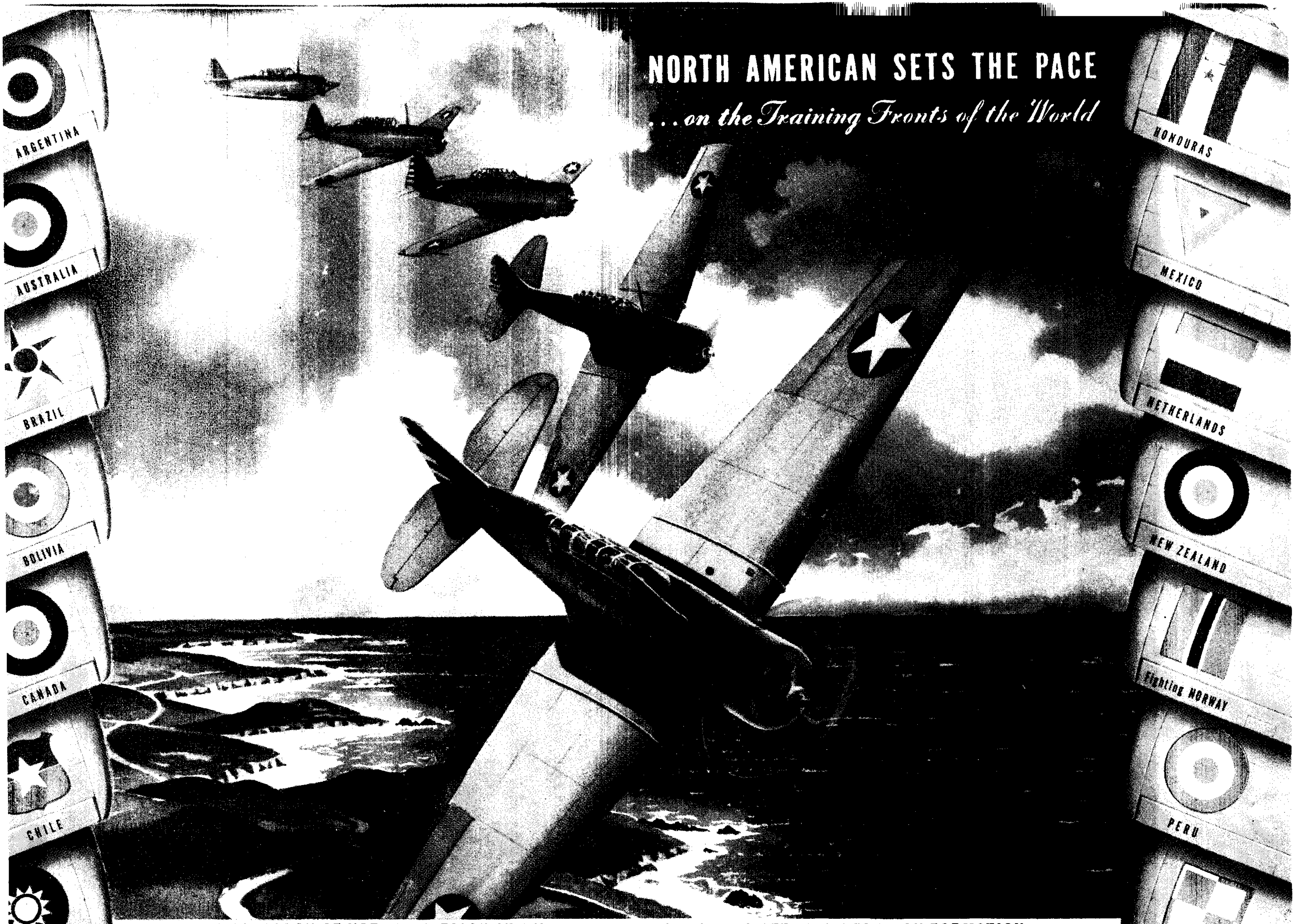
But the Armed Guardsmen don't put in their toughest duty in actual combat. It comes during the inactive hours, when you're roosting on the guns in the rain and snow and broiling sun, waiting for something to pop. The fun begins when you actually get a whack at the vermin who've been gnawing at your heels. We had one nice morning . . .

It was the day after a German sub had popped off a tanker practically under our nose. Everybody was sore as a cop with bunions, for the war gets very personal on

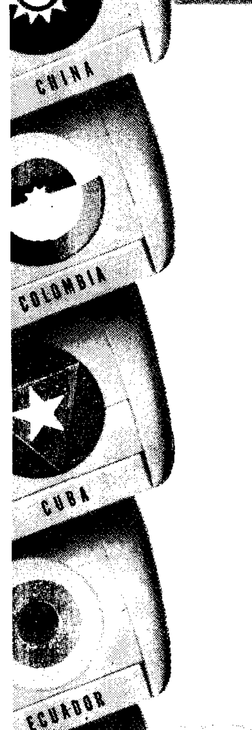
(Continued on page 52)



COLLIER'S "I'll bid four no-trump—sir!" GARRETT PRICE


NORTH AMERICAN SETS THE PACE
...on the Training Fronts of the World
ARGENTINA
AUSTRALIA
BRAZIL
BOLIVIA
CANADA
CHILE
HONDURAS
MEXICO
NETHERLANDS
NEW ZEALAND
Fighting NORWAY
PERU

A SQUADRON OF NORTH AMERICAN AT-6 TEXAN TRAINERS "PEELING OFF" FROM ECHELON FORMATION


CHINA
COLOMBIA
CUBA
ECUADOR

Fighting POLAND
SOUTH AFRICA
URUGUAY
VENEZUELA

PILOTS OF 24 NATIONS TRAIN IN "TEXANS"

The most widely used trainer in the world today is the North American Texan, formerly known as the Harvard. More than 10,000 airplanes—believed to be a world's record—have been built in North American Aviation's trainer series. Twenty-four nations have chosen the Texan as their own combat trainer. Their wing insignia adorn this page.

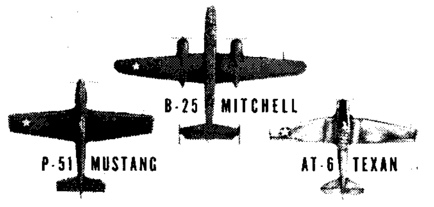
In gunnery and bombing practice; in formation and instrument flying; in coast patrol and semi-combat duty the Texan has proved its versatility.

A pilot trained in a Texan is equal to any job in modern air war. He feels as much at home in a P-51 Mustang fighter or B-25 Mitchell Bomber as in a North American trainer. For the instrument panels and controls in all three North American planes have been specially designed to make the transition "painless" from trainer to fighter or bomber—helping give young pilots full confidence on their first flight in a heavier plane.

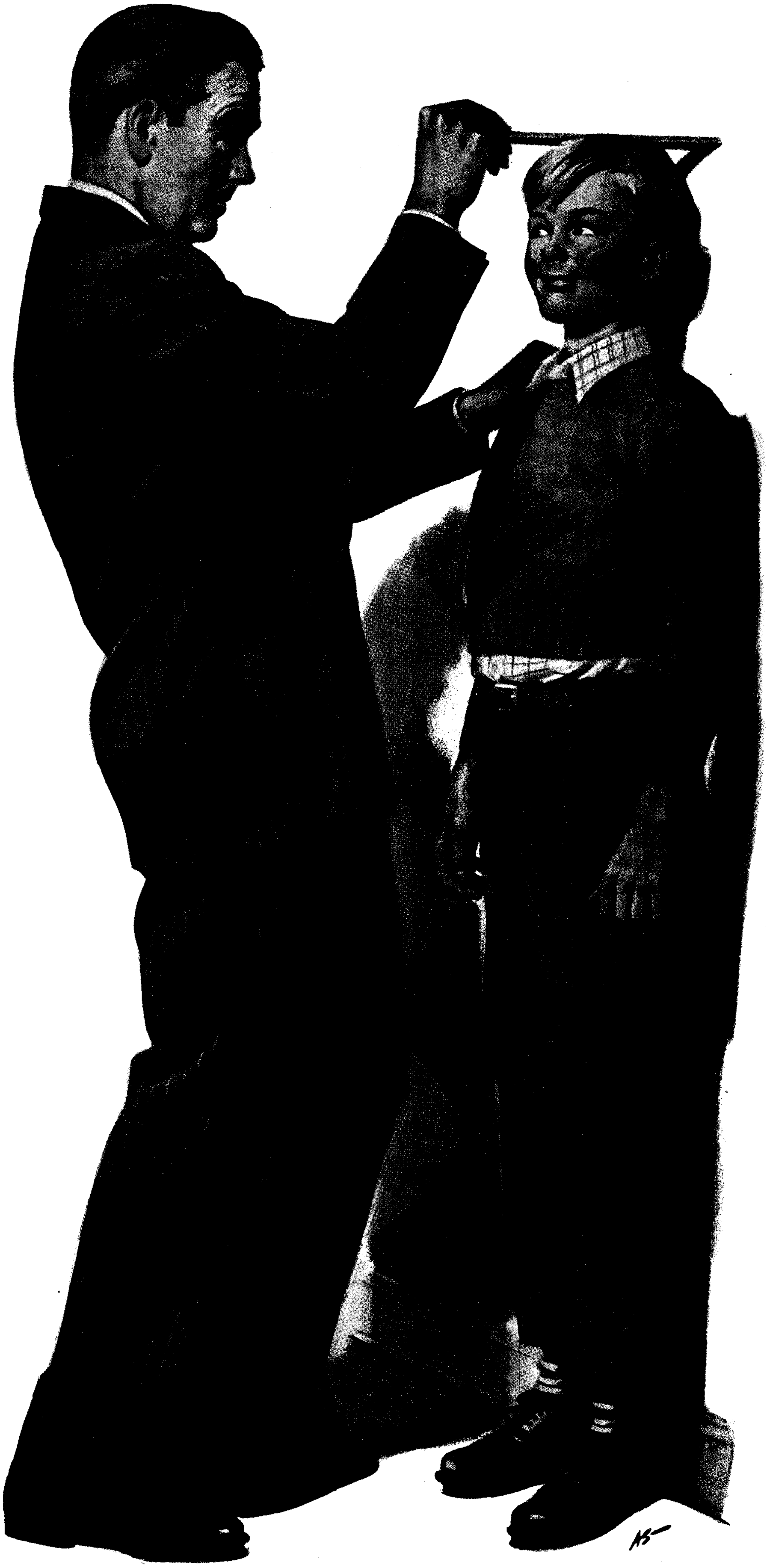
In the United States Army Air Forces almost every pilot of a fighter or bomber—whether single-engine or twin-engine—won his wings in a North American trainer. That's a mighty important fact that we, the men and women of North American, are proud of.

Free! Reprint of this page. Send postcard to North American Aviation, Inc., Dept. A, Inglewood, California.

NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION, INC.
Inglewood, California
Dallas . Kansas City
Member, Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.


B-25 MITCHELL
P-51 MUSTANG
AT-6 TEXAN

ARMY E NAVY
NORTH AMERICAN
Sets the Pace!
ENGLAND
Fighting FRANCE
YUGOSLAVIA
UNITED STATES



Jack

A sudden spurt in growth marks the onset of the 'teen age. Although every bodily tissue changes, growth of the bony framework accounts for most of the gains.

Arms and legs grow more rapidly than the trunk; thus the adolescent presents a sharp contrast to the younger child of relatively long trunk and short limbs.

Boys may become 5 inches taller and 25 pounds heavier in a single year. A masculine bristle displaces the boyish fuzz, while their faces grow more rugged.

Though girls' faces retain their youthful contour, other changes, such as the development of the breasts, increased breadth across the hips and a deposit of skin fat, are characteristic of an earlier feminine maturity.

The hearts of both boys and girls nearly double in size to fulfill increased circulatory needs.

The musculature doubles without the requisite coordinating power; hence the "gangling" appearance of adolescence.

Both boys and girls pattern themselves with physiques which reveal the size, shape and appearance of new beings at maturity.

The extra energy needed for rapid growth must come from an ample and well-balanced diet. This always *must* include liberal quantities of carbohydrates, which are converted by digestion into dextrose sugar, the chief source of all energy. When you think of the energy needed to power adolescent growth in mind and body, think of dextrose, for dextrose is food energy in its purest form.

FOR VICTORY
Buy United States
War Bonds & Stamps

in the beanstalk age

THE physical transformation of "teen-agers" is accepted with little concern by parents, but emotional changes often cause anxiety to fond mothers and fathers.

As glands become activated, the psychic outlook of youth changes. New forces acquired must be tempered; new desires aroused must be controlled.

Nothing should be done to thwart these dispositional changes. They merely indicate adjustment of the child to his approaching estate of maturity.

Parents should recognize, however, that proper foods are of special benefit during this final period of growth, because superior nutrition prevents some of the emotional upsets resulting from overstrain of an immature physique.

How dextrose powers growth

Even when the adolescent is at rest, the bodily tissues are active. The need for energy foods to "fuel" this constant activity is increased. There is a marked demand for carbohydrates, all of which must be changed into dextrose sugar before they can be used by the body for energy. Dextrose and food energy are synonymous—for dextrose is the natural sugar of the body, the chief source of human energy and driving power.

During periods of rapid growth and development, the body requires more dextrose than in later life. But, regardless of age, everyone needs dextrose to maintain health, sustain activity, fight fatigue.

Where do we get dextrose?

Dextrose is not a new "discovery". It is, always has been and always will be the basic source of human energy. Dextrose is found in many fruits and vegetables. The dextrose sugar used by modern manufacturers of processed foods is derived from golden American corn, grown by American farmers.

Today, available everywhere are many fine foods "rich in dextrose". Among these are cereals, fine candies, ice cream, crackers and cookies, soft drinks, canned fruits and fruit juices, table syrups, prepared desserts, jams, jellies and preserves. Even better breads are baked with dextrose sugar.

Usually you will find mention of dextrose on the labels of these foods. Look for it—it is your assurance of genuine food energy at no extra cost.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY
One of the producers of dextrose sugar

all through life

*dextrose

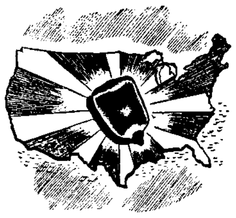
is the
SUGAR your body uses directly for ENERGY

•DEFINITION

dextrose is a scientific name. It is *not* a trade mark. It describes a vital sugar—just as the names *lactose*, *maltose*, *sucrose*, *etc.*, define other types of sugar.

FOOD FOR FIGHTERS

The U. S. Army selected dextrose as the basic food-energy sugar of Field Ration "K"—issued to fighting men to sustain them in emergencies.



ALL-AMERICAN

The chief source of dextrose is American corn, grown by American farmers. Dextrose is refined in American factories and distributed by American companies.

the Atlantic, and anyone who has ever seen a tanker get it doesn't sleep for some days after.

The morning was cold and gray, with a light rain and scudding clouds. We had been glued to the guns all night, for about the fourth straight night. Then, through a light haze of profanity, we saw a British destroyer, just ahead of us, wheel and race through the convoy, laying depth charges like some sort of super hen. He must have dropped fifteen or twenty.

Something popped up, just behind a tanker on our starboard hand. The tanker blocked my view, but it didn't bother about five other ships. They opened up with everything they had, short of pistols, and for about a minute, all you could see was the solid chock of high explosive hitting something. Then—boom! A big, fat explosion and silence. We weren't bothered any more by that particular shark. I was told when we arrived in port that two of Hitler's undersea peashooters will harass no more convoys . . . that a Liberator escort aircraft banged off another.

It's funny about action. When the firing stopped, I suddenly noticed that my kids and I had been screaming at the top of our lungs, praying with loud swear words for that so-and-so tanker to get the hell out of the so-and-so way and give us one little whack, just one tiny little whack. There wasn't a man aboard who wouldn't have given a month's pay for the chance to fire one shot.

We had a lively trip, but don't get any wrong ideas that the duty is all action. A large hunk of us will go through the entire war without hearing one depth charge, seeing one plane, spotting one mine or being around at one sinking. The boys who don't see the fun will be the actual heroes of this business, because, while discipline is a cinch and time scoots by when you've got a school of tinfish frolicking at your feet, it gets mighty tough on the long hauls when nothing ever happens. But there are compensations. . . .

The Other Side of the Story

Speaking as an officer, I think I can say that the Armed Guard provides more space for authority and ingenuity, more freedom from maddening detail, and more unsupervised leisure than any duty available to a junior officer—with the possible exception of combat flying.

Everywhere that ships go, we go. Since the war began, the men in my crew have made more than a casual acquaintance with Australia, the islands of the South Pacific, South America, the isles of the Caribbean, Africa and Alaska. We've got our mouths fixed for the Persian Gulf and India now, and we'll be powerfully disappointed if we don't get down that way.

The nice thing is that when we tie up in port, the heavy work's done and we're out on the town. A skeleton watch rides herd on the guns, and the rest of us are free to observe life, something which becomes very interesting after several weeks at sea.

They call destroyer duty the "Dungaree Navy," denoting a certain informality of dress and discipline. Submarines, too, are supposed to maintain a free and easy routine. Well, compared to the Armed Guard, destroyer duty is as formal as a lorgnette, and our subs are palaces of protocol. Aboard merchant ships everybody eats alike, dresses alike and sleeps in much the same quarters. High-pressure caps have a tendency to blow overboard, and two days on a freighter would wreck the hardiest uniform ever cut, so dress of the day is stocking cap, dungarees and turtle-neck sweater, for everybody from skipper to sculleryman. As for the food . . . time out for a long, low whistle of appreciation. We eat high on the hog in the Merchant Marine, all the lovely things you can't get ashore—coffee, sugar, butter, bacon, steaks, fresh fruit. Regular Navy chow has a reputation, but the grub you gobble on merchant ships is superstupendous.

There is ample time, on most ships and most runs, for liberal reading, studying and contemplation. Especially contemplation. After some months of this service, I lay claim to being the best free-style contemplator unjailed, and I do my best contemplation stretched on a comfortable bunk, with two pillows under my head. Every now and then, when the cabin steward comes in with fresh linen and maybe a basket of fruit, I get to feeling a mite guilty about all the suffering civilians back home.

But it's not all shootin' and sleepin'. No Armed Guard officer's life is entirely placid. The chore of being mother, father, surgeon and part-time spiritual adviser to a score or more of lusty youngsters, complicated with the jobs of gunnery officer, signal officer, censor and instructor, delivers a man from a death of pure ennui. I've become amazed at the medical miracles one may perform with a razor blade, sulfa drugs and CC pills, at the questions a 19-year-old seaman can fire at his officer, and at the psychological cures that may be worked if you've a mind to spend a little time on the problems. I had quite a few problem children when I first came aboard my ship, but I also had time enough to worry around until I found out what was biting them. I might say today that most of my chronic shirkers, officer-haters, over-leavers and bottle babies are all petty officers today, and damn' good ones. But for the fact that I had time to work on them, at least one would be out of the Navy today and a couple more would be full-time candidates for the brig.

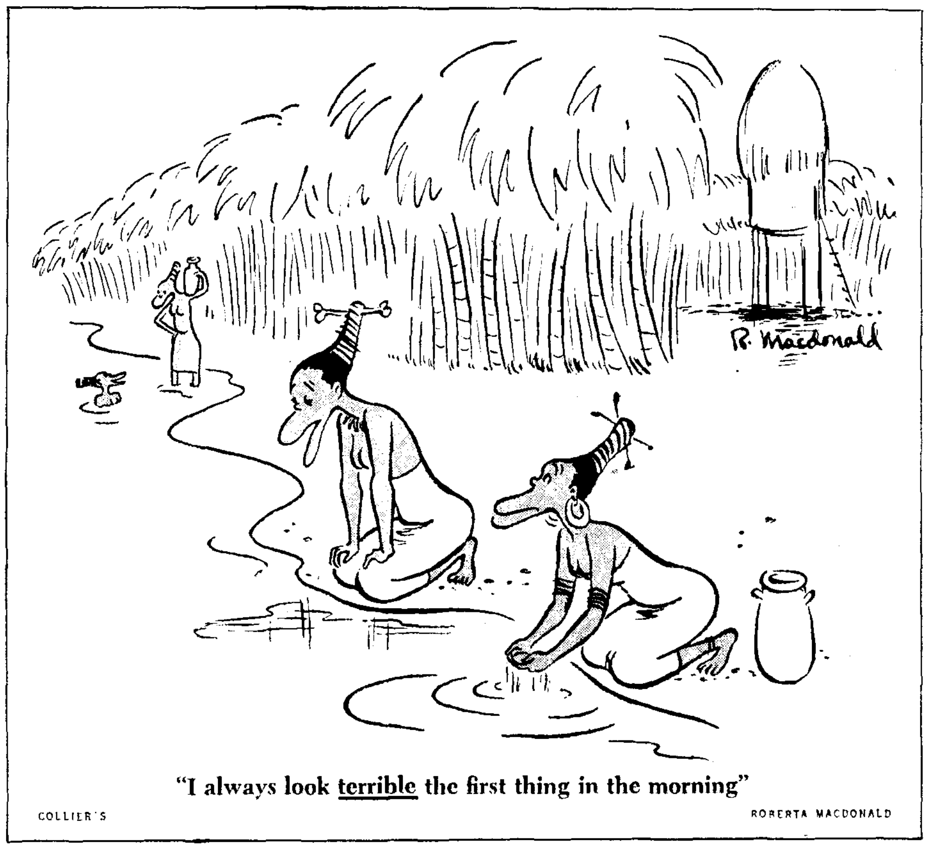
No Place for Formality

Discipline on a merchant ship is a very different thing from discipline on a battleship or at a naval base. Formal inspections, rigid uniform regulations, and sharp salutes are patently impossible on a freighter, where the officer meets each member of his crew from 15 to 50 times daily. The risk of overfamiliarity between officer and man is great, and it calls for considerable caution on both sides to avoid either stupid formality or more stupid familiarity. Just because I don't break out my sword knot and hold full-dress inspection twice a week doesn't mean that the kids should address me as "Hey, you!" or that my gunner's mate and I should go ashore together and get creamed up every night. Fairly dignified reserve—some on my part, and a lot more on the men's part—is the answer.

The Armed Guard's relationship with the merchant crew is another thing entirely. It calls for a bit of doing on both sides.

Generally, the first thing I'm asked is whether I resent the high wages and bonuses of the merchantmen, as contrasted to our rather frail Navy pay. After all, when the merchant sailors run for the lifeboats, we have to run for the guns, and all that. . . .

The answer, flatly, is no, we don't give a damn how much money the merchant crew makes—and no matter if it were twice as much as it is, it still isn't half enough for the job they're doing. We're not in this war on a dollars-and-cents basis, any more than the boys at Guadalcanal. Anyhow, the merchant crew has all the dirty work, and we have all the fun.



"I always look terrible the first thing in the morning"

COLLIER'S ROBERTA MACDONALD

When we're feeling our way through submarine-clogged waters, or trying to sneak past a flock of Heinkels and Junkers, we don't have to sit down in a stuffy engine room and wait for somebody to shove a fish through the bulkhead, or drop a bomb down the stack. We're topside, where we can see what's going on, and when the fun starts we can hand it back. I'd rather be a gunnery officer, at $250 a month, and see my kids pop out of their bunks and man the guns, click-clack, than be the skipper of the finest transport that ever put out to sea. We don't begrudge the merchant seaman a dime. He's making a living after a long, lean haul. We're out here only because there's a war on and, God willing, we'll all be back ashore as soon as the war's off.

The trickiness of our relationship hasn't anything to do with money. It is a fact that some skippers have deeply resented the presence of a Navy gun crew on the ship where formerly they held absolute sway, and have tried to make it tough on the "junior jerk" or "ninety-day wonder" in charge of the Naval unit. And, even though the majority of merchant officers and men try to be decent to us, there's bound to be at least a thin wall of resentment at our intrusion into their lives. After all, we're interlopers of a sort.

On the other hand, some young naval officers have gone aboard ship, fresh out of civilian life, with the entirely mistaken idea that, in addition to being in charge of the ship's armament, they have suddenly been endowed with complete command of the craft itself. You can imagine the hit this attitude might make with a salty old skipper who has been plowing around the seven seas since shortly after Columbus' retirement.

I know of several cases where the naval officers took sad beatings. One was given the silent treatment by all hands for a matter of some 72 days at sea. Another was silently and sarcastically saluted by all the merchant officers every time he entered the messroom or passed them on the ship. I also know of several skippers who have been the subject of long and bitter reports for willful violation of Navy-imposed, necessary wartime restrictions.

A little tact on both sides generally can cancel most causes of unpleasantness. Early in the game, I made a few homegrown rules for myself, and they've worked out pretty well. I figured that as long as the skipper let me run the guns, I'd let him run the ship, seeing as how he knew considerably more about it than I did. I don't manhandle his expensive sextant, or crowd him on his bridge. I keep my mouth off touchy subjects, handle everything through the master when it has to do with the internal organization of the ship, and allow no one, from the captain down, to deal with my men except through me. I've had no trouble, I say, for the simple reason that everybody in the merchant crew wants to get back home just as badly as I do.

Extra Hands with the Guns

If he doesn't try to force his authority down anybody's throat, the Armed Guard officer gets a lot of co-operation out of the merchant personnel. Every time the alarm pops off on our ship, a good dozen merchantmen rush to supplementary posts on the guns, even though I've more than ample naval personnel to handle any defensive job that might come up. Two of the merchant crew—one who lost a brother on the Murmansk run, and one who was machine-gunned by a German submarine commander—generally run a dead heat with the fastest of my men when the buzzer begins to work.

My own Navy kids get along swell with the merchantmen. The only rule I enforce regarding their contacts with one another is—no gambling.

This is due to no great moral outburst on my part, but it would be a little stupid to allow my youngsters, who are making all of $70 a month, to lock horns in a poker game where the Chinese messboy bets $25 on a pair of deuces. Anyhow, there's a naval regulation against gambling. I wrote this piece at sea, coming home light. I had a good closing paragraph rigged up, too, about how we love our job of transforming a formerly soft-bellied merchantman into a fighting craft which can hold up its end in a scrap. But the wireless operator supplied a better ending.

Sparks just rushed into my cabin, with a slip of paper in his hand.

"According to the radio," he said, excitedly, "the convoy just ahead of us is having a helluva time. They say that 25—count 'em—25 submarines have been attacking the convoy all week, and that the convoy has knocked off five of the subs. Didn't say how many we lost. Think of that, boy—five subs blown to blazes!"

I thought of it, and then I figured I'd better amble topside and check the guns. We'd been sort of relaxed for a week or so, too, on the theory that submarines wouldn't be too rough on a convoy that was going home light.

It just goes to show you. There aren't any rules in this business.

THE END

"LET ME HELP YOU GET THE MOST OUT OF YOUR AUTOMOBILE"

"Few of us ever get all the good out of an automobile that is built into it.

"That's because modern cars perform so well with the bare minimum of attention, that not many of us really do all the things outlined in the operating manual that comes with every car.

"On the other hand, we're now in a situation where it's our patriotic duty to make every car last as long as we can and run as economically and efficiently as possible.

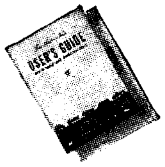
"So you're not just helping yourself when you take a little extra pains to see that your car is properly serviced – you're helping the country too!

"Now, my biggest wartime job is to help you give your car the extra attention it needs these days.

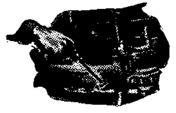
"My equipment is up-to-date and complete. My men are trained to know what to do, when it should be done, and how to do it right. All we need is a chance to work on your car regularly – and we can not only keep it running well, but do a lot to protect it against future wear and tear.

"So why not take steps *now* to get the most out of your car that's built into it, and to make sure that it not only lasts through the duration, but beyond?"

Your G.M. Dealer



THIS LITTLE BOOKLET is a big help in getting the most out of your car in wartime. For a free copy, see any General Motors dealer or write General Motors, Detroit 2, Mich.



OIL DRAINS DOWN from cylinder walls and pistons in cars that stand idle for considerable periods. Scored pistons can result. See your General Motors dealer for advice on ways to prevent such damage.

BADLY ADJUSTED BRAKES did this. When brakes "take hold" only at a certain spot, tire wear is concentrated instead of being distributed evenly. Prevent this with your GM dealer's expert brake care.

Save for Victory – Buy War Bonds

GENERAL MOTORS

"VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS"

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · BUICK · CADILLAC

Secretary of War

Continued from page 17

found in the fact that the Secretary of War, more than any other man in Washington, is a *trained* public servant, not just some dub catapulted into high place to meet the exigencies of politics. Lawyer, statesman, soldier, diplomat and administrator, he's been all of them.

Why, then, haven't people been told more about this super-duper? That isn't even a two-bit question. Henry Stimson lacks oomph and is entirely without the publicity sense that furnishes the press with good hot stuff. Reserved, formal and dignified, his precise approach reduces even the most difficult, picturesque task to the status of a chore. Washington correspondents, expert at spotting phonies, rise respectfully to their feet when the Secretary enters for a press conference, but not one ever thinks of doing a personality piece about him. Consistent efficiency, unrelieved by blunders, may be admirable and praiseworthy, but it makes mighty poor reading.

His story doesn't even have a "rags to riches" angle, for on leaving Yale and Harvard, he tied up with Elihu Root and has been in the big money ever since. All of his public service, in fact, has entailed heavy financial sacrifice. Back in 1906, for example, he was nearing the top of New York's legal heap when Theodore Roosevelt persuaded him to accept appointment as United States attorney for the Southern District.

It was in this job that he first showed both his administrative ability and his utter lack of color and drama. Gathering together a staff of brilliant youngsters—Felix Frankfurter was one of them—Henry Stimson did exactly the same sort of things that made Tom Dewey a national figure.

To mention only two of his famous cases, he forced the powerful sugar trust to disgorge millions, and jailed Charles F. Morse, that kingpin of "frenzied financiers." Mr. Stimson, however, managed to make it all part of the day's work, a matter of humdrum routine.

Nominated by the Republicans for governor of New York in 1910, he confined himself to facts, figures and logical argument, and was beaten by John A. Dix. Next called by President Taft to serve as Secretary of War, Mr. Stimson—as the record shows—did a remarkable job of reorganization, ending practices and customs that had been in vogue since 1812. As he himself did not seem to think it worth mentioning, gentlemen of the press took the same view. Just a washout as far as press-agenting was concerned.

Turned Down by the Army

Then there was his prize flop in 1917. No sooner had Woodrow Wilson sounded the call to arms than Henry Stimson quit his lucrative practice and hit Washington on the jump. They gave him high rank in the Judge Advocate's office, but he insisted on combat service. As he was forty-nine at the time, the Army turned him down, whereupon he hustled over to Fort Myer and signed up for the regular training course. Not even Harold Ickes could have asked a better chance for front-page stuff. A graying ex-Secretary of War hayfooting it in sun and rain side by side with rookies half his age! And how did Mr. Stimson handle his big opportunity? Instead of calling in the reporters and photographers, and proudly showing blistered dogs, he carried secrecy to the point of false whiskers and dark glasses.

Even when Newton Baker, deeply impressed, gave his distinguished predecessor a commission as lieutenant colonel of the 305th Field Artillery, Henry Stimson sailed without a single newsreelman at the dock. In France he trained his men carefully and competently, and led them into action with a gallantry that won him promotion to the colonelcy of the 31st Field Artillery. Swell stuff but all done so matter-of-factly that it didn't rate an item on an inside page. Worse still, Mr. Stimson dropped his military title overboard on the way home, preferring plain "Mister," and was soon looked on as one who had ducked his country's call.

Another big publicity chance that he muffed was his settlement of a Nicaraguan revolution in 1927. Swart rebels and dark jungles where every step risked death! How some men would have wallowed in the assignment, sucking out every drop of news value! As for Mr. Stimson, his methods made the difficult, dangerous job about as exciting as a study of furniture production in Grand Rapids. The solution that he proposed, after due study, involved a truce, a general amnesty and an honest presidential election supervised by Americans.

Appointment in Nicaragua

With the agreement of President Adolfo Diaz in his pocket, the sixty-year-old envoy adjusted his glasses, made sure that his clothes were free from spots, and strode dignifiedly off into the wilderness in search of General José Moncada, the rebel chieftain. Locating him at last, the two sat for days in a jungle hut, and at the end Mr. Stimson had Moncada's signature on the dotted line. By way of polishing off the Nicaraguan job, he set up a native constabulary and introduced a number of social and political reforms. And what did he tell the newspapermen on his return? "A satisfactory settlement, gentlemen. I may even go so far as to say *most* satisfactory."

Now Henry Stimson headed back to private practice at a lope, but President Coolidge overruled him. "No," he said. "Got another chore for you—Governor General of the Philippines." And off went the aging envoy without a word of demur, leaving the fat fees for others to collect. Two years in the islands—fruitful years that erased many old bitternesses and laid the foundations for new understandings—but never once was a dash of color, a touch of drama, permitted to enliven Henry Stimson's precise, succinct reports of accomplishment. A perfect publicity bust!

In 1929, President Hoover called Mr. Stimson back from the Philippines to be his Secretary of State and, for a wonder, the years that followed were a blaze of high lights. Under the pressure of tremendous events, the man's ultralegal veneer cracked wide open, revealing unsuspected fires. It may not be remembered now, but when Japan marched troops into Manchuria in 1931, Mr. Stimson let loose a blast that made the country doubt its ears. Denouncing the invasion as a breach of treaty obligations, he based his protest on the fact that Japan, no less than the United States, was signatory to the Nine-Power Pact that guaranteed respect for "the sovereignty, the independence and the territorial integrity of China." No lawyer's brief, concerned with quibbles, no haggling talk about commercial interests, but the bold statement that a nation's pledged word involved a nation's honor.

With Japan raining bombs on Shanghai, proving a campaign of planned aggression, Secretary Stimson called on Great Britain to join with the United States in a forceful note to Japan, confident that the action would give courage to every signatory. Sir John Simon, speaking for Great Britain, refused, an example followed relievedly by other parties to the pact. Henry Stimson, therefore, stood alone, and Japan was left free to pursue the policy that had its inevitable culmination in Pearl Harbor.

The "Stimson policy" may not have affected Americans, but it certainly worked a change in him. At the time of his retirement to private practice in 1933, he was sixty-six, an age not usually associated with ardors, but Mr. Stimson defied this general rule and proceeded to constitute himself a clarion. He declared publicly for the repeal of the embargo that denied arms to the Spanish government for the suppression of the Franco rebellion. The nature of that government, as he saw it, did not enter into the consideration. The United States had recognized it, and was, by virtue of that recognition, committed to give it all proper assistance when threatened with overthrow by revolt within and German and Italian levies without.

NOT ACCORDING TO HOYLE

Pasquale Rolli of Philadelphia was badly frightened in an automobile accident. He started to hiccup and kept it up for eight days.

Harmon Reeder of Tahlequah, Oklahoma, walked along the railroad tracks and was struck by a train. He sent a written apology to the locomotive engineer.

Students at Temple University held a spelling bee with their teachers. The students won.

Two motorists, one drunk and one sober, crashed their cars in a traffic accident in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. The judge exonerated the drunken driver and found the sober one guilty.

W. E. Farbstein

More clearly than anyone else, he saw the growing menace of Japan, the dark determinations that lay behind smooth, lying words. In repeated statements he denounced the continued shipment of oil and scrap iron to Japan, pointing out that it made a farce of our professions of sympathy for invaded China. The one decent course for the United States, he insisted, was for this democracy to withhold its resources from aggressor nations, and give them in full measure to the victims of the aggressors.

When Adolf Hitler was still regarded as a comic figure, Henry Stimson painted him more truly as another Mohammed, bent on world domination, and he attacked the Administration's "cash-and-carry" plan as ostrich stuff. America's problem, he argued, was not one of neutrality but *defense*. Evil forces were on the march that threatened free institutions the whole world over, and to shut our eyes to the danger, to hark back to the "hermit" policy of Jefferson, came close to criminal folly.

On June 18, 1940, all of Henry Stimson's intense feeling found expression in a particularly explicit broadcast. Paraphrasing Abraham Lincoln, he declared that the world could not endure half slave and half free, and laid down these insistences: repeal the neutrality act; open all American ports to British and French vessels for supply and repair; stop the shipment of oil and scrap iron to Japan; send planes and munitions to the Allies on an effective scale, and if necessary to get them there, in our own ships and under our own convoy. Submarine warfare, in his vigorous phrase, was piracy, and the United States had come to a sad pass when it did not dare to take action against pirates.

On June 19th, the very next day, that master dramatist of all time called over long distance and offered him the post of Secretary of War. Neither the President nor Mr. Stimson, it seems fair to mention, have ever been given proper credit for courage in the matter, the one for the offer and the other for acceptance.

Not only was the new appointee a stanch Republican and an unsparing critic of the Administration's foreign policy, but the isolationists had singled him out as a pet hate, branding him a "warmonger" and "British tool." For Henry Stimson it meant a break with his party and the friends of a lifetime. Only a short while before, an edict had been issued that any Republican accepting a post in the Roosevelt Administration would be regarded as a "third-term stooge."

Analyzed honestly, none other than patriotic motives can be found. Mr. Roosevelt, forced to face an unhappy fact, saw that the War Department needed an instant and radical reorganization. Henry Stimson, by virtue of training, experience and character, was a standout for the job. Mr. Stimson, assured that he would be given a free hand, accepted the offer as a call to duty from the Commander in Chief of the Armed Forces.

As Mr. Roosevelt must have expected, the appointment was resented by Democrats and attacked by Republicans as a "cheap political trick." And as Mr. Stimson undoubtedly knew, he was read out of his party and assailed as a renegade, even Senator Taft, son of his old friend, joining in the savage outcry.

Always a first-class executive, his first step was to surround himself with competent aides. Robert P. Patterson was taken from the federal bench to serve as Undersecretary; for Assistant Secretary he picked John J. McCloy, a brilliant lawyer with wide experience in organizational work; Robert A. Lovett, a shrewd investment banker and a flier in the first World War, was made Assistant Secretary of War for Air; and hard-driving Brehon Somervell, promoted to be lieutenant general, was placed at the head of Services of Supply

Captain of a Winning Team

In the new Pentagon Building, the Secretary assigned an office right next to his own for General Marshall, the Chief of Staff, and propped the door between them wide open. Strong men all, but Henry Stimson's experienced hands has them pulling as a team. A great team!

All good, sound performance but *not* news. That's why people don't hear more of Henry Stimson. He just *isn't* news! No quarrels, no blunders, no bellows. But as for getting the boot, that's nonsense.

And here's still another thing that carries a note of encouragement to the country. Before Henry Stimson's appearance on the scene, New Deal circles held firmly to the conviction that public service should be restricted to persons in their twenties, or else so untried in any field of human endeavor as to have adolescent minds. Now, however, after watching the seventy-six-year-old head of the War Department, there is grudging admission that maybe the age limit was put too low.

The End

Westinghouse makes a pledge to a boy in a submarine...

... that if care and skill and conscience can insure it—every single piece of Westinghouse war equipment shall meet the test of battle with performance beyond expectation . . . that every Westinghouse war weapon shall prove worthy of its high trust.

Westinghouse makes a pledge to a girl at a milling machine...

... to Ann McCastland, whose husband is with the fighting Marines, and to thousands like her in Westinghouse factories who have loved ones at the fighting fronts—a pledge that in wartime our only business is Victory . . . that we are vitally concerned with anything our "know-how" can design or build to speed the winning of the war.

Westinghouse makes a pledge to a woman and her dreams...

. . . that some day, not too far distant, her life shall be richer and happier because of the tremendous progress now being born of research and experience in making war weapons . . . that new electric products, appliances, equipment, shall bring her greater comfort and leisure in the days of peace to come. Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Plants in 25 cities—offices everywhere.

came from America. This food, obtained on ordinary ration cards, made millions of Russians friends of America. Strangely enough, it is American lard which is most highly prized.

Klavdia and Alexandra have two older married sisters, Natasha and Sonya. They live together and not far from the Starostin apartment. No home in Russia has managed to escape tragedy, and the Starostins are no exception. The husbands of both Natasha and Sonya are listed as missing.

"But it may be," Grandma Starostin said hopefully, "that they were cut off and are now back of the German lines with guerrilla groups."

Let's consider the economic situation of the family. With the eighty-two rubles pension Grandma receives, their total average income is 1,600 rubles ($320) a month. The two girls pay a total tax of 300 rubles a month at the factory. This covers various taxes such as income tax, culture tax and war tax.

This culture tax is used by the government for building parks, theaters, and for all recreational activities given to the people. All moving-picture theaters, ballet and opera houses are operated by the government and paid for by this culture tax. Because of it, prices at all Moscow theaters are, in relation to our own, absurdly cheap, and even the best ballet and opera is within the price range of any worker.

The tax paid by these women also includes the purchase of war bonds. This is not mandatory, but, as in America, virtually every factory worker loans a certain percentage of his earnings to the country. Take these three hundred rubles ($60) away, and Grandma Starostin still has a monthly budget of 1,300 rubles ($260) with which to feed and clothe her family.

Their rent is fifty-three rubles ($10.60) a month, which is the average rent of any worker's family in Russia. That includes heating, water and radio. Lighting is another eight rubles ($1.60). Their ration cards allow them 12½ pounds of meat per month which will cost an average of sixty rubles ($12). Mutton is quite cheap, averaging four rubles a pound, while pork, of which there is a scarcity, costs eight rubles a pound.

OPA Isn't That Bad

Their ration cards permit them thirteen pounds of cereal a month at an average cost of four rubles per pound, a total of fifty-two rubles ($10.40). They are allowed five pounds of butter at eight rubles a pound; five pounds of bread daily at eighty kopecks (fifteen cents) a pound, and three pounds of sugar a month at two rubles (forty cents) a pound. No milk is allowed for adults, but five-year-old Vitali, in addition to his meals at kindergarten, is allowed two glasses of milk per day (twenty cents).

Grandma Starostin went over last month's housekeeping accounts with me. Last month, the family living expenses, including rent, food and the children's fees, came to 535 rubles ($107), which left quite a comfortable margin for clothing and extras.

Outside of the government shops where ration cards are honored, there's an open market in Moscow. Here, farmers who have produced a surplus, or people who have commodity goods to sell secondhand, gather, and they may charge anything they wish. Their prices would make a New York or Detroit millionaire blink, but actually, of course, few Moscow families either need or can afford to patronize the market. Typical prices at this open market are: milk, seven dollars a quart; potatoes, six dollars a pound; sugar, eighty dollars a pound, with butter and lard about the same. A pound of meat would cost about 180 rubles ($16). A pair of secondhand shoes costs anywhere from 1,000 to 4,000 rubles. Divide by five, and you have it in dollars.

The Starostin family never patronizes the open market. Because both daughters are factory workers and blood donors, their ration cards amply supply the family with food. They get necessary clothing through their factory department store at reasonable prices. Girls aren't buying new frocks or silk stockings in Russia these days. All fabrics are needed for uniforms and other war purposes, while silk and its substitutes are used for making parachutes and other equipment.

Russian women through long practice have the knack of making clothes last longer, and now that it's summer, millions of them go barelegged to save their cotton stockings. Only last week, Grandma Starostin received eighteen yards of material from the factory to make suits for the two boys. She also received a pair of shoes for each child. This cost 250 rubles ($50).

Factory Supplies Its Workers

There are few commodity goods on the shelves of Moscow stores, and the prices of the few goods they have are far beyond anyone's purse. Workers look to the factory for everything, and the factory does take care of them. The recreational, educational and economic life of the family revolves around the factory, and workers get whatever is available in the form of commodity goods. If these goods are scanty and not up to prewar standard, that is not the fault of the government or of the factory. It is the fault of war, and no one complains, least of all the Starostin family, which considers itself fairly well off.

We talked of many things, but we didn't talk about war—except once. I asked, "Do you think we have a fair chance of beating Hitler?"

There was an astonished silence, and then a peal of laughter from Grandma, from Alexandra and from Klavdia. Even Vitali, who didn't know what the laughter was about but who did know that everyone was happy and that life was good, joined in and then climbed up on my lap, still laughing happily.

"We cannot lose," Klavdia said simply. "We just cannot lose."

I imagine the Smiths and the Joneses are saying the same thing at home now. Any military strategist could show such families dozens of ways in which the war can be lost but, happily, wars are won, in the long run, by families like the Smiths and the Joneses and the Starostins and millions like them, while armchair strategists are drawing military diagrams on luncheon tablecloths. Anyhow, we didn't talk about war beyond that.

The people in Moscow are much too busy working to help the war effort to waste time talking about the war. We didn't even talk about 19-year-old Boris Starostin, the fifth child. He enlisted at seventeen and has been missing for nearly a year now. Sometimes men listed as missing do come back—not often but often enough to keep the spark of hope from dying. No, we didn't talk about him, any more than you talk to the Smiths or the Joneses about a son listed as "missing." There's nothing you can say.

I left the family because it was time for the kids to go to bed. I left them well fed, contented, and with two children, having lost their shyness, playing happily on the floor. The walk down those five flights wasn't nearly so hard as the climb up. I regretted only one thing: That I wasn't able to kidnap young Vitali and bring him downstairs in my arms. You've probably felt the same way about the Smith kid next door, or that Jones youngster down the street.

THE END

No bone, no waste, TREET is ALL meat

ARMOUR'S MEAL-IN-A-MINUTE MEAT

Treet makes hearty meat meals... stretches red points, too!

Been skimping on meat portions to save your points? Here's cheering news. You can serve man-sized meat portions by using Treet, Armour's meal-in-a-minute meat. One tin makes a big meat meal for 4 . . . at just a little more than 1 point per person.

Tonight—perk up the family's appetite with this Treet and Corn feast! Watch how they go for those juicy, tender Treet slices . . . how satisfied they'll be with this filling meat dinner!

There are dozens of other quick, tempting dishes you can make with Treet. Sliced cold, baked or fried, ready-to-eat Treet always gets a hearty welcome. For Treet is made only from juicy pork shoulder meat and tender, flavorful ham. You'll find high-vitamin Treet is the meat for war-busy days . . . it saves your time and red points, too.

Treet's the fighters' favorite!

Treet goes over so big with our armed forces your dealer may be out of it occasionally. But he'll have it again in a few days. So keep on asking for Treet.

TREET and SPANISH CORN

Cut Treet into 8 slices. Fry 1½ min. each side. Heat No. 2 can of whole kernel corn. Mix with ¼ cup chopped green pepper, ¼ cup chopped onion, 2 tbsps. chopped pimento, which have been cooked 3 or 4 min. in 1 tbsp. Cloverbloom butter. Serves 4.

Treet
Armour's
Treet
MARK
INGREDIENTS: CHOPPED PORK SHOULDER MEAT, HAM MEAT ADDED, SALT, SUGAR, SPICE, SODIUM NITRATE AND SODIUM NITRITE
CONTENTS 12 OZ. AVOIR.
WITH NATURAL JUICES
PACKED BY ARMOUR AND COMPANY · GEN'L OFFICE CHICAGO, ILL.
Ready to Eat

Armour and Company

For finest quality and flavor ask for

Star Canned Meats, Star Ham and Bacon, Star Beef, Veal and Lamb, Star Sausages, Cloverbloom Poultry and Dairy Products.

© ARMOUR AND COMPANY

We Are Ready with Gas

Continued from page 21

huge supplies in Russia and to be making more in French factories. The British have tons of the stuff piled up, and so have we and the Russians and Japanese—probably everyone except the Chinese, and they may have a couple of cylinders stuck away in some odd nook.

Germany's weakness—and perhaps her hesitancy to start gassing—lies in two facts: She has masks for only five per cent of her people and she is losing supremacy of the air. England has masks for everyone and is gaining air mastery. We have masks for every armed man and several million more for distribution to civilians in coastal areas where there is some very slight possibility of a gas attack.

Gas horrifies people because it is an unknown quantity. Only a few have ever experienced it. You can't take a movie of a gas attack as you can of a bombing or shelling. Just now its psychological effects probably are greater than its physical effects. It works through fear as well as through the eyes, nose and skin. This fear will lessen as the public comes to know just what gas can and cannot do and learns that there are very simple and effective methods of detection and protection.

Production of gases without smell or color is largely love's labor lost. There are three simple ways of detecting such gases. A soldier can splash a special paint on the front of his truck or tank; make a chalk mark on his car or gun; or simply wear a paper arm band. If he gets into gas, the paint, chalk or paper, which are all of a special composition containing secret chemicals, quickly change color.

All he has to do then is put on his gas mask or get into one of the new cellophane sacks which all our overseas troops now carry with them. These sacks are compressed into a small flat pack that can be carried in a pocket, and they are complete, temporary protection from any kind of gas.

Gas is tricky to use because its effectiveness depends a great deal on the weather. In hot dry weather, it will dissipate rapidly. A wind change can make it decidedly dangerous to the user. This happened more than once to the Germans in the last war. They shot the gas toward the Allies, and a west wind rolled it right back at them.

Gas More "Humane" Than Guns

Our Chemical Warfare people say there isn't any such thing as "humane warfare," but that gas certainly is more humane than bombs, bayonets, shells or torpedoes. They can give you figures, too: In the last war ninety-five per cent of all bayonet wounds proved fatal. Twenty-four per cent of those hit by bullets and shell fragments died. But only two per cent of the gas casualties failed to recover. There were only thirty-eight cases of blindness caused by gas in the 1918 A.E.F.

Nor as a rule are there bad lasting effects from being gassed. Fantastic as it seems, fewer cases of tuberculosis developed after the last war among gassed veterans than among those who were not gassed. Careful investigation by the Army Medical Department shows scarcely one permanent disability from gas.

Number One man of our Chemical Warfare Service is Major General William N. Porter, who has been in the Navy, the Air Service and the Regular Army ever since 1909. He was graduated from Annapolis, served a year with the fleet and then resigned to join the Army's Coast Artillery Corps at Fort Monroe, Virginia. He saw service in the Philippines and in France and Germany during the first World War.

Chief of the Operations Division of the Service is Brigadier General Alden H. Waitt, an old-timer at the game and thoroughly sold on the possibilities of chemical warfare—if he ever gets orders to start it.

"During peacetime," General Waitt told Collier's, "idealists may talk of banning war gas just as those of past generations wanted to ban gunpowder and machine guns, but in a struggle for self-existence, a nation becomes realistic and selects its weapons on the basis of military advantage. We can be sure that our enemies will resort to gas warfare when it is to their military advantage to do so, and most surely when their situation becomes really desperate."

Unlike most branches of the Army, the Chemical Warfare Service during peacetime more than paid its way, although because of the sentiment against this kind of war it never got enough money to do a real job. But it managed to develop a safe method of fumigating ships. Its experts in 1923 invented methods of spraying and dusting crops from planes. It also developed a dope to protect bridges and piling from marine borers and did a lot of work on the boll-weevil problem.

Triple-Threat Air Raid

Today CWS doesn't only play around with gas. It deals also in smoke and fog screens and in incendiary bombs. It could stage an air raid in which it first laid down a smoke screen to confuse the enemy, then sprayed down gas to disrupt his defenses and finally showered down incendiaries to set fire to whatever was below. Whether this triple threat ever has been put into action isn't known, but the CWS would like to try it sometime when conditions are right. The service also deals in flame throwers that can burn up a steel tank.

We have around a dozen gases ranging from straight chlorine and phosgene to some fearsome stuff called trichloromethyl chloroformate. In the Army these go by symbols—HS for mustard, M-1 for lewisite, CG for phosgene and DM for adamsite, which smells like coal smoke and causes sneezing and what the CWS describes as "a sick, depressed feeling."

The boys feel that Germans, Italians or Japs with a sick, depressed feeling would be duck soup for the Yanks. As we've said, none of these gases is new; mustard gas, for example, was discovered in 1822.

Besides gas, the CWS also puts out a line of four varieties of smoke, some secret stuff called the H-C mixture, being one of them. This is harmless to troops on either side. There is no protection for anyone, though, against burning particles of white phosphorus, used to screen advancing troops and to start fires or, as the Army puts it, "create incendiary effects."

In the matter of gas, as far as our men know, no one nation has a great advantage over another as far as possession of any new deadly gas is concerned. Methods of detection, protection and decontamination are being constantly improved, and so the danger from gas tends to grow less.

The Allies' great advantage is that not only have they more gas than the enemy but they are better equipped to use it. Our productive capacity is many times that of the Axis because we have the raw material.

After the first gas surprise—the effect of which can only be momentary—the winner still will be, as old General Nathan Bedford Forrest used to say, "The side that gets thar fustest with the mostest."

That will be us.

THE END

★ ★ ★ Splendid saving food!

SAVES TIME SAVES WORK SAVES FUEL

US NEEDS US STRONG ★ EAT THE BASIC 7 EVERY DAY ★
7 BASIC FOOD GROUPS ARE NEEDED DAILY FOR GOOD NUTRITION
This food is included in...
NUTRITION GROUP
SIX

Whole grain nourishment. Rice Krispies are so CRISP you'll hear them*

Snap! Crackle! Pop!

Thank goodness for Rice Krispies these busy days. Ready *instantly* . . . they save time, work, fuel and other foods.

And how grand to know that they're one of the types of food recommended for daily use by the new U. S. Wartime Nutrition Program. *Rice Krispies are restored to whole grain food values in thiamin (Vitamin B$_1$), niacin and iron.

Serve these snap-crackle-pop tempters often with milk or cream to help make up for scarce protein foods and their vitamins.

Delicious Rice Krispies are oven-popped, gently toasted, flavored according to an exclusive Kellogg recipe.

"Rice Krispies" is a trade mark (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) of Kellogg Company for its oven-popped rice.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK
Kellogg's
RICE KRISPIES
OVEN POPPED RICE WITH SUGAR SALT AND MALT FLAVORING
NUTRITIOUS!
CRISP!
Snap
Crackle
Pop!
DELICIOUS!
PT

Copr. 1943 by Kellogg Company

BATTLE CREEK
..TO BROOKLYN
...TO BERLIN

IN BATTLE CREEK, a factory foreman gets an urgent long-distance call . . . *rushes* a specially made lathe to a Brooklyn bomb plant by AIR EXPRESS.

IN BROOKLYN, the lathe arrives 10 hours later . . . in time to avert a shutdown on a bomb assembly line.

AND IN BERLIN, "block busters" continue to whistle down through the flak on schedule . . . blowing Nazi war-plants to Kingdom Come.

TODAY, AIR EXPRESS is smashing wartime bottlenecks with 3-mile-a-minute service direct to more than 350 points in the U. S. and to over 60 foreign countries. At the same time AIR EXPRESS is working hand in hand with the Army and Navy to supply our fighting men on battle fronts throughout the world.

TOMORROW, AIR EXPRESS will girdle the globe in international peacetime commerce . . . to bring *all* foreign markets to the doorstep of American business.

AIR EXPRESS SPEEDS WAR PRODUCTION

SHIP EARLY—as soon as shipment is ready—to assure *fastest* delivery. PACK COMPACTLY to conserve valuable space. WRITE for our Calendar-blotter complete with Air Express shipping information. Dept. PR, Railway Express Agency, 230 Park Ave., N.Y.C.

AIR EXPRESS
AIR EXPRESS
Gets there FIRST

Phone RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY, AIR EXPRESS DIVISION
Representing the AIRLINES of the United States

Food That Fights

Continued from page 26

menu are landed at the same place at the same time, why, it's just a coincidence.

Good food alone is not considered enough. A man who is busy fighting—a flier who has landed on a desert island with problems of rescue to think about—can't take time to stop, finger to lip, like a housewife in front of a pantry shelf, wondering: "Now let's see, what shall I have for supper tonight?" Somebody else had better do that kind of thinking for him. And somebody does.

A while back, several assorted experts of the Quartermaster Corps in Washington went out for a picnic on the banks of the Potomac, taking a box of Mountain ration along. Several were women. They found out that they could do a lot of things with the contents besides cooking them straight. By combining the chocolate with the cereal, for instance, you could make an excellent pudding. By cooking the fruit bar with sugar and water, you could make marmalade. Recipes will be found in the package.

But from Alaska and the South Seas and England and Africa come dolorous reports of the craving for fresh meat, milk, vegetables, eggs—oh, lovely, lovely eggs! An officer with a European Theater ribbon on his blouse sat down in a dining car between Washington and New York.

"Keep bringing me eggs," he ordered the waiter. "I don't care how you cook 'em. Just fresh eggs." To a fellow passenger he explained: "I just got in with a convoy. I've been dreaming of this for months."

The Navy's food problem is quite different from that of the Army. For the Navy lives high as long as it remains afloat. Submarine crews live highest of all, on a food allowance that is fifteen cents a day higher per man than that of the other branches, and it's part of the submarine code that the icebox is never locked.

The mere mention of powdered soluble coffee will turn an old Navy man purple. Good coffee—*real* coffee—is part of the Navy tradition, and it's never more important than in the thick of a fight. While the boys on Guadalcanal dream feverishly of tinkling ice cubes, the Navy luxuriates in ice cream—at least on large ships—and it's another tradition that when a supply ship comes alongside in the tropics, the ice cream is put aboard even before the fuel oil.

Good News for the Thirsty

All the newer carriers and battlewagons have soda fountains. When one of the carriers was hit in a South Pacific battle, she developed a list, and word went out over the loud-speaker that ice cream would be sold at half price. Business was brisk; but as hours passed, the list began to improve, and a second announcement declared that the price was now back to normal.

Once the Navy has taken to small boats, however—ah, who wouldn't be in the Army then? Lifeboats and rafts are now equipped with fishing kits, and the instructions, printed on waterproofed paper, point out hopefully that "many tribes and some nations commonly eat raw fish and like it."

You'll never know how vast this global war is, until you've realized the tininess and multiplicity of its details. Ten million things can go wrong; ten million things must go right. Why was the K ration named K? Because someone foresaw that, with other food combinations named B, C and D, a letter with a different sound would be needed to avoid mistakes over a field telephone.

One group of Marines who landed on Guadalcanal ate canned corn for five days because dunking in the surf during landing operations had washed all the paper labels off the cans. Now the canned-goods labels are impressed directly on the tin.

The Navy found that ordinary wooden and cardboard cartons couldn't stand being hurled off of top decks and went to pieces in salt water. A new and tougher type of container was promptly developed.

Flavored to the Taste

The Army has learned that where water found at foreign-base camps is unpleasant-tasting, the boys won't drink enough of it for their health. But they will if you add a fruit flavoring.

Current lunch problem in the Air Forces: What's a pursuit pilot going to eat on his way home from knocking down a few Zeros? Give him a K ration, yes. *But*—he has to open the meat tin with one hand while flying his ship with the other. So they're trying to find a plastic container that he can tear open with his teeth.

Somebody described the ideal emergency ration as one which fits in the pocket, weighs next to nothing and eats like a Thanksgiving dinner cooked by Mother. The Army and the experts are still striving onward and upward toward this goal.

THE END

DELAYED ACTION

Forty-six years after Charles Eastland played on the varsity team, he received his football "O" from the University of Oregon.

Twelve years after Gregory A. Tello of San Diego took out a license to wed, he married the girl.

Forty-five years after Andrew Sturm carried away a key from the Brown Palace Hotel in Denver, it was returned to the desk clerk.

Mrs. Sarah Tooley of Valley City, North Dakota, got her first permanent at the age of 101.

Twelve years after he stopped speaking to her, Mrs. Harold Flintoff Hall of London sued her husband for divorce.

Thirteen years after a woman in Brockton, Massachusetts, lost her false teeth in a patrol wagon, she appeared at the police station and retrieved them.

One week after a bandit held up Mrs. Frances Boston in a Kansas City store, she got excited and fainted away.

Thirty years after Edward D. Fitzgibbons graduated from the Kansas City School of Law, he opened an office for the practice of his profession.

Twenty-five years after Carl Buchanan of Aurora, Indiana, was given a letter to mail, he found it in his pocket and dropped it in a mailbox.

W. E. FARBSTEIN

Our New Weapon—JAPANESE

Continued from page 13

diplomatic or military career was possible without English, and it is said that some Japanese business firms even used it for domestic correspondence.

Important business and diplomatic transactions were carried on in English or through Japanese interpreters. Many of our diplomatic representatives never learned Japanese. Indeed, only a few hundred Americans really knew it, and most of these were unavailable for war.

So Japanese was at the beginning, as the Japanese boasted, almost as safe as code for their communications. English, on the other hand, was an open book to them. Language became, for them, a formidable military weapon, and the once-funny stories about Japanese shouting false orders in English to deceive our men should join the other once-funny stories about the laughable inefficiency of their ships, planes and fliers. In tragic instances, the language ruse worked.

The Navy was awake. It had long had a proficient but too small group of men who knew Japanese, and it determined, long before Pearl Harbor, to prepare further, though secretly, for both diplomatic and military reasons. Naval authorities conferred with the few teachers of Japanese (only a handful of our larger universities taught the language) and some teachers thought speeded-up courses were practicable.

So the Navy went ahead. In October, 1941, two schools were started, one at Harvard and one at the University of California, where the blue-eyed, able Miss Walne was head of the Japanese Language section. The schools were military secrets until, after Pearl Harbor, military authorities would not exempt the California instructors from the order that all persons of Japanese descent must go inland. So in July, 1942, all instruction was centered at Boulder.

Why the Nisei? Well, the course is so fast that it outpaced not only slow students, but "book-learning" instructors who had learned their Japanese in college.

"We have made a new precision instrument out of the teaching of a classic subject," says Miss Walne. "We can tell almost to the hour where the student should be, and," she added a trifle grimly, "if he isn't there, he isn't here."

At Home in Two Languages

So the only instructors who could pour the Japanese to these students fast enough were those truly bilingual—including a very few Japan-reared Occidentals who constitute about ten per cent of the faculty—and the Nisei who from birth have been at home in both languages.

The Navy doesn't want students named or identified—also for obvious reasons. This doesn't apply to instructors, however. Courteous, painstaking Susumu Nakamura, chief instructor, is, like Miss Walne, from the Berkeley faculty. Born here, taken to Japan when six, he returned here at sixteen and worked his way through college as a houseboy in the home of a Baptist minister.

Then there's Doctor Lee Watanabe and Mrs. Watanabe. One of four physicians now on the teaching staff, Doctor Watanabe was studying at Mayo Clinic when the war broke out. There's Ariaki Inouye, Berkeley landscape architect; Mrs. Kyo Hirano, whose son is in the United States Army; Mrs. Maud Yakushi, a graduate of the Womens' College in Tokyo; lovely young Yoshiki Arimatsu, who was a voice student in Los Angeles; another girl whose American father is in a Japanese internment camp—and scores more.

Miss Walne herself was born in Japan, daughter of Reverend and Mrs. E. N. Walne, Baptist missionaries. She's been across the Pacific so many times she's lost count. She completed her Japanese studies at Radcliffe.

"It's not only untrue, it's defeatism and playing into the hands of our enemies, to say that Japanese is too difficult for us to learn," she says. "After all, as the daily language of 70,000,000 people, it cannot be so terribly difficult.

"Vowel values in spoken Japanese resemble the Italian. The language is sounded exactly as spelled. The Japanese, having no written language of their own, many centuries ago adopted the Chinese ideographs. But the monosyllabic ideographs were too clumsy to express the polysyllabic Japanese, and the Japanese developed out of them the supplementary 'table of fifty sounds' each representing a syllable. Grammar and syntax are basically simple, though there are complicated grammatical forms.

Literal Training by Ear

"In this swift, practical course we naturally by-pass culture and ethnology. It is based on texts evolved at the U. S. Embassy in Tokyo to teach—in three years—elementary Japanese to staff members. A Japanologist asked me what we do about phonetics, and I told him, 'We don't do anything. We just tell the boys their instructors speak as the Japanese do; to listen to them and speak that way.' "

The Navy still wants applicants, between 20 and 30 years old, qualified to become officers. They should have had at least three years of college work, and preferably some basic training in either Chinese or Japanese. But students of Phi Beta Kappa standing may qualify without Oriental languages. The Navy has now announced that Waves—whose qualifications as to education and intelligence must equal those of the men—will be accepted as students. When graduated, they will perform behind-the-lines duties where the use of Japanese is necessary, releasing the men for front-line work. Lieutenant Commander A. E. Hindmarsh, 3801 Navy Department Building, Washington, represents the department in enrollment, organization and administration. At Boulder, Captain Frank H. Roberts heads all naval training courses, and Lieutenant G. Kenneth Conover is executive of the language school.

In Boulder's streets, townsfolk and visitors alike are now accustomed to strolling, shopping groups of Nisei and their children. The community has done well. Few Orientals previously lived there, and the town and school were suddenly called upon to receive many people of Japanese blood, not set apart in a camp, but to be rented homes without discrimination, and to be neighbored with, to be entertained at faculty teas and community gatherings; to be received without hostility or condescension.

It's been done. A school class elected an instructor's son to the school council; a young people's Methodist group elected a Nisei its treasurer. Instructors have faculty rank—the school is an integral department of the university, conducted for the Navy under contract.

"We've done our part, considering everything," said A. A. Paddock, editor of the Boulder Camera.

Said Nakamura: "Boulder and the university have been fine to us. As loyal Americans, ours has been a difficult role, and each of us chosen for this important work is grateful for the chance to show this is our country, too."

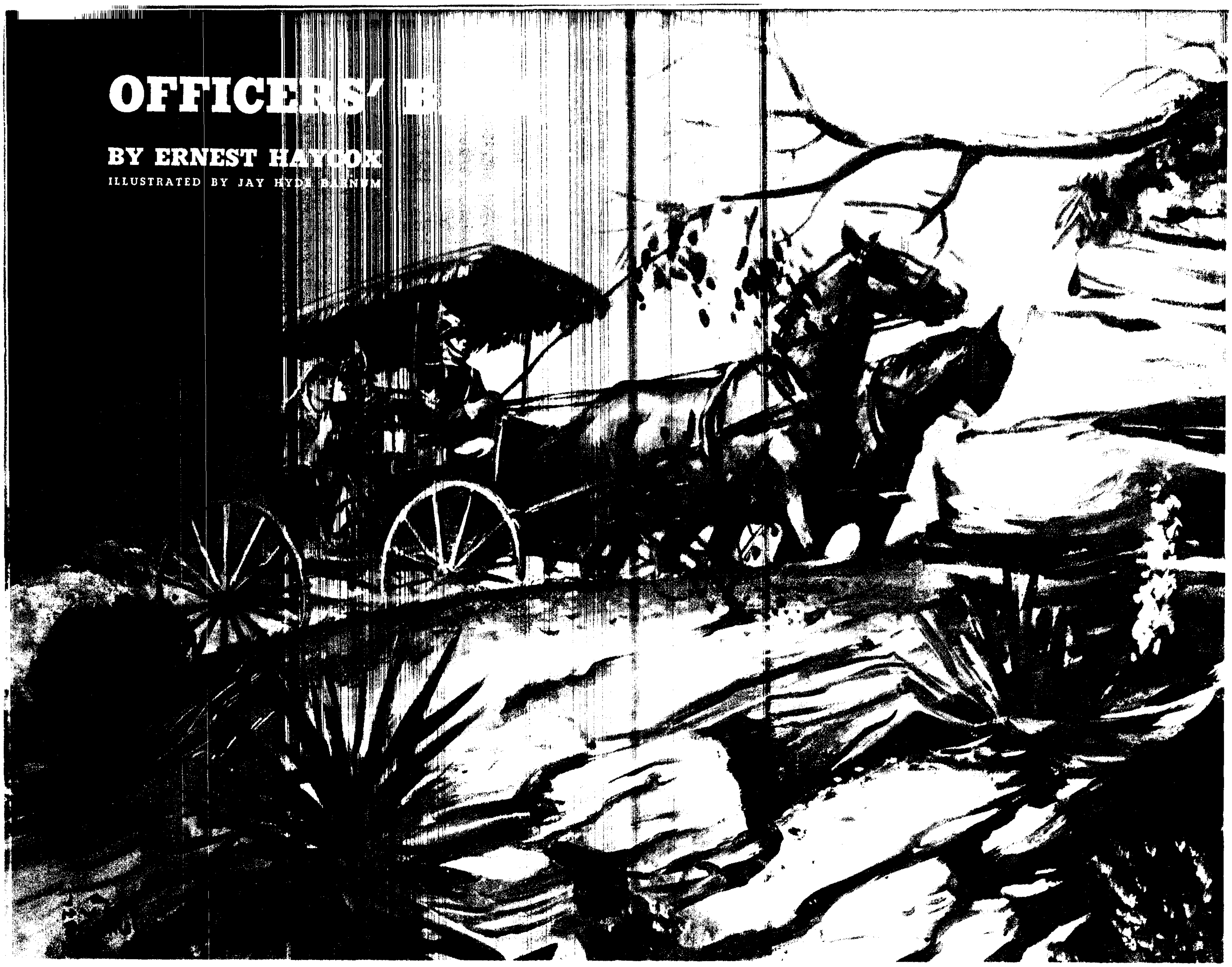
THE END

PEPSI-COLA
O. SOGLOW

OFFICERS' B

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM



Military rank has its prerogatives, but it cannot command the human heart

MRS. TREVOR debated the use of the perfume quite a little while; it was lilac and had been ordered from the east as a gift more than two years before, conveyed by Butterfield stage to Tucson and north to Prescott by courier. Since she had never cared much for perfume—and this was heavier than most—she had used it only once, as a concession to Jack who had bought it. He had always wanted strong fragrance around him.

Perhaps all men were the same, loving the incense which suggested beauty. It was time she thought of things like that again; to stir men and to be stirred by them, to put an end to the fruitlessness of being a woman wholly alone. She lifted the bottle's stopper, still debating. Tonight she went before critical eyes and she could not afford to be cheap in the way the women of the fort suspected her of being.

Tonight was important, for it would be the women who accepted or rejected her; still, it was a man who had interest in her, it was Lieutenant Jessup who would hold her as they danced. She closed her eyes a moment, and opened them and made two light contacts with the stopper against her hair.

She looked into the mirror and she said in critical detachment, "Why, I'm pretty." Then she instantly said, "No, not very pretty." The evening dress was green with small threads of silver at the bodice, and showed the filled symmetry of her upper body. Her hair, which was heavy and very dark and sometimes hard to manage, tonight pleased her, and the pleasure lightened her eyes. She was not yet twenty-five and her experiences should have hardened her; but the softness and warmth of her wishes tempered her realism, and so produced a countenance made firm by gravity, made wistful by her hopes.

There was one more thing. She held her hands on the dresser and looked down at the wedding ring which she had now worn for two years—one of marriage and one of widowhood—and for a moment her composed expression was disturbed by the unhappiness of the marriage and by the year of disillusion which had followed. Well, she thought, a year was long enough, and when she removed the ring and laid it away it was with the conviction she had honestly discharged a painful obligation.

She was ready, and moved to the window to look upon Prescott's dusty square. The day had been hot and the odor of baked lumber lay upon the town, but the mountain air began to bring in its chill. She saw the surrey come down the road from Fort Whipple and a start of warmth went through her. She let herself think of Lieutenant Jessup with some freedom. Perhaps this was the man; perhaps he was not, but nevertheless he opened a door for her and he would never know how much of a kindness that was to a woman who had lived alone and apart for so long. She let herself hope that out of this night might come a return to those normal and womanly things for which she had never ceased to pray.

LIEUTENANT JESSUP put on his boots, which had been rubbed to a high polish by his striker; he gave his wing collar a last jerk and slid into his dress blouse with its brass buttons and cord. He put on belt and dress helmet and gave it the slightest rake, and folded his white gloves into a pocket. He slipped the helmet strap under his chin and grinned at Lieutenant Belden who shared this room with him in bachelor hall. Belden said:

"Very fancy. Should make some lady's heart flutter. That is the intent, I take it?"

"The aim of man is conquest," said Jessup.

"I had not known you were considering matrimony, old man."

"Did I mention the word?"

"Who is the lady?"

"Mrs. Trevor."

Lieutenant Belden's eyebrows lifted. He said: "Ah. A beautiful creature. But will the ladies of the post appreciate your bringing her into their exclusive presence?"

"Perhaps not," said Jessup. "But Mrs. Trevor will be flattered to be among them, even if snubbed."

"You are hoping she will be grateful to you," said Belden.

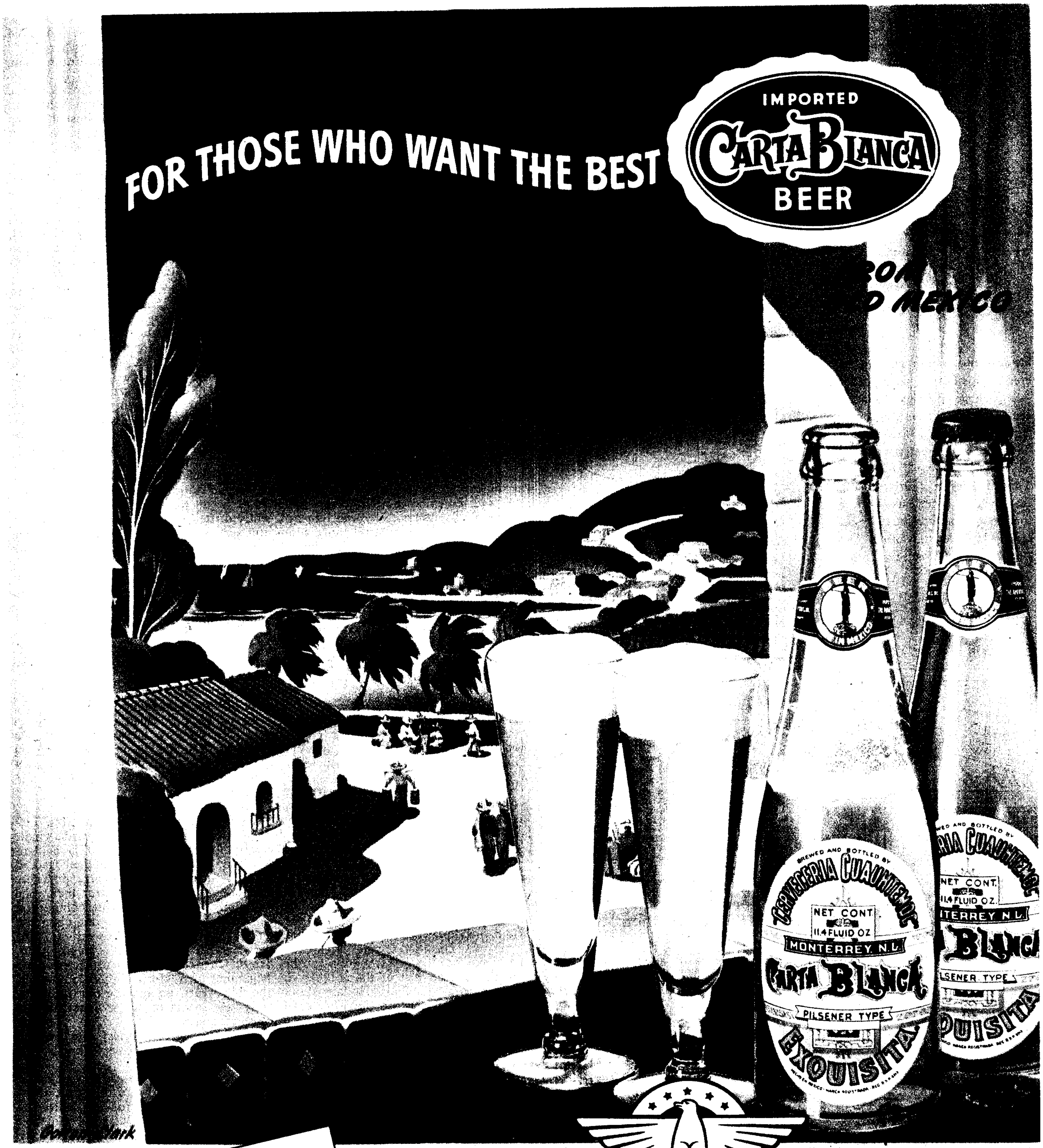
Jessup let go with a long, ringing laugh and stamped out of quarters. A surrey waited at the walk, and a sergeant, also in full dress, stood beside it. The sergeant straightened and stood aside as Jessup climbed into the surrey. "Mrs. Trevor's place," said the lieutenant. "You know where she lives?"

"Yes, sir," said the sergeant and stepped to the seat. He was as tall as Jessup, with a brown face fixed in proper gravity; his shoulders swelled up from a cavalryman's trim torso and he sat stiff on the seat as he drove the surrey out of Fort Whipple's gate toward the lights of near-by Prescott. His clothes were of rougher quality than Jessup's, but the fit of them and the splash of cavalry yellow upon them gave him the same dash.

Jessup said with a tone of curiosity, "How is it you know where she lives?"

"Prescott," said the sergeant, "is a small

The sergeant drove them toward town. He heard Lieutenant Jessup speak; he heard Mrs. Trevor's gentle reply. He sat straight and looked into the night


FOR THOSE WHO WANT THE BEST
IMPORTED
CARTA BLANCA
BEER
ROM
D MEXICO
CERVECERIA CUAUHTEMOC
BREWED AND BOTTLED BY
NET CONT.
11.4 FLUID OZ.
MONTERREY, N.L.
CARTA BLANCA
PILSENER TYPE
EXQUISITA

FREE... CUES FOR BARBECUES

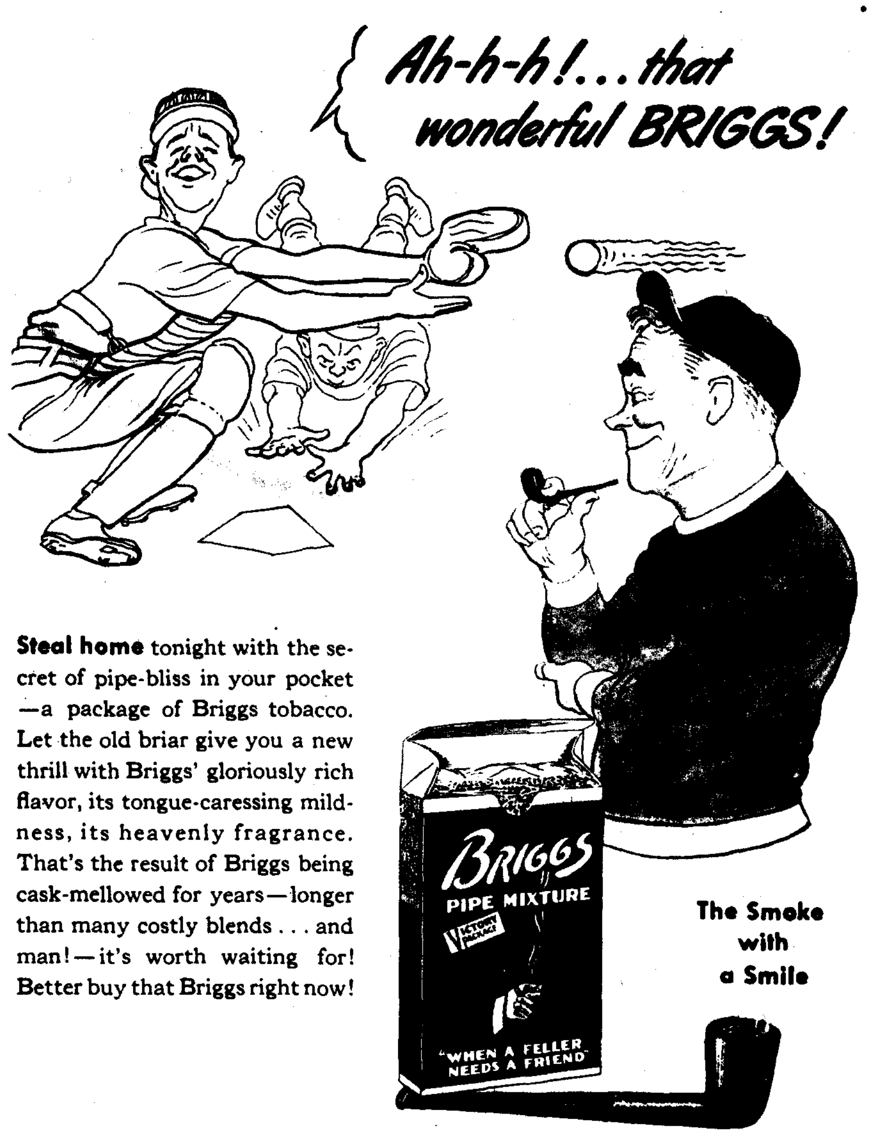
—illustrated outdoor cooking recipes, menus and suggestions. Write Dept. C, The American Distilling Company, Inc., 247 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

"Tried and True AMERICAN Since '92"

THE AMERICAN DISTILLING COMPANY INC.

PEKIN, ILL. **NEW YORK, N.Y.** **SAUSALITO, CAL.**

Agents and Importers


Ah-h-h!... that wonderful BRIGGS!
BRIGGS
PIPE MIXTURE
"WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND"

Steal home tonight with the secret of pipe-bliss in your pocket—a package of Briggs tobacco. Let the old briar give you a new thrill with Briggs' gloriously rich flavor, its tongue-caressing mildness, its heavenly fragrance. That's the result of Briggs being cask-mellowed for years—longer than many costly blends . . . and man!—it's worth waiting for! Better buy that Briggs right now!

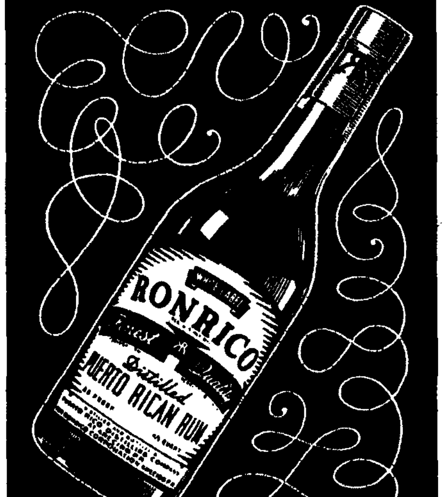
The Smoke with a Smile

PRODUCT OF P. LORILLARD COMPANY

ALSO KILLS LICE & TICKS

PULVEX
FLEA POWDER
25¢
AND 50¢

For smart drinkers



RONRICO

Best RUM bar none

The Rum Connoisseur contains over 100 tested drink and food recipes. Send for your Free copy. Ronrico Corporation, Dept. (D) Miami, Florida. Ronrico Rum 86, 90 and 151 Proof.

*Trade Marks of Ronrico Corporation

Weary Feet Perk Up With Ice-Mint Treat

When feet burn, callouses sting and every step is torture, don't just groan and do nothing. Rub on a little Ice-Mint. Frosty white, cream-like, its cooling soothing comfort helps drive the fire and pain right out . . . *tired muscles relax in grateful relief.* A world of difference in a few minutes. See how Ice-Mint helps soften up corns and callouses too. Get foot happy today, the Ice-Mint way. Your druggist has Ice-Mint.

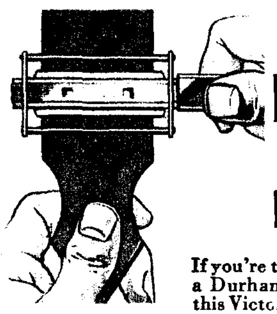
FALSE TEETH

KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost **as well as with natural teeth.** Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25¢ and 50¢ at druggists.... If your druggist hasn't it, ***don't waste money on substitutes,*** but send us 10¢ and we will mail you a generous trial box. © I. P. INC.

KLUTCH CO., Box 3007-H, ELMIRA, N. Y.

THIS STROP gives DURHAM blades NINE LIVES



If you're the lucky owner of a Durham Duplex Razor*, this Victory Strop will make your long-lasting Durham blades last even longer. Durham's famous *hollow-ground* blades are *twice thicker*—to take repeated stroppings for "new blade" smoothness every shave.

*In case you don't own a Durham Razor, you may still find one at your drugstore.

Send $1 direct for special Durham strop outfit. Can be used only on Durham Duplex Blades. Sorry, No C. O. D.'s.

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. P, MYSTIC, CONN.

town. I knew her husband, and have been able to be of some small assistance to Mrs. Trevor in the past."

"Ah," said Jessup. "You take your discharge tomorrow, by the way?"

"Yes, sir."

"I believe," said Jessup, "the colonel has offered you a chance at a commission upon your re-enlistment. Are you re-enlisting?"

"Yes, sir."

Jessup rendered his cool, casual advice. "You're an excellent noncom, Dustin, but you had better think twice on this commission. You have observed other officers who come from the ranks. They have a rough time of it. There's a difference in background. You see what I mean?"

"Yes, sir."

"Don't let yourself in for a rough time," said Jessup in a slightly patronizing tone.

THE sergeant turned about the square and stopped before Mrs. Trevor's house. The lieutenant gave his shoulders a shake to set his uniform more snugly, moved to the door and gave it a brisk knock. Mrs. Trevor came promptly to the door; the sergeant, carefully watching this scene, saw Jessup remove his hat, tuck it under his arm and make a smiling bow. Mrs. Trevor's face broke into charming lines; the pleasure on her cheeks was something the sergeant's eyes soberly noted and remembered. She turned back into the house momentarily and returned with her wrap, which the lieutenant spread around her shoulders. Then the two of them came forward to the surrey.

Mrs. Trevor was smiling and soft, and happiness radiated from her. She gave the sergeant a quick glance. "Good evening, Dustin."

"Good evening, Mrs. Trevor," he said and noticed that the lieutenant's eyes sharply flicked him. The lieutenant handed Mrs. Trevor into the surrey, and Dustin circled the rig around the square and pointed for the Fort. He sat as before, square and still on his seat, listening to the half-voiced murmuring of Jessup's speech and the little surges of intimacy in it; listening also to the changing melodies in Mrs. Trevor's tone.

Officers and their ladies were strolling up through the bland night toward the Quartermaster's Building, and townsmen's rigs deposited their couples at the door. In his turn, the sergeant reached the strip of plush carpet before the building and waited for the regimental sergeant major to hand down Mrs. Trevor. Afterward he drove the surrey around the building and hitched the team to a rack.

He dallied long enough to smoke a pipe. As he was finishing it the regimental band broke into the grand march, and he heard the massed feet of the couples go tramping around the floor. He tapped out his pipe, careful to scrub the ashes dead beneath his boot, and got to wondering how the ladies of the post would meet Mrs. Trevor. A stinging warmth went through him as he thought of the embarrassment they could cause her and he murmured to himself: "Damn 'em, she's a lady! Let them see it." With that in his mind he entered a rear door of the Quartermaster's Building and made his way to the punch bowl, which was his duty for the evening.

The grand march had faded into the first dance and all the couples moved in swinging turns around the floor, beneath the draped bunting and crossed guns and improvised shields. The colonel went by with his lady, lifting and dropping on his heels with an old man's stiff attempt at flourish, his face scarlet above a set of massive white mustaches. Bachelor officers began to form a stag line near the punch bowl. He heard one of them say: "Who's Jessup got?"

"Mrs. Trevor."

"Ah. Let's see. Wasn't her husband a gambler in town?"

"Jack Trevor. He was shot and killed a little before you came to duty here."

"Well, I must say. Beautiful woman, though."

Sergeant Dustin stood balanced on the balls of his feet, his features solid and deliberately inexpressive against the deep tan of his face, but his glance went out upon the floor and found Mrs. Trevor and remained with her.

She was with the lieutenant, small against the lieutenant's height; now and then he caught a view of her face and saw its prettiness, its liveliness, its expressive charm. The lieutenant, he observed, was on his mettle and seemed to be making progress with her, for now and then she looked up to him and laughed.

When the dance ended the two drifted around the floor and came to other couples; and the sergeant's eyes grew narrower as he watched these little scenes—Jessup introducing Mrs. Trevor to the ladies and the officers. The officers bowed and the ladies made acknowledgment and for a moment the group was like that, some kind of talk carrying it briefly. Afterward the group most casually broke up, leaving Jessup and Mrs. Trevor to themselves. Mrs. Trevor's face remained composed.

The lieutenant danced with Mrs. Trevor a second time; thereafter the bachelor stags began to claim her. Couples presently drifted toward the punch bowl and this spot grew lively. The colonel and the regiment's majors came together and fell into shop talk, and Jessup and Mrs. Trevor stopped before Captain Bullitt and Mrs. Bullitt. Jessup said: "Mrs. Bullitt, Mrs. Trevor."

Mrs. Bullitt was a stately woman; she was a matron of some consequence and she gave Mrs. Trevor a cool survey, saying: "Good evening, Mrs. Trevor. I have heard of you."

Captain Bullitt made his courtesy and Mrs. Trevor looked upon both of them with her set gentleness. Jessup essayed a few light phrases; he was thus engaged when Mrs. Bullitt cut him off by turning to her husband. "Will," she said, "I must see Mrs. Ames before I forget," and walked away with him.

JESSUP'S cheeks grew pink. Mrs. Trevor, still smiling, turned toward a chair, lightly murmuring to Jessup. The lieutenant stood by a little while and then excused himself and made off on an errand. There was nobody near Mrs. Trevor then. She sat alone with her pleasant composure, hands in her lap, looking out upon the floor with a faraway expression. The sergeant had a punch glass in his hand. He watched her a moment; he saw the beginning of a break in her composure, the first weariness and the first hopelessness. He swung to her at once with the glass of punch.

The little act of courtesy touched her. She said in slight surprise, "That is nice of you, Dustin."

He made a small bow and went away, crossing the floor toward the small dressing room improvised for the ladies; he called out Sergeant Delaney's daughter who was in charge of the room. He said: "Mrs. Trevor's wrap. The red one. You know it? He returned to Mrs. Trevor with the wrap and laid it over her shoulders, saying: "Night's getting chilly and there's a draft in this big place."

Her glance again came to him with its greater interest. "How did you know which wrap was mine?"

"I paid attention to it," he said.

"Why, Sergeant," she said. The pleasantness was a mask, the happiness was a mask. He saw it fall away as she watched him. Her eyes seemed very black, and strong feeling had a momentary effect on her features. Somehow this one small act on his part had set off unpleasant emotions. It surprised him a little; but he was reassured by the warmth in her voice. "You're very kind."

"No," he said. "I wouldn't say that."

Jessup returned to observe the scene, half in indulgence and half in critical sharpness. "I see," he drawled, "you've been cared for."

"Yes," said Mrs. Trevor.

"We have here," said Jessup most coolly, "a gentleman in the making."

"I don't understand," said Mrs. Trevor.

"The sergeant's enlistment expires at eleven o'clock in the morning. The colonel has promised him, if he re-enlists, a try at a commission."

"Why," said Mrs. Trevor, "that's a wonderful thing."

Jessup stared at the sergeant. "Changing from the rough to the smooth is not always a happy change; nor can all men make it."

The music was about to begin. Mrs. Trevor stood up, handing her wrap to the sergeant. She looked most seriously at him. "You're of course going to re-enlist?"

"I have been thinking of it."

She paused, with Jessup's arm touching her. "Many people dream, but few people ever realize their dreams. You have a chance that comes only to few. Don't miss it."

The sergeant watched her go with Jessup into the main hall, turn to him and form a set as the music began; he carried Mrs. Trevor's wrap back to the dressing room and again took post at the punch bowl. He stood there as he might have stood sentry duty, at ease but straight and woodenly grave.

The colonel presently came by and damped down his thirst. He swashed the punch around his mouth, and said: "Hogwash for ladies. Dustin, you'll make a damned dashing officer for looks. When you swear in again tomorrow, report to me. I've got some papers for you to fill out."

"Sir," said the sergeant, "I'd like twenty-four hours in a civilian suit before I take the oath again."

"Good enough," said the colonel. "But be damned careful what you do in those twenty-four hours. Don't lay any folly against your record."

"No, sir," said the sergeant.

The colonel blended with the crowd, and the sergeant's attention ferreted through the hall until it came upon Mrs. Trevor; and for an hour his glance scarcely left her. She was with Jessup, she was with a stag officer, she was with Jessup again.

Once, during intermission, they formed part of a group, but gradually the group broke away until they were alone again; and when the next dance began she was once more with a stag officer. It was clear to Dustin then. The ladies of the post had laid down the law; married officers were not dancing with Mrs. Trevor. At twelve o'clock the band played Auld Lang Syne and the sergeant left the building and brought the surrey around, taking his turn in the line of carriages.

Townspeople and post people mixed together in the midnight darkness, speaking and laughing and moving away. Jessup and Mrs. Trevor stood together, and the stag officers came up to render their last pleasantries and to depart. The colonel and his lady paused to speak; the colonel's lady said something to Mrs. Trevor and touched her arm; that was all. The crowd broke into little groups and moved through the darkness toward after-dance suppers. Jessup and Mrs. Trevor were alone when the sergeant brought up the surrey.

HE DROVE them across the parade and through the gate toward town. He heard Jessup speaking in a soft, idle tone; he heard Mrs. Trevor's gentle reply. He sat straight on the seat and looked forward into the night with his eyes half closed. This was Jessup's hour; this was when Jessup, having flattered a lady by taking her to an officers' ball, now collected on his flattery.

When Dustin stopped at Mrs. Trevor's house, he sat still, watching Jessup hand out Mrs. Trevor. Mrs. Trevor walked quite slowly toward her door; the lieutenant followed her a moment with his glance, and the sergeant saw the keen, half-excited expression on the officer's face. Suddenly Jessup looked at him, murmuring: "Wait for me," and followed Mrs. Trevor to her door.

He was smiling down at her lifted face and he said some quiet thing which held her still for quite a long moment. Then her shoulders made a gesture and Jessup stepped into the house with her and closed the door behind him.

The sergeant drew a great long breath and reached for his pipe. He bit his teeth into the stem. He wrapped the reins around the brake handle and got down and began pacing back and forth, the noise of his boots on the boardwalk making a racket. He stopped and faced Mrs. Trevor's house and drew a heavy sigh out of his chest and put the pipe into his pocket. He had not been there more than two or three minutes when Jessup came

BEHIND THE 8-BALL

A man in prison in Canon City, Colorado, fractured his leg in an accident. *The next day his commutation of sentence arrived.*

Mrs. J. W. Noble of Garden City, Kansas, found 33 four-leaf clovers one afternoon. *During the hunt she lost her new gold wrist watch.*

Eugene Booth bought a café in Tulsa with his life savings. *He took charge at 9 A.M.—and at 4 P.M. a tornado struck and demolished the place.*

Russell Bigelow, second mate on an oil tanker tied up at Elizabeth, New Jersey, struck a match on his trousers. *They were oil-soaked and he ended up in a hospital.*

Thieves broke into a factory at Duncannon, Pennsylvania, and cracked a huge safe. *It was empty—and they left this note on the safe door: "Another night shot to pieces!"*

A dentist in Raton, New Mexico, offered free extraction of two teeth to the person buying the biggest bond in a War Bond Sales Campaign. *The winner didn't have a single tooth.*

George Meister, Chicago grocer, carried a gun in his pocket every day for four years. *But on the very first day he left it at home, a bandit entered the shop and took $120 away from him.*

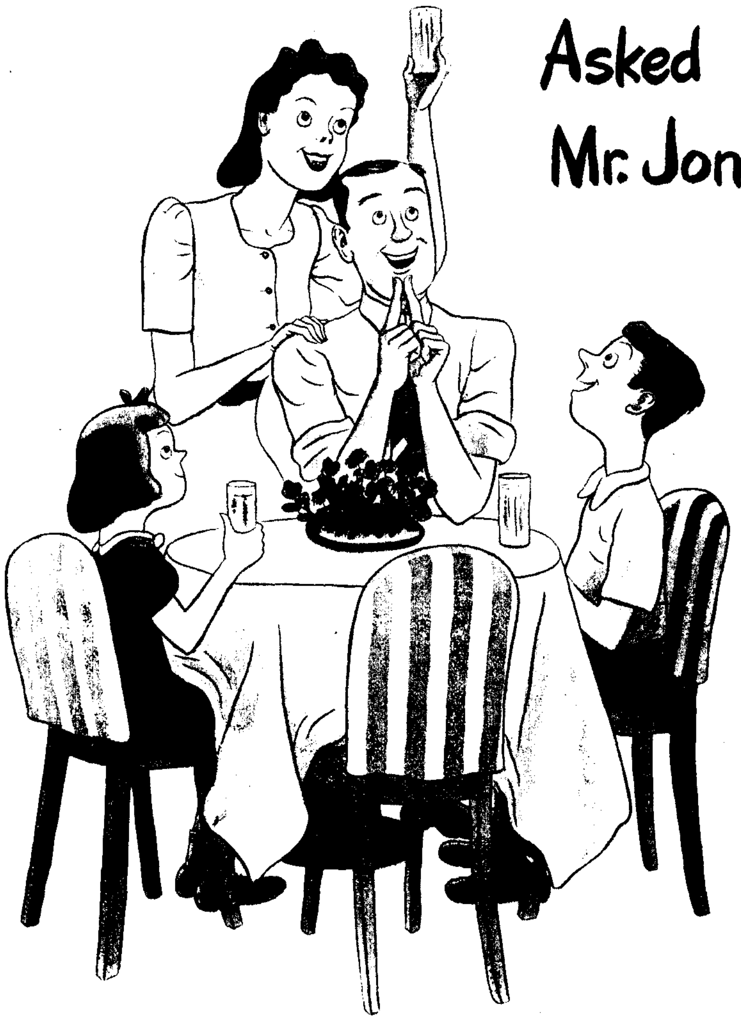
Charles Wilson of Norwalk, Connecticut, had his Social Security number tattooed on his shoulder. *Then the government assigned another number to him.*

Charles Ellison, sitting as a juror in Nashville, was locked up for a week in an important case. *When he was released, he found 7 traffic tags on his parked car.*

W. E. FARBSTEIN

"Fine or superfine?"

Asked Mr. Jones



"Oh, Superfine definitely,"

answered Mrs. Jones.

"Hmmm, glass is frosted. Wouldn't be iced coffee?"

"*No!*" answered Mrs. Jones, "though goodness knows some people are still under the mistaken impression that it's just a coffee *substitute.*"

"Well, does it taste like coffee?" asked Mr. Jones, who wasn't to be thrown off the scent that easily.

"It certainly doesn't," said Mrs. Jones sharply. "And it doesn't taste like tea, either—it just tastes like . . . like, well, like what it *is.*"

"This isn't just something you happened to dream up yourself?" asked Mr. Jones, suspiciously.

"Of course not," answered Mrs. Jones. "I'll give you a hint. It's one of America's *great* mealtime drinks and it starts with 'P'."

"Now let's see," said Mr. Jones, putting his tongue in his cheek. "Pomegranate juice, persimmon juice . . ."

"Oh, Stanley!" cried Mrs. Jones. "It's POSTUM!"

"POSTUM?" chuckled Mr. Jones. "You mean that wonderful drink we've been having right along—hot?"

"Of course!" answered Mrs. Jones happily. "It tastes just as good *iced*, you know . . . *even better* in this hot weather."

"Well," said Stanley, "why didn't somebody think of this before?"

"Millions—" began Mrs. Jones, and then thought better of it. Mr. Jones was happy, wasn't he?

YOU OUGHT TO TRY POSTUM. *It comes in two convenient forms: Postum, the one you boil, percolate, or drip; and* Instant *Postum, made instantly by simply adding boiling water. (Complete directions for* Iced Postum *are on the package.) Both are products of General Foods.*

Postum—One of America's Great Mealtime Drinks

from the house, walking rapidly; his face was flushed and sulky.

"Come on—come on," he said and jumped into the surrey.

He sat beside the sergeant with his arms locked across his chest and his face pulled into a tight scowl. He remained that way until Dustin drew the surrey before bachelor hall. Then Jessup stepped to the ground and looked up at the sergeant.

"Who told you to get Mrs. Trevor's wrap? Was it your idea?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah," said Jessup, "you are quite a gentleman, but you are still a sergeant. Keep your bounds, do you understand?"

The sergeant drove the rig to headquarters stables. As he got down he noticed something white in the back seat and found it to be Mrs. Trevor's handkerchief. He held it in his palm, the scent of it rising to him; and he smiled a little as he thought of her, and then no longer smiled when he noticed how tightly compressed the handkerchief was. She had squeezed it in her hand until it was a small round ball.

IT WAS long after taps, with the guards regularly tramping up and down the limits of the fort. After he had put the team away the sergeant moved past the headquarters stables and stood in the darkness until the sentry on Post One had gone on toward Post Two; then he cut across the line, reached the road and made his way to town. It was scarcely half an hour since he had left Mrs. Trevor's, and a light still burned in her window. He gave the door a soft rap and stood back, prepared to wait.

She opened it almost immediately and he saw two things at once: She had made no preparations for bed, and she had been crying; he noticed the dark, damp shining in her eyes. When she saw him she smiled slightly; but a heaviness clung to her lips. He held out the handkerchief to her.

She took it and thanked him; she looked at him in a most direct way. "You have been particularly nice to me, especially kind."

"Kindness has nothing to do with it." Then he said: "Why did you let him into the house?"

"To thank him," she said. Then she shrugged her shoulders. "More than that, perhaps. To see what he had to say."

"It wasn't what you wanted to hear, was it?"

"No," she said.

"He came to collect for his evening, didn't he?"

"Yes," she said.

"You knew that was what he would do," he said.

She said: "Sergeant, a woman in my position always expects the worst, but always hopes that somehow it will be better than that."

"Damn the man! He hurt you!"

"Yes. But it doesn't matter."

"You have had a bad time tonight."

"I should have expected that, too."

"Then why did you go?"

"It was a chance for me. Like your chance. Those things seldom come, particularly for a gambler's widow. Did I show my misery so plainly?"

"No," he said. "You never let them see what they were doing to you. But I knew."

She asked: "How could you know?"

"I know exactly how you'd look if you were really happy. Good night, Mrs. Trevor."

When he reached the sidewalk he looked
found her at the doorway, her
and distinct against
round again, but
ing him.

ven o'clock and at
quarters dressed in
s a strange feeling
remember not to salute the officer of the day when the latter passed. He walked by the guard gate, grinned at the sergeant of the guard, and strolled townward with a cigar fragrantly burning. The suit was an expensive one, the cigar was the best to be had in Prescott; and all this was meant for only twenty-four hours. This was the end of five years and a break before he began another period of service, and he savored the break of discipline keenly as he moved down the town's street. The Lordsburg stage stood made up by the Wells-Fargo office, and for a moment Bob Dustin remembered the world lying beyond this post and this town—the land and the rivers, the green valleys and the cities, all waiting for him. On this day he could think of those things, dwell upon them—and reject them as a free man.

He had dinner at the hotel and, with his second cigar lighted, he continued around the square at a sauntering pace until he had reached Mrs. Trevor's. He paused here and dropped his cigar into the dust; he faced Mrs. Trevor's door with his shoulders squared and a flash of excitement in his eyes. He had no need to knock. Mrs. Trevor was at the doorway when he reached it.

She was smiling and, since he had watched the manner of her smiling before, he knew she was pleased with him. She said: "You make a handsome civilian, Sergeant."

He entered at her silent suggestion. He closed the door and stood in the room's cool shadows. He said: "I had the hotel's best dinner and the hotel's best cigar. I stood on the corner and jingled my money in my pocket. I had the gold broken into silver so it would make a nicer sound. And I gave some thought to the stage, just fancying where I'd care to go. It is a nice day, five years due."

She was troubled at his mention of the stage. "Don't think of leaving. You're not, are you?"

"Now," he said, "you're nice to think about me."

She tilted her head and the light of the windows got into her hair and set it to shining. Her lips were distinct against her skin; and the disappointments of her life showed in her eyes at the moment. "Two years ago I took a stage away from a town. Don't you do it, Sergeant."

SOMEONE'S boots tapped along the walk, and a set of knuckles briskly rapped the door. To the sergeant, that brisk rap had a familiar tone; to Mrs. Trevor, the sound produced a change, the pleasantness leaving her face as she moved to the door. Lieutenant Jessup stood confidently before her when she opened it; and came in.

He looked coolly, critically at the sergeant. He studied the sergeant's clothes. "A fine set of feathers for a day, Sergeant." He gave Mrs. Trevor a keen glance. "I had not known he was an acquaintance of yours. Or is he presuming on his status?"

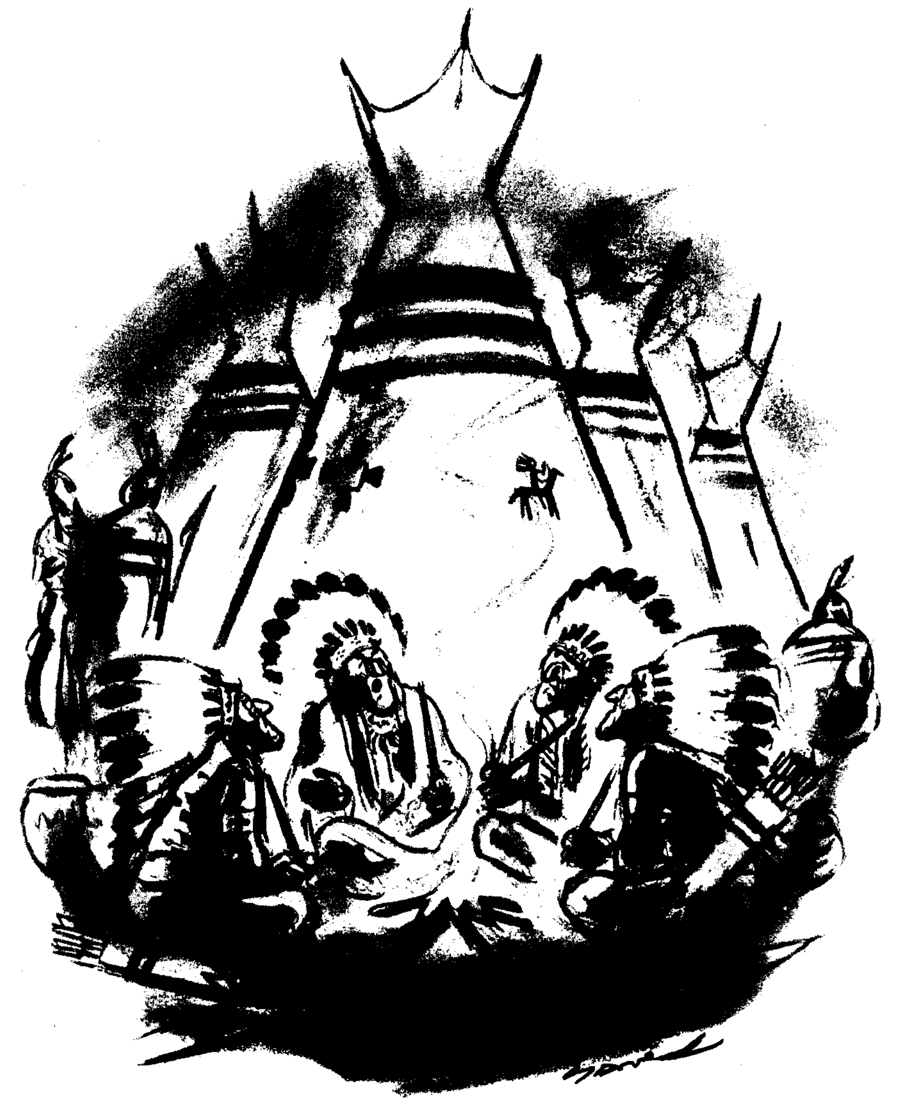
"Mr. Dustin is welcome here," said Mrs. Trevor.

Lieutenant Jessup's mouth grew firm and he said with that distinct politeness which a man might use on an inferior, "Dustin, step outside while I talk with Mrs. Trevor."

Dustin said to Mrs. Trevor: "Do you want me to go?"

"No," she said.

"Ah," said Jessup, "that makes everything quite clear, doesn't it?"



"I'd soften 'em up with sustained pattern and dive-bombing, throw my paratroops in on the right flank, crash through the center with my heavy armor and mobile artillery—"

COLLIER'S LEONARD DOVE

The sergeant said, "You're just a vain peacock, Jessup. Always fluffing your feathers. This time you made a mistake. You're in the house of a lady, and you have caused her considerable embarrassment. I am going to knock you down and scrub your face on the carpet. Then I am going to boot you across the porch." He dropped his head and moved across the room at Jessup who stood alert. The lieutenant's color was suddenly high and he had a wary expression in his eyes. He lifted his arms, half in defense.

"Why," he said, actually surprised that the sergeant should be thus presuming, "you're a little out of your water, Dustin. Keep on your own side; don't interfere."

The sergeant came steadily on, saying nothing more at all; but suddenly Mrs. Trevor took three long steps and put herself in front of him. She placed the flat of her hand on the sergeant's chest, and she was as firm and as positive as he was. "No," she said, "you're not hitting him. Do you know what you'd lose if you did?"

He said: "It is time, isn't it, for somebody to take your part?"

The lieutenant started to speak. Mrs. Trevor kept her hand on the sergeant's chest, and spoke over her shoulder. "Mr. Jessup, you go on." He seemed a little slow about it, whereupon Mrs. Trevor's voice slapped him roughly: "Don't be more of a fool than you've already been. Go on!"

THE lieutenant had his pride and it was affronted. He made a stiff bow, cast a rankled glance at Dustin and went out with his feet stamping on the porch boards. Suddenly the pressure left Mrs. Trevor's hand and she dropped it. "You were so near destroying what is rightfully coming to you."

"Why," said the sergeant, "I can't let him go unscotched."

"You would have ruined yourself," she said. "You never would have been an officer. Oh, Sergeant, you don't know how hard a thing it is to lose a chance. You've never had to pay for a foolish thing long after the foolish thing was done. You'd look back, you'd remember, you'd never stop regretting."

"I'll remember I didn't knock him down," said the sergeant.

"No," she said, "you will hold it in and you will do nothing. You will go back and re-enlist and do what it is intended you should do."

"When I think what that fool put you through last night, Mary—"

"It will pass, Sergeant, as a hundred other hurts have passed. Jessup is a little man and you must not let a little man destroy you. The little people will always destroy us, if we let them." Then she stopped short and stared at him, and said in a swift voice, in a changed and startled voice: "Just now you called me Mary. It has always been Mrs. Trevor before; and yet it sounded natural. Why?"

"I have called you that in my mind for a year," he said.

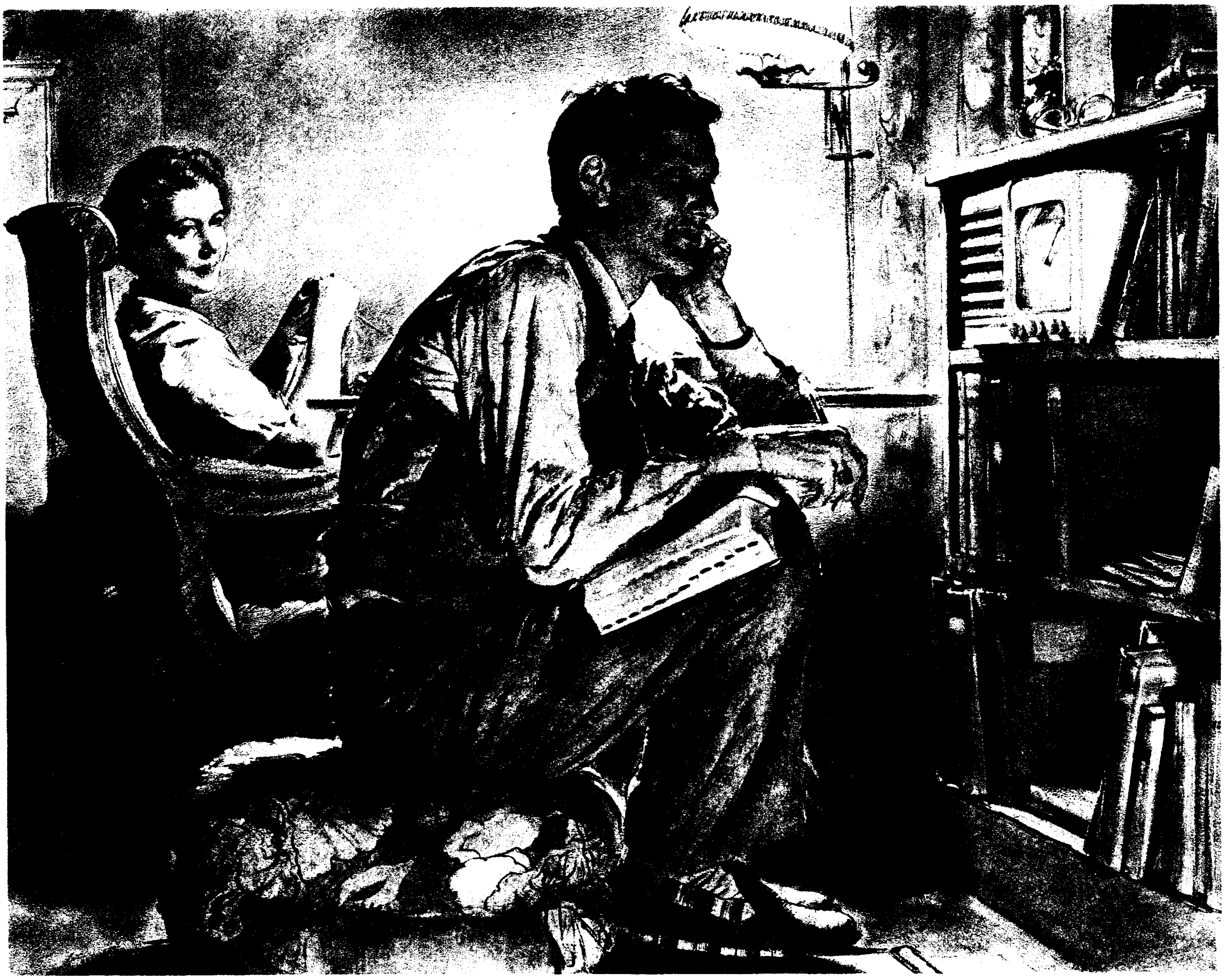
She came over the room to him, closely reading his face, its substance, its expression; and a strong light came into her eyes and stirred her lips. She touched him, and suddenly she put her head against him, and he placed his arms around her and stood motionless. "You would have thrown it all away for me?" she whispered.

"It is about time somebody threw something away for you," he said. Then he thought to himself: Why, it is me she came to. He waited, the fragrance of her hair rising to him; he waited and was still not sure. But when she lifted her head and he saw the fine, pleased glow in her eyes he said: "Now that is what should always be there. Did I put it there?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, I'll keep it there," he said and kissed her.

THE END



Mrs. Howard's recipe for the "grumps"...

MR. HOWARD had the glooms tonight. Was just sort of grumping his way through the evening.

Then Mrs. Howard (bless her heart) turned on his favorite quiz show. And before he knew what happened, there was Mr. Howard chortling out the answers (well one answer anyway) ahead of the experts.

Funny how little things can make such a difference to people—especially these days. Little privileges like listening to what you want to on the radio. Little pleasures like wearing a new tie . . . chatting over the back fence with Fred next door.

Little things, sure! But they warm the heart . . . comfort the spirit. They build morale.

☆ ☆ ☆

It happens that there are millions of Americans who attach a special value to their right to enjoy a refreshing glass of beer . . . in the company of good friends . . . with wholesome American food . . . as a beverage of moderation after a good day's work.

A glass of beer—a small thing, surely, not of crucial importance to any of us. And yet—morale *is* a lot of little things like this.

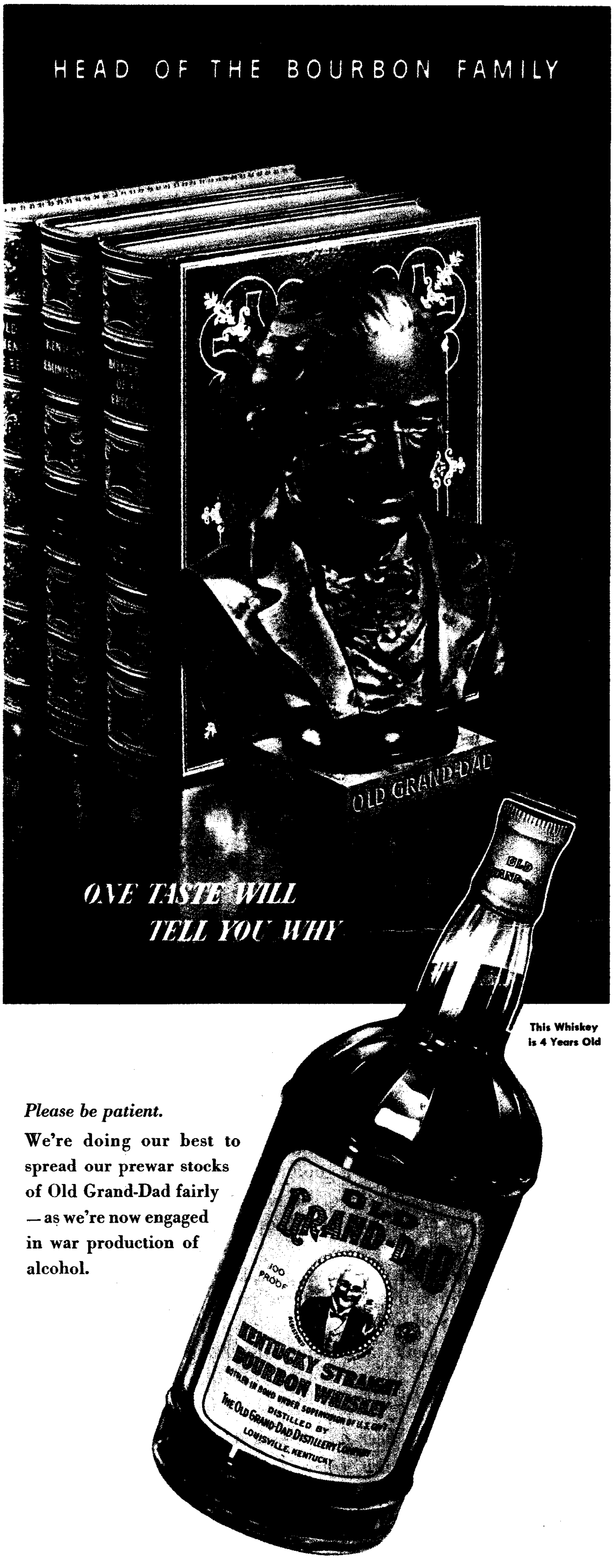
Little things that help to lift the spirit, keep up the courage. Little things that are part and parcel of our own American way of life.

And, after all, aren't they among the things we fight for?

A refreshing glass of beer or ale — a moment of relaxation . . . in trying times like these they too help to keep morale up.

MORALE IS A LOT OF LITTLE THINGS

BREWING INDUSTRY FOUNDATION


HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY
ONE TASTE WILL TELL YOU WHY
OLD GRAND-DAD
OLD GRAND-DAD
100 PROOF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

This Whiskey is 4 Years Old

Please be patient.

We're doing our best to spread our prewar stocks of Old Grand-Dad fairly — as we're now engaged in war production of alcohol.

BOTTLED IN BOND, 100 PROOF

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Corner of Heaven

Continued from page 20

comfortable chair and enjoying his cocktail.

"She hasn't been around young people at all. She watches 'em, dancing 'round here sometimes, Saturday nights, as if they were in a zoo. Her grandfather kept her in a cloister—that's what it amounted to! He was old-fashioned. You'd laugh at her telling me she'd always made her own clothes. 'But,' she says, 'of course when I'd be in town with Grandfather or General Cruickshank I'd buy the material sometimes; I didn't always spin that!' "

"Spin!" The ejaculation came from Alan McIntyre.

"Oh, certainly!" Mrs. Lawrence told them, pleased with their interest and surprise. "Old man Mountjoy had her taught to do everything like that—spinning and churning and putting up fruit. Why, when she was over one day there was a nice boy here, one of the Hitchcock boys, and I got them talking together, and he asked her if she'd been playing tennis that morning. 'Oh, no,' she says, 'I was quilting for a while and then I did some Greek with Grandfather and then I had to pickle some pork—we killed a hog last week.' Well," finished the speaker, against a general burst of laughter, "that was enough for *him!* He walked right out the door and I haven't seen him since!"

"Oh, I love it!" said Jane. "And what's she going to do?"

"Well, I don't know. There doesn't seem to be any demand for the sort of thing she *can* do," Mabel Lawrence confessed, perplexed. "She's perfectly happy puttering around with Dora in the kitchen, but that doesn't seem to be the right life for the granddaughter of Professor Mountjoy."

"I know that name," said Alan. "What'd he do?"

"Stars," Jody answered. "Supposed to have written the finest study yet about one of the satellites of—what was it, Jane?"

"Jupiter," Jane said at random. "Has Jupiter satellites? If he has, it was Jupiter."

"Betelgeuse was the one he was always talking about, that is, when I heard him," Mrs. Lawrence contributed uncertainly. "But he and old General Cruickshank used to play chess and backgammon mostly. She plays chess, too, Griselle does. And what she doesn't know about the stars! And here I am gossiping!" she broke off apologetically, "and you'll want to finish your drinks and come and have dinner. Here's Griselle now."

FOR the dark girl had opened the door noiselessly.

"Whenever you're ready, Aunt Mabel," she said, apparently unaware of the sudden interest with which the three guests were studying her. "Mrs. Barker's table is ready. And there's a woman on the telephone who wants to arrange something for Saturday night."

"Coming," Mrs. Lawrence said, and they all went out together. "Is Ella taking care of their table?" Alan heard her ask the girl in an undertone.

"Ella's disappeared again," Griselle answered, with a philosophical smile that suddenly brightened her rather sober young face. "I'll do it."

"You'd be an angel if you would!" the old woman said fervently. Alan felt a little quickening of pleasure in his blood as the girl nodded. "Dora wants you to fix the gravy," she went on, in an undertone.

"Oh, yes; I'll do all that, I'll do all that!"

They crossed the hall to one of the larger rooms, where various little dinner parties were in progress, and were placed by Griselle at a small table near the great open fire. Helped by the old colored butler, the girl came and went with glasses and silver. Presently a turtle soup was steaming before them, and after that, the famous fried chicken, mantled in bubbling gravy that was streaked cream.

"You've lived all your life in this part of Maryland, haven't you, Griselle?" Jane presently said in her friendly way.

"At my grandfather's house, yes," the girl said.

"But you go into Washington often?"

"Not often. Not at all now," Griselle answered simply. "But sometimes Grandfather and I would drive in to see some collection at one of the galleries, or to look up something in the Library. The Shakespeareana is wonderful," she added thoughtfully.

"But not movies?" Jody guessed, with a grin.

"Newsreels. I think three times we went to newsreels. And once at the newsreel there was an animated cartoon—you know," Griselle explained, "not people moving, but drawings."

"I know," Alan said seriously, "I know what you mean."

"It was wonderful! It was the old zoetrope theory, I suppose," Griselle observed, taking away the plates.

"WELL, talk of the Neanderthal man!" Jody exclaimed, when she was gone. " 'The zoetrope theory!' What the heck!"

"Really she is—a primitive," Jane contributed.

"How old d'you suppose she is? Sixteen?" Jody wondered.

"I'll ask her," Jane said. "She won't care. She'll probably tell me in parasangs, but we can work it out."

"Parasangs are measures of distance, Jane," her husband reminded her kindly.

"How old are you, Griselle?" Jane asked, at the first opportunity.

"Twenty," Griselle answered unhesitatingly.

"And where'd you finish your schooling?"

"Well, I never finished it because I never really began it," Griselle said, smiling. "I went to school at Birds Corners when I was quite little. But after that—when I was ten—my grandfather taught me. My mother died when I was seven; she and I had always stayed with Grandfather. I stopped at long division."

"I see," Jane said gravely. Her mouth twitched a little.

"What's worrying me, Griselle," Jody said, "is whether or not I tip you?"

He was rewarded by her rare smile; she glanced about the rooms that for some time had been emptying of diners.

"Some men do," she answered. "I'd rather they didn't. But Aunt Mabel says not to refuse it."

"I'll tell you," Jody substituted. "Instead of a tip, suppose you come into town some day and go to dinner and the movies with Mrs. Barker and me, how'd that do?"

"Oh," she said eagerly, "I'd love that! At night? I'd love that."

"Then that's a date!" he said. "Shall I get a young man for you?"

"A young man for me?" Griselle repeated, bewildered. "Someone I don't know?"

"Forget it," Jody said hastily. "Hello! Here's Uncle Ben back," he said, glad of the diversion, as the old colored man, threading his way between tables, came hastily toward them.

"Miss Griselle," old Ben said, "yo' aunt's burned herseff! She pullin' a rice puddin' out of the oven, an' it spill over her hand—"

Griselle was away like a flash of light. Alan, saying hastily to the others, "Maybe I can do something," followed immediately, and Jane, after a moment, went after them to the hot, big, old-fashioned kitchen. Little Mrs. Lawrence, hunched in a chair and writhing with pain, had wrapped her burned hand in a great white dish towel. She made no sound of agony, but neither could she say words as Griselle and Alan reached her with their alarmed questions.

The half-hour that followed made them feel that they knew one another well. Alan had his bag with him; when they had got the injured woman upstairs and into bed he busied himself deftly, and Griselle stood beside him and handed him what he asked for or ran to and fro with basins and hot water. Alan was only vaguely conscious of the stately, faded beauty of the great bedroom, and of the glowing young vitality of the girl who helped him, yet he did sense them pleasantly, too.

"There now!" he said presently, straightening up. "I think that will do. Have you a doctor near by, who could look at that hand in a day or two?"

"Oh, I don't think I'll have to have a doctor!" Mrs. Lawrence said restlessly, still gasping with pain.

The young doctor in his captain's uniform stood looking down at her sympathetically for a moment.

"I'm giving you something for the pain," he said, "and I'd be glad to come out on—say, Saturday, to take a look at you."

"Oh, Saturday!" the woman in the bed wailed. "We're having a debutante dinner for forty on Saturday, and dancing!"

"We'll get Dicey, and maybe Elnora, too," Griselle said quietly. "Don't you worry about Saturday."

"Dicey—oh, yes, she will be back," Mrs. Lawrence said gratefully. "Yes, we can get Dicey. And you'll order chickens the first thing in the morning?"

"I'LL walk over and see Miller myself, Aunt Mabel. Just don't you worry. I'll go down with Doctor McIntyre," Griselle said, "and check up; everybody was all ready to go last time I went down; then I'll come up again and see how you feel."

"It was a shock to her," Griselle said gravely to Alan, in the big, dim hallway.

"Well, naturally." He and she walked down the wide stairway together; various groups were loitering about below, ready to depart, and Alan watched the girl take charge of them, straightening out questions of wraps and hats, carefully apportioning bills, taking money and making change.

The Barkers were the last to say good night.

"Tell Mrs. Lawrence we hope she'll have a comfortable night," Jane said.

"I'm sure she will. I'm going to move in and sleep on the couch in her room," Griselle stated. "I'll take care of her!"

"And don't forget that we have a movie date," Jody warned her.

"Oh, I'm not likely to!" They saw her young, strong figure silhouetted in the doorway when they turned at the foot of the steps; then the door closed and the bar of light that had lain across the porch disappeared.

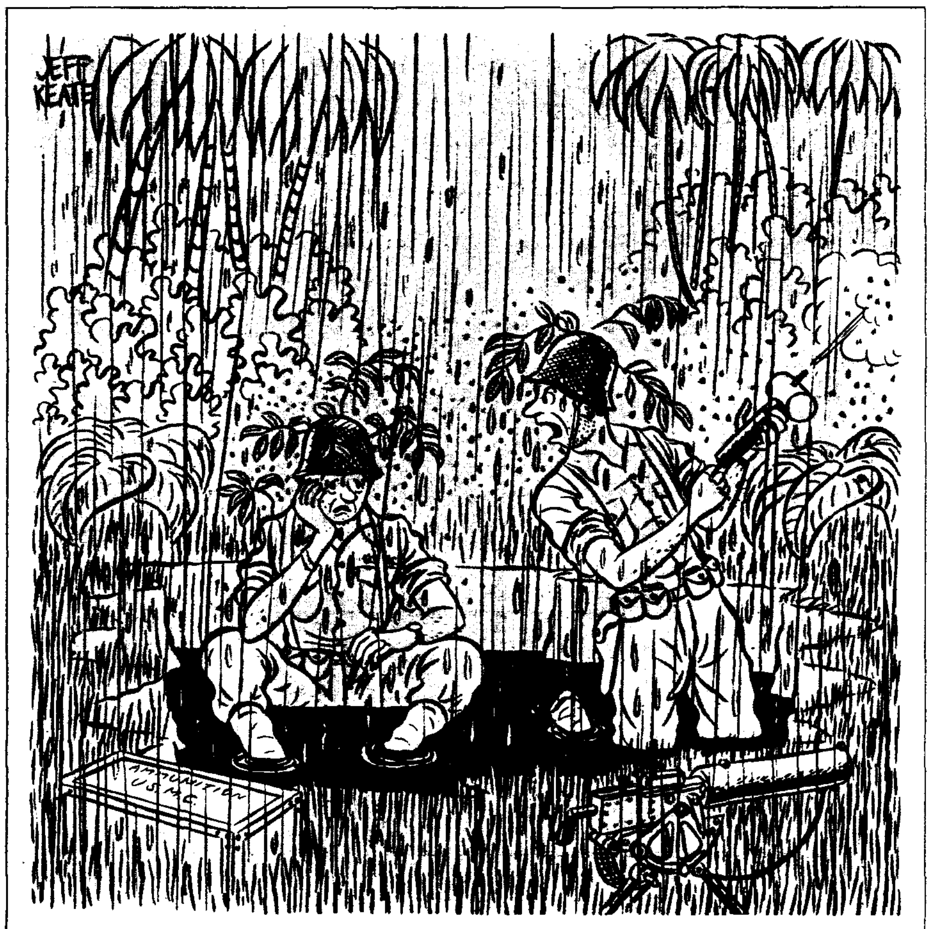
ALAN McINTYRE went out to the Tavern four times after that. He went twice to change dressings on Mrs. Lawrence's hand; once to walk in the bare winter beauty of the woods with Griselle, and once to bring her back after a dinner party.

The dinner party came about when Griselle had unexpectedly come into town on the bus, and had telephoned Jane—who had lost a certain beautiful compact on her visit to the Tavern—that the compact had been found. It had been rolled in with a mass of napkins and tablecloths and had not come to light until old Dicey, the laundress, had been able to get at her delayed washing.

Griselle had the compact with her and would deliver it to any place Jane might designate.

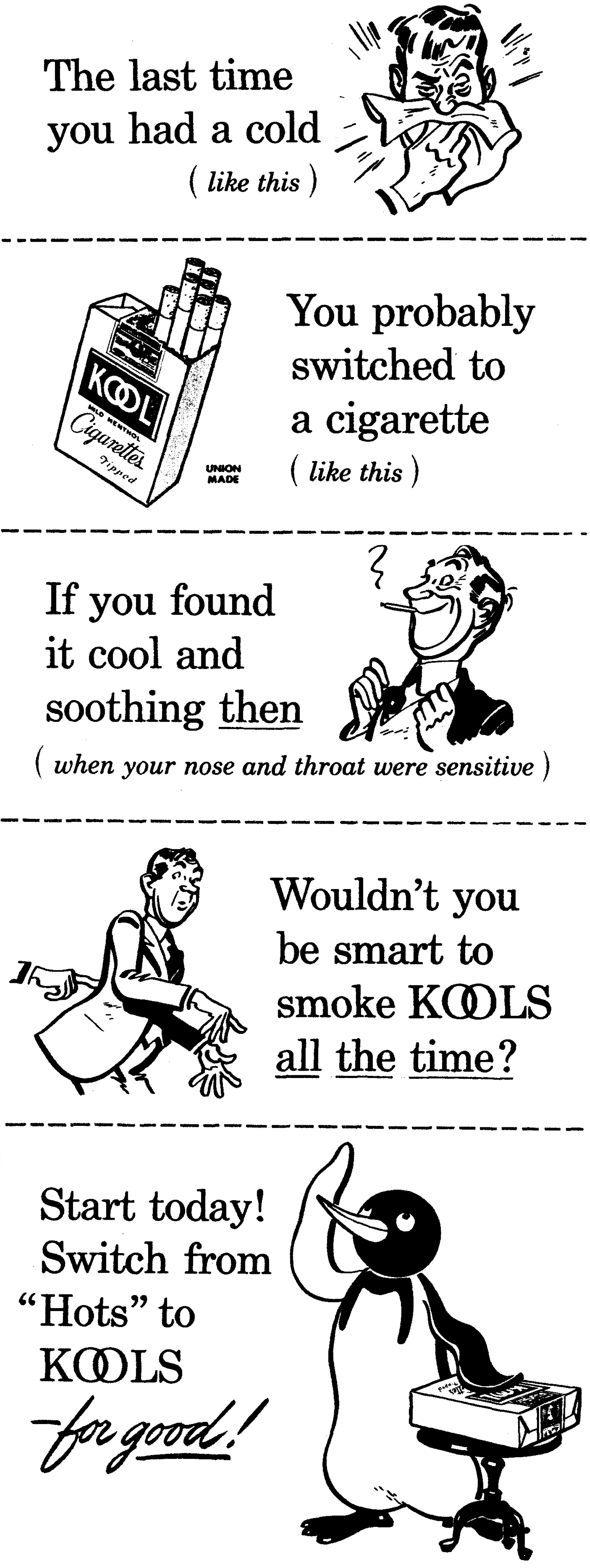
This was enough for Jane. She got hold of Alan and Jody at about four o'clock on a gloomy, overcast afternoon, and they took Griselle to her first real movie, and afterward to dinner at the smartest hotel. It was all fairyland to Griselle. She could not believe that people were doing this sort of thing all the time, moving through these beautiful lighted places, ordering things from so dazzling a bill of fare, listening to such music.

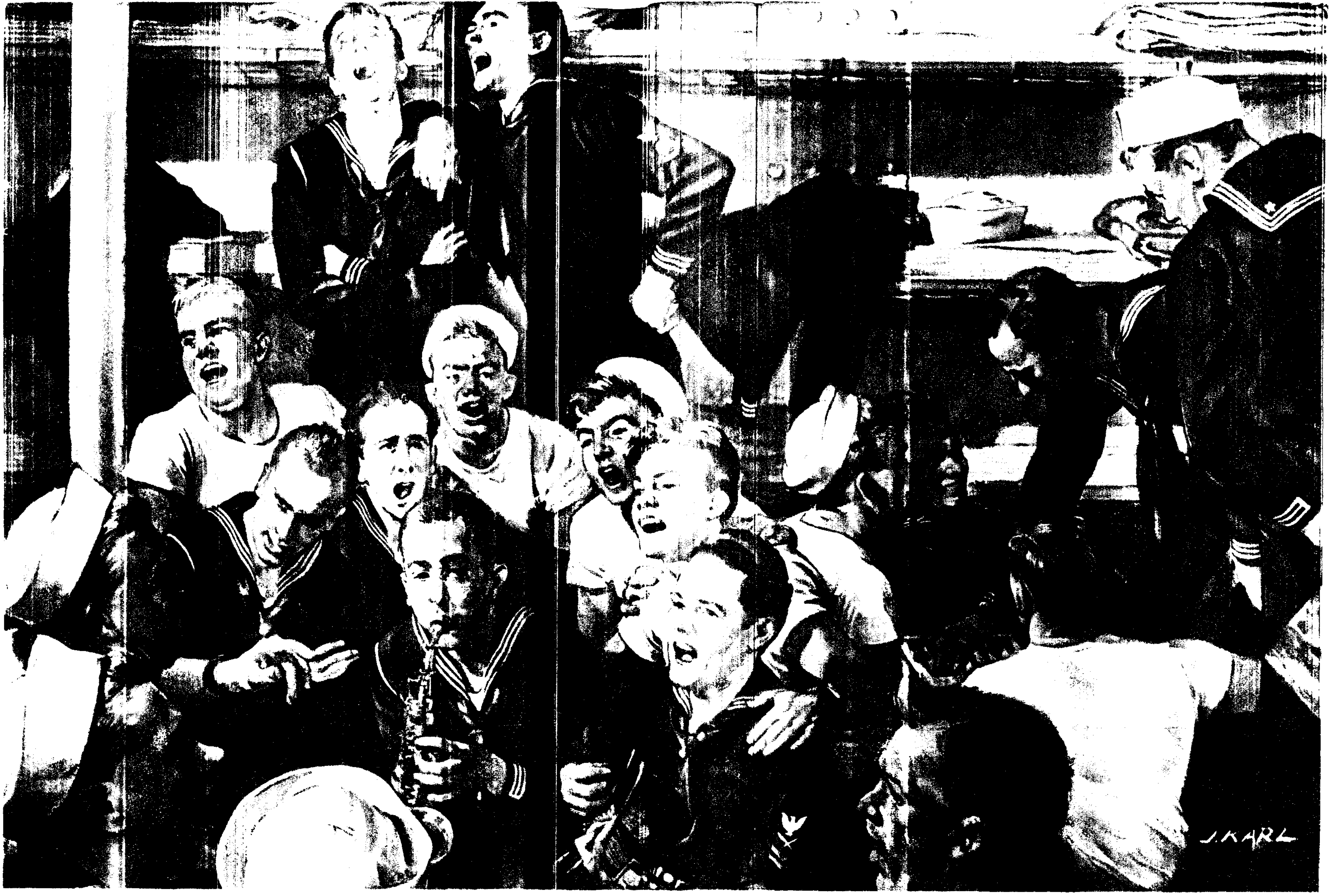
She had been rapt and silent throughout the movie; they had expected that. But she grew more rapt and silent as the evening wore on, and only her brightening eyes, and the unusual high



"It isn't for you to wonder why we kicked the Japs off this place, Updyke!"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE


The last time you had a cold
(like this)
You probably switched to a cigarette
(like this)
KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
Tipped
UNION MADE
If you found it cool and soothing then
(when your nose and throat were sensitive)
Wouldn't you be smart to smoke KOOLS all the time?
Start today! Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS
—for good!



The Songs that Sound like HOME

"How about 'Home on the Range', Joe?"

"Give us 'Banks of the Wabash' or 'Carry Me Back to Old Virginny'!"

You can close your eyes and imagine yourself back on the front porch on a summer night; or around a picnic fire when somebody started to harmonize.

Songs you heard on the radio or on recordings—songs that forge another link with the home you are fighting for.

On the high seas, on the desert or in the jungle—in tropic heat or arctic cold—that word HOME stands for everything you love best and cherish most—everything worth preserving and protecting.

Until American homes are safe from our enemies, Crosley will make nothing but war materials.

In peace, it was our business to safeguard the family's food in Crosley Refrigerators with the Shelvador; to offer conveniences like ranges and washers and ironers; to bring information and entertainment into millions of American homes with Crosley Radios and Radio-Phonographs; and to provide low-cost transportation for the family with the Crosley Car.

But now all that must wait. For Crosley—a greatly expanded and newly equipped Crosley—has only one customer—Uncle Sam. One occupation—to make what you need to win this war. One purpose—to get it to you fast!

The pace and demands of War have stimulated new inventions and the manufacture of new products with new materials. Crosley, when Peace comes, will make even finer radios, refrigerators and other appliances for the home, and the Crosley Car for civilian use.

More than 8,000 loyal men and women at Crosley have been awarded the 10% War Bond Flag as a symbol that their savings, as well as their skilled hands, are working for victory.

CROSLEY

THE CROSLEY CORPORATION · CINCINNATI, OHIO AND RICHMOND, IND.
Peacetime Manufacturers of Radios, Refrigerators, Household Appliances, and the Crosley Car
HOME OF WLW, "THE NATION'S STATION"

color in her cheeks, told them what she was feeling.

“Furs and perfumes and lights and music, they do make things wonderful, don't they?” she said once to Jane. “They—they carry you away!”

Of herself and her own appearance she seemed entirely unconscious. She had worn into town on the bus a heavy plain black coat and a brown hat; her bag was a worn, sober one of black, and her gown a rather skimpy brown and black rayon silk. Jane afterward characterized it to Jody as “Mail Order Catalog 7763-B, Season '42, price, $8.89.”

At quarter to nine they stopped at the Barkers' flat, and Griselle had a peep at the sleeping baby; then Alan took the Barker car and drove her out to the Tavern. The night was restless with wind; there was no sky; a thin snow was already fluttering down.

“Oh, isn't the air delicious!” Griselle said, drinking it in eagerly.

“You'll have to tell me how to go,” Alan told her.

Traffic and foot passengers were already disappearing from the streets; tires left soft lines in the shallow purity of the snow. At the corners there were whirls of white under the lamps. “This is exciting!” Alan exulted. Windshield scrapers were squeakng busily on the cars they passed; horns honked cautiously where the side roads cut in. “Mark all these corners, and make me a little map,” he said, “or I'll never get home!”

GRISELLE said nothing to this, and later he understood why. When they reached the Tavern, mounted the circular steps that were deep-coated in soft, sugary fur, and stamped their way across the porch, drifts were already forming in the garden and blowing against the railings, and the whole world was one wild whirlpool of white. There would be no going back tonight. The pure, cold air stung their faces and made them laugh and gasp with shock; their breath blew out in long streamers against the light from the opened door. The solemn big clock at he foot of the stairs wheezed out a slow en strokes.

For a few minutes, shaking the snow rom their clothes, holding out wet, redlened hands toward the library fire, they could say nothing more coherent than “Whew!” and “Ah-h-h!” But when Mrs. Lawrence descended to bewail the weather and speculate gloomily upon the fate of he few guests who had dared start back o the city tonight, she found them joyously chatting like the old friends they felt hemselves to be.

Griselle's dark, heavy hair was loosened, ittle wet tendrils of it were drying at her emples, and curling themselves against he purity of her forehead; her cheeks were burned by the snow to a brilliant ed, and in this moment of unwonted dishevelment and gaiety she seemed to Alan a new and fascinating personality.

She could be darned attractive, he hought, listening as she reported the joys of the evening to Mrs. Lawrence. As it was quite obviously out of the question or him to attempt the drive back, he made no protest as the two women discussed rrangements for his staying at the Tavrn, and he was presently relegated to a arge, pretentious bedroom whose flowred walls and faded, deep-piled carpets dated from another day. It was magnifiently supplied with mirrored wardrobes and tasseled hangings; the bed was of mahogany, carved at head and foot with crolls and pineapples and acanthus leaves. Alan's last look at the weather when he autiously opened one of the heavy, wide windows to admit a thin stream of icy air, evealed that the storm had reached blizard proportions.

It was good to get deep down under ragrant blankets and go off to sleep despite the artillery fire of crackling branches in the dark, wild night outside, and the occasionally slow descending crash that meant that some great branch had broken free and was falling to the ground.

Somewhere toward morning all this noise must have stopped, for when he awakened there was an unearthly stillness in the world. There was an unearthly cold too; even before he made any movement toward getting up, Alan sensed that the room was almost as chilly as the garden below it. Dawn was creeping in at the windows; he reached for his bedside light and twisted up his left wrist at the same moment, to bring his watch into view.

No light. The wires were down somewhere, and no wonder. Alan partially dressed himself, shuddering and shriveling, and went to the door to peer into the hall. Mrs. Lawrence was coming upstairs with a large tin pitcher smoking in her hand.

Louis Priscilla

COLLIER'S “Who do ya think yuh talking to?” LOUIS PRISCILLA

“You're up,” she said dispiritedly. “Did you ever see anything like this in your life? We're snowed under, and every bit of light and heat in this house—stove, plumbing, telephone, too, are all cut off!”

THEY were walking up through the drifts to the old Mountjoy place. Griselle, her right foot sinking unexpectedly into apparently bottomless snow, clutched at Alan, and leaned, laughing, against his shoulder.

Sliding against her in his turn, Alan shouted, “Here we both go!”

They sat up in the snow, helpless with laughter, and dragged each other to a standing position.

“Now hang onto me! Otherwise we might disappear into one of these drifts and never be seen again.”

“I *was* hanging onto you, Alan!” It was her first use of his name; she was exquisitely, thrillingly conscious of it. “The wind has blown the fence clear, here,” she said; “let's hang onto the fence!”

“This road's been opened, too. Now we're all right.”

“Mr. Miller does that. He's foreman at our place. Look up, there,” the girl said, pointing with a red-mittened finger at a house that stood on a rise, surrounded with snow-bowed trees and shrubs, “that's Stockley's Choice.”

“Stockley's Choice?” he echoed.

“That's the name of our place. My great-grandfather only bought it seventy years ago. They were Massachusetts people, but they came down here after the Civil War. This was one of the Stockley farms.”

“ ‘Only seventy years ago,’ sounds odd to a Californian,” he said. “To have a place twenty years is something, out there.”

“There are Stockleys all 'round here still,” she said. “Mrs. Miller's aunt was a Stockley. And this place was the first Stockley's Choice.”

“And do you blame him!” Alan said. “This is what I always thought a Maryland mansion would be like,” Alan remarked, as they floundered up the rise toward the house.

“But this isn't a mansion!” she protested. “It was just a farmhouse—the house of one of the old early prosperous farmers, before the Revolution, even.”

They had reached the steps now; a simple flight of three shallow steps up to a flat, friendly front door with side panels of glass and a fanlight. Griselle pushed open the door and they went in to a wide hallway that ran straight through to another glass door that gave on to what had once been a garden behind the house. The air was stale and smelled of mice.

“Miller doesn't keep it up, of course,” Griselle said. “But it gives you some idea. This is the east parlor—we never used this; and this is Grandfather's study. Look at the books!”

Alan looked indeed at the books, which lined the plain, square, high-walled old room from floor to ceiling. Except for two narrow lofty windows and a wood-paneled fireplace, it was all books. There were two well-worn leather easy chairs in the room and a revolving globe; the floor rugs were shabby; a couch was covered with a quilt made of scores of diamond-shaped patches.

“He used to work in here, evenings,” Griselle said. She put her strong, young hand upon a great fat dictionary that lay upon the worktable; suddenly she bent her head and for an instant laid her cheek against it.

“He was writing here when he died,” she said; “his white hair was on the book when I came in in the morning.”

Her eyes were wet; but she did not seem to be appealing to Alan for sympathy; it was only, he thought, that she wanted him to get the picture of the magnificent old scientist, with his leonine mane, working here in this gracious, shabby old room during the very last hours that were to be given him.

She showed him the paneled stairway; the upstairs rooms with their tiny windowed corner cupboards in the fireplace angles; the attic with prim, round-topped windows in the east and west gables. They went down to the kitchen, and to a storeroom where he saw her spinning wheel and loom and the frame at which, with the help of older women, she had pieced quilts. All the furniture in the house was shabby, yet good—the chairs of walnut and applewood, the china in the cupboards of fine old blue.

“Is all this yours, Griselle?” Alan presently asked.

“All the furniture, yes, and the portraits. But the house is mortgaged almost up to its full value; it will be sold for the mortgage,” she answered. “Everything here will be stored, except the books, and they are for sale, too. The books,” she added, “are all my grandfather left me in the way of an inheritance, and I wouldn't sell them if I thought I would ever be smart enough to want to read them.”

THE candor of the last speech made Alan laugh.

“At the same time, someone must be wanting just that collection,” he said.

“That's what the librarian said. He came out here after Grandfather died and said that now that so many valuable collections have been destroyed—in England, I suppose he meant—there would be a tremendous demand for them. So that's my dower!” Griselle finished cheerfully.

“And what are you going to do with it?” asked Alan.

“Educate myself. General Cruickshank,” she went on, “used to talk to Grandfather and me about it. He thought I'd been educated—lopsidedly. He wants me to come to California and go to college, mix with other people my age— Well, this is rather stuffy,” she broke off to say, as they came back to the wide main hall again, “and we don't do any good here. So let's go back and get those chickens into the old icehouse. They'll all go bad in the refrigerator, now that the power is off.”

“Educated lopsidedly?” Alan repeated, when they were out in the road again.

“General Cruickshank thinks so. He wanted my grandfather to send me away, but after Grandfather got feeble I couldn't leave him. And his health went up and down for years. I'm glad now I didn't!” Griselle said. “But if I did have a few thousand dollars, and if I could, I would like to go to some college, just for the experience.”

“What college? Vassar?”

“No; California. I promised the general it would be California. Berkeley.”

“Berkeley's my college! That's where the University of California is,” Alan said, pleased. “You will love it there. It's on the hills, and you look down at San Francisco Bay and all the lights. It's a great school.”

“I know I would love it,” she said wistfully.

“You've never been to California?” Alan asked.

“I've never been anywhere. I've never been to New York. Does your mother live in Berkeley?” Griselle asked, plunging gal-

BEST FOR YOUR LIGHTER, TOO!
RONSONOL
RONSON
5 FLINTER

RONSON REDSKIN 'FLINTS'

The distinctive 'REDSKIN' coating is your guarantee of highest quality—extra-length, tempered hardness, showers of sure-fire sparks, freedom from powdering and from other deterioration.

RONSONOL Fuel—quick lighting, clean burning. RONSON Wicks—high absorption, long lasting.

For best results, avoid inferior imitations.

for all lighters—ask for
RONSON
LIGHTER ACCESSORIES
by RONSON, World's Greatest Lighter

IMPORTANT—More so now than ever! Keep your lighter 'fighting-fit.' If your RONSON (pocket or table model) needs attention, for servicing at minimum cost, send it to RONSON, Service Dept., Newark, N. J.

G.H.Q. IN ST. LOUIS
FOR WARTIME TRAVEL
HOTEL Mayfair
He's fighting for you—
WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR HIM?
BUY WAR BONDS

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out about two pints of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

Painful
TOE NAIL GROOVE
Inflamed, Irritated, Sore or Calloused Here?

Pressure of the great toe nail into the sensitive nail groove causes this painful foot trouble. A few drops of soothing Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL quickly relieves soreness, pain; helps prevent infection; aids healing. Only 50c at Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores.

Dr Scholl's ONIXOL

lantly beside him through the crusted snow.

"Alameda. Not far away. In my grandmother's old place. They rent rooms; we've had some tough years!" Alan said, with a laugh and a sigh. "And they may have a tough time now," he went on, giving Griselle his big gloved fingers to steady her, as they stepped back into the scraped path behind the house. "But after the war, it'll all get straightened out! And now for the chickens!"

ON THE third morning after the storm, the siege suddenly was ended. Griselle awakened to a blissful sense of stealing warmth in her bedroom; stretched a hand toward the switch and basked in glorious light. Breakfast was served in the little dining room this morning; old Dicey plowed her way up through bright sunshine, over melting snow, to ask about plans for the week-end influx of guests, and the brisk trilling of the telephone made them all jump as if years, and not mere days, had interrupted its use.

The telephone bell marked the definite end of their isolation, of this heavenly interval of companionship and fun. Griselle knew it the instant she heard it, and her heart sank. Yes, it was the War Department; orders had come. Alan must get back to Washington at once, if he had to walk the seventeen miles, for he was leaving for an unspecified destination at ten o'clock that night.

The Barkers telephoned, too, half anxious and half envious. Alan promised them a speedy return of their car, came back from the telephone to report to Griselle and Mrs. Lawrence that hundreds of trees had come down across the Washington parks and sidewalks, that the capital had had its light and heat and water crisis, too.

And he must go at once, for he had a lot of arranging and packing to do before leaving. Griselle said she would drive with him for three miles and walk back; that was one sure way of forcing oneself into exercise.

She was rather silent as they drove down under the big trees; if they talked at all it was of the white-smothered fields and the strangely changed shapes of barns and fences on the neighboring farms. Nature was in a gentle, apologetic mood this morning; water was dripping brightly everywhere; the air was soft and kind.

"This is far enough; this is three miles," Griselle presently said, in a smothered voice. And then, as he stopped the car, she laid a red-mittened hand on his arm. "Alan," she said, "there's something—I may not see you again, and I can't write this—"

HE SQUARED about in the driver's seat, facing her. He thought he knew what was coming, and felt sorrow and pity and embarrassment all at once.

Not that this situation had ever arisen in his experience before. But he had suspected even as early as yesterday, and he had known today that she was going to say this to him.

"Alan," she said quickly, "I can't go to college in California or anywhere else, because I—because I can't. You may think it's just shyness. It *is* shyness, but it's the kind of shyness no woman you ever knew ever suffered from! I've never known people; I've never talked with girls; I don't know—I don't even know slang, or what kind of stockings to ask for in the shops, or how to do my hair! If I had to stay all my life with Aunt Mabel and Dora, I'd stay there before I'd go into a strange boardinghouse—or try to tip a porter. I—I can't do it!"

She stopped short in an agony of shyness and self-consciousness.

"I'd make mistakes, and they'd laugh at me," she went on. "I'd say awkward things—the wrong things, and I'd know they were whispering about me, and that would make me worse! If I were once started—if just the first few months were over, then I believe I could get along! But they *aren't* . . . !"

She interrupted herself. Her ten mittened fingers were clasped anxiously together; her brow was wrinkled; her troubled eyes were fixed on Alan's own. All about them, over the blanketed fields and whitened woods there was absolute silence.

"My dear girl," Alan said, wondering if he was to escape after all, "you needn't feel that way. After a few weeks—after a few days—you'll feel entirely at home."

"If there was one person who could help me through," she said, "I'd feel different. I'd feel confident and bold and—and able to do anything!"

"If you went to California you'd know old General Cruickshank, wouldn't you?" Alan reminded her. "Doesn't he live there in Berkeley, somewhere near to the college?"

"But he couldn't help me that way," Griselle said. "His niece, Mrs. Armitage—Mitzi, they call her—lives with him, and she—she— Did you ever meet her?"

"No; I've never met her—or *him.* As a matter of fact he didn't live there when I was in med school. I knew his nephew, Doctor Sam Cruickshank, and I met that family once or twice."

"Mrs. Armitage is very beautiful," Griselle said slowly. "She and Lieutenant Armitage were out at the Tavern for a week last spring on their honeymoon. She was divorced before that and he used to worry about her, the general did. But he was pleased when she married Lieutenant Armitage."

"You didn't like her?" Alan guessed shrewdly.

"I think she didn't like me," Griselle substituted slowly. "She talked that—that talk I don't understand. About hair-dos and dancing and clothes. She made me feel like a—like a camel! I couldn't go live with people like that—"

Again she stopped short, and when she started again it was with a little visible effort.

"I was wondering," she said, "if a woman could do for a man—a man who was being sent away into the Solomons or Australia—enough to make him glad that he was married. Glad that he had a wife. I mean," she went on hurriedly, as Alan, flushing under his brown skin, did not speak, "I mean he would have letters, and presents whenever she could send them. If he had a mother or grandmother or a brother he was helping, she would be there, to stand by them, and to report, and to take care of them always, if anything—anything happened. He would know that she was young and strong, and had been trained to do things, and that she would always keep a home for them, always comfort them and stand by them, and—and love them. He could think of that, if he *did* go down in the water, or if he *did* find himself dying in some hospital. He could think, 'They're safe and happy, anyway; they're not counting on me. She's there.'

"You see, I'm turning it around," Griselle said, smiling gallantly, although her cheeks were uncomfortably hot. "I'm asking *you.* I love you—the way a woman loves a man. I can't help it. Could you—could we—would it be very hard for you to leave me behind you as your—your wife?"

Just how he answered her, Alan had no idea. Phrases came to him. He was deeply obligated to his mother and brother. She had seen few men, seen nothing of the world.

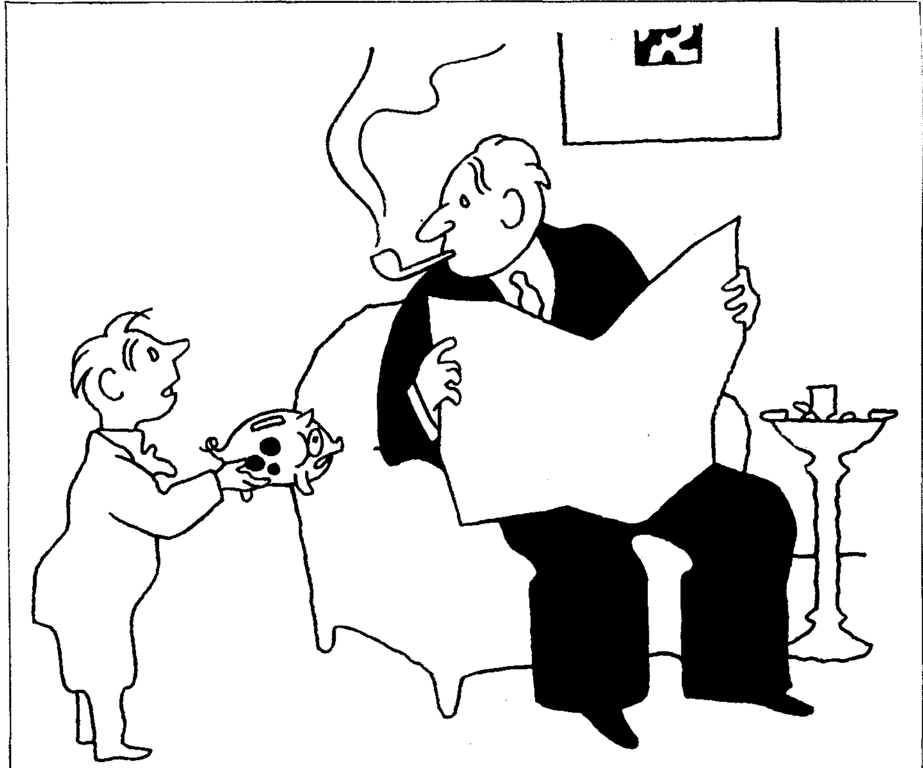
What she felt for him—and what she made him proud and happy by feeling for him—was a perfectly natural thing after these wonderful days of companionship, but he hoped—and he knew—that before long, she would meet some man with whom she could truly fall in love, and then she would understand what he was trying to tell her.

BECAUSE he was not going to offer her anything less than real love, and while she might be the finest companion and the best—well, the best company he'd ever known—he knew this wasn't the real thing for either of them, even if being the wife of a prospectless and deeply burdened doctor was not a very poor match for her.

His flow of words ran thin and he was silent, and she sat watching him, scarlet color in her cheeks. There was a moment of silence, and then she said quietly, "I see. Goodby."

Then she was out of the car and walking toward the Tavern, over the churned snow. Alan twisted about to watch her, a tall strong figure moving steadily. Twice he opened his mouth to call after her, thought better of it, and sat still. At the turn of the road she stopped and turned and waved her hand, and Alan jumped from the car and waved back.

"That was generous of her," he said aloud, driving on. "That was *swell*—to



"He doesn't look so good, Pop. You suppose we're feeding him enough?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

show me she wasn't mad, wasn't crying! She's the most generous—she's built on the finest lines, intellectual and spiritual and every way—of any woman I've ever known! Funny I'm not crazy about her. I wish I was!"

Mollie Cruickshank, as Mollie Langhorne, had been a beautiful, slender, romantic, poetry-scribbling girl in those glamorous days after the Great Armistice, when Captain Samuel Anstruther Cruickshank had come home from the war, determined to claim her promise of marriage.

Everything had pointed then to his becoming a rich and fashionable physician, and the Cruickshanks had started life together with some pretensions of grandeur in the handsome old Cruickshank mansion in Berkeley.

THAT was only a little more than twenty years ago, Mollie would sometimes muse, vaguely perplexed and perturbed. And what had happened? What had happened to Sam's profession, and the house, and herself?

For Sam, by the time the second great war broke out, wasn't successful at all; he was a comfortable, lazy, good-natured failure; the old house was clipped of much of its beautiful garden space; there was a gas station within fifty feet of the front porch. And Mollie weighed just over two hundred pounds, boarded a group of girl undergraduates to keep the house going at all, and even then had a hard time making ends meet.

It was all very mysterious. When her son, now twenty-three, had been a tiny baby there had been a good cook in the kitchen, an upstairs maid, a gardener, a driver for the doctor's car. There had also been a nurse for Fred, a fine old Negress who would take charge only of tiny babies and left her positions the minute the babies could walk and be troublesome. But there were always other infants waiting for Laura, and four years after Fred's birth Mollie had engaged Laura again, this time for Dodo.

She just could not believe that she was the same woman who used to sit and write checks, and tell Sooey Chong what to have for dinner, and Marshall that if the doctor was not using the car she'd like to go into the city that afternoon. What on earth had happened to all the money that had been in the bank, the money that used to pour in when Miss Carter was writing out Sam's bills, and getting hundreds back by return mail?

Miss Carter had long ago disappeared, to marry another doctor who was coining money down in Riverside. Sam did not have many bills to send out now; he was just as good a doctor as he ever had been but somehow he did not have as many patients as he used to. Not that he was discredited; doctors and patients alike respected Doctor Sam Cruickshank, but he liked his life in the helter-skelter confusion that was a college girls' boardinghouse, and if he dictated month-end bills at all, it was always to Dodo or one of the other girls, who did it for love, and carried on joyous conversations with him while they did it.

Often in the evening a few patients would drift in, for the battered old brass sign, "Samuel A. Cruickshank, M.D.," was still screwed in the paintless railing of the side porch. Then the doctor, taking a sort of rotary motion like a tacking ship, would roll into his consulting room, and sit among the dry inkwells and spattered blotters, dispensing pills and philosophy genially, and apt to ramble into long conversations with his old friends.

Mrs. Cruickshank had moved as a bride into a fifteen-room mansion with a whole block of garden about it. Her late father-in-law had been a wealthy pioneer, and it had pleased her to be Mrs. Cruickshank of Cruickshank Street. A great many girls had envied her when she married Sam. At exactly what point, in the ensuing years, that envy had changed to pity, she could not have said; perhaps she was not conscious even now that anyone thought her an object for pity. If the house had not been painted in thirty years, and had grown old-fashioned and shabby, it was still roomy and comfortable, and full of joyous girls who raced downstairs to the phone in their house coats, pasted freshly washed handkerchiefs on the windows, dawdled with boys on the moonlighted porch (until Mrs. Cruickshank thought that really she would have to pull herself out of her warm bed and call down a warning to them) and dropped exercise papers, themes, blue books, class books, pencils, compacts and letters all over the place.

Then there were her children, Dodo and Fred, to contribute to her satisfaction with life; Fred, in uniform now and away from home, to be sure, but Dodo very much absorbed in all that went on about her, interested as were the other girls in love affairs, campus gossip, football and basketball games, theatricals, sorority gossip, and occasionally classes and finals. The doors of the Cruickshank house were never locked, and rarely closed; young life surged through them and boiled over the halls and stairways.

ON a certain April night, there was unusual disturbance and excitement at Mrs. Cruickshank's. Gardens were packed with lilacs and roses, and fields everywhere were brimming with milky orange poppies; the night was balmy and still, and there was a full moon. Easter vacation was only a few days ahead, finals were agonizing practically every student in the college, and the town was full of sailors, soldiers and Marines.

At the last moment, girls distractedly attempted to acquire just enough knowledge of their various subjects to remain in school, at the same time keeping in full touch with the blissful beginnings of holiday joys, dinners in Oakland, movies everywhere, dancing over in the city at the Mark or the Fairmont.

The day had brought untimely summer to the campus. Languor and yawning took possession of the classrooms; drugstore counters were mobbed all day long; coats and sweaters cached in any likely place, in lockers at the Hall and in the back seats of anyone's car. Mrs. Cruickshank's house echoed to moans of protest: "Whew! Isn't this awful! I'm melting! Whew!"

AT SIX o'clock, with sunlight streaming into the kitchen, Mrs. Cruickshank wiped her wet face and announced to Belle, the cook, that the girls would like iced tea with their suppers.

"So you might as well lay out fourteen glasses there on the big tray," she said, "and, Dodo, you go down and split up that big lump of ice that's lying on a piece of gunny sacking in the basement. I was going to make ice cream, but I just sent Papa over to the drugstore to buy it—I declare I think it's much cheaper in the long run!"

"I hope Papa remembers to get half orange ice," Dodo said, drawing herself up from her chair as slowly as if she feared she might come apart. "But why fourteen? Who has company?"

"Nobody has company, but Torchy never drinks tea; she says it makes her feel worse, and that girl's come."

"What girl?" Dodo demanded, stopping short at the cellar doorway.

"That—that Mountjoy girl that Uncle Andy's been talking about. From Maryland. Griselle Mountjoy," Mrs. Cruickshank answered, glancing up with a flushed face from an inspection of the oven.

"Oh, she got here, did she?" Dodo asked interestedly. "What does she look like and where did you put her?"

"I put her in with Torchy," Mrs. Cruickshank answered briefly.

"O Lord, poor Torchy!" Dodo laughed. Her costume consisted of two microscopic undergarments, slippers and a lightweight brunch coat. She rested her feet comfortably against the kitchen table and prepared for gossip. "Why does it always have to be Torchy when a freak comes here?" she asked.

"Well, that's the only empty bed I have unless I send her up to the Raccoon Cage," her mother answered.

"Oh, you couldn't do that—not the first night!" Dodo conceded. "What's she look like?"

"She looked perfectly terrible when she walked in the front door," Mrs. Cruickshank said cautiously, with a glance upward. "She acted as if she was scared to breathe! And Belle says she saw her walking up and down the block I don't know how long before she came up the steps."

"Dear old Uncle Andy has wished something on us again!" Dodo said.

"Well, he's been talking for some time—put more butter in that, Belle!" Mollie Cruickshank said. "He's been talking for some time about her coming out here, but I never thought she'd come, and now she's here I don't believe she'll like it. However, it's just as well to keep on Uncle Andy's good side."

"Why?" Dodo said idly. "Everything he has will go to Mitzi."

"A lot of it will. But I shouldn't wonder," Mollie said, spacing the last words significantly, "I shouldn't wonder one *bit* if Uncle Andrew remembered us all in his will. Why should all of it go to Mitzi? After all, she's his niece and Papa's his nephew; it's the same relationship. I certainly expect him to leave Sam enough to pay off our mortgage. He paid off our first mortgage years ago, but we had to put on another, year before last when Grandma Warren was so ill. Uncle Andy knows about it, too. I shouldn't think anyone would want to eat, a night like this!" Mollie broke off, panting. "Dodo, do go downstairs and split some ice, like a darling; I heard some of the girls coming in, and we're all ready! You might go up and see how Griselle is coming on, and sort of bring her down; she's probably too shy to come of her own accord."

"She sounds perfectly hopeless, if you ask me!" Dodo said, drawing herself up from her chair as slowly as if she feared she might come apart, and departed cellarward.

And perfectly hopeless indeed Griselle Mountjoy was, standing at the window of the front hall bedroom and looking down at the street and the trees and the neglected front garden of the Cruickshank house. She had faced bad moments in her twenty years, but never anything like this one.

She was trapped here, in this horrible bedroom; she had burned all her bridges behind her. And to run away would be to cut the one tie she had—not a very strong tie, but still something. Old General Cruickshank had made this arrangement for her with his nephew's wife; Mollie boarded a lot of college girls, why not one more? Griselle wanted to come to California and go to college; why not try it at Mollie's?

IN HIS dictatorial old mind, it had worked out perfectly; the letter he had written to Griselle about it had been more like a command than a suggestion. And Griselle, beset all along the route by misgivings, had somehow pushed herself on from point to point, packing her things, saying goodbys, leaving the old life of the Tavern and Stockley's Choice behind her.

Now, looking out of the bedroom window, she thought: Why did you do this? Why are you such a fool?

(To be continued next week)

CARRIERS!

THEY GET THERE BY Hamilton TIME

THREE VITAL TIMEPIECES are used to navigate U. S. aircraft carriers—Hamilton chronometers (above), chronometer watches and comparing watches. All are examples of the precision that has made Hamilton watches famous for 50 years.

HAMILTON

The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

FOR
DRY SCALP
AND
DULL HAIR
USE
JERIS
HAIR OIL
MILLIONS OF BOTTLES USED YEARLY

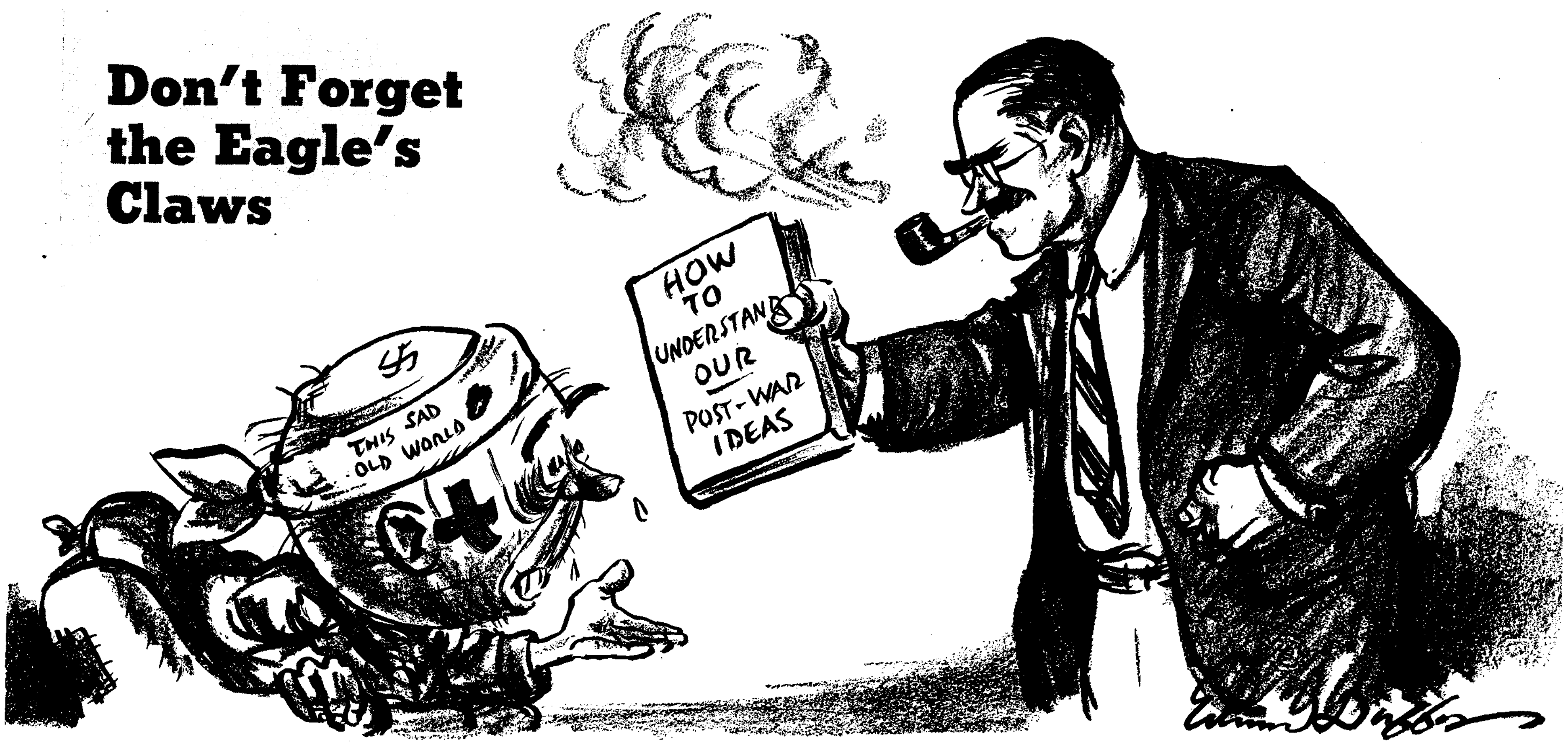
Room with Bath $2.50 up
HOTEL LOWRY
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA
←GARAGE • COFFEE SHOP

"CAT'S PAW
NON-SLIP
Thin Heels
help guard against fatigue"... says lovely
MAUREEN O'HARA
Star of RKO "The Falling Sparrow"

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Publisher
•
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Editor
•
JEROME ELLISON
Managing Editor

Don't Forget the Eagle's Claws


HOW TO UNDERSTAND OUR POST-WAR IDEAS
THIS SAD OLD WORLD

LARGE possibilities, we think, reside in the resolution which Representative James W. Fulbright (Dem., Ark.) wants Congress to adopt:

> Resolved by the House of Representatives (the Senate concurring) that the Congress hereby expresses itself as favoring the creation of appropriate international machinery with power adequate to establish and maintain a just and lasting peace among the nations of the world, and as favoring participation by the United States therein.

There is nothing fixed or hidebound about that proposed statement; no effort to prescribe for an unpredictable future. It leaves the field wide open for debate by all elements of public opinion in this country. If adopted during the war, it should reassure our allies, who can't help remembering that we pulled back into our shell after the other war.

As important collateral reading on this subject, we'd like to recommend Walter Lippmann's new book, U. S. Foreign Policy (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, 1943; 177 pages, $1.50).

The core of Mr. Lippmann's treatise is that we cannot build a Parliament of Man in a day after the war, or in a year, but that we can lay a foundation on which such a structure might in time be built. The foundation Mr. Lippmann suggests, and argues for with great clearness and much historical learning, is an openly avowed and adequately armed postwar American-British-Chinese-Russian alliance for preservation of the peace and development of world trade. We hope a lot of Americans will read the book.

In this connection, though, we would like to file an objection. The objection is to the tone of voice in which many of these American postwar planners write and speak—Lippmann, Wendell L. Willkie, Vice-President Wallace, and various others. It is a humble, even a timid, tone of voice, and we cannot care for it.

Mr. Willkie, for instance, keeps reiterating that we've got to learn to understand Russia, but we've yet to hear him suggest that Russia try to understand us. Vice-President Wallace fears we may somehow double-cross Russia; he seems unworried by the possibility that Russia might double-cross us. Mr. Lippmann is loud in his gratitude for what the British navy did as our silent Atlantic shield from the time of the Monroe Doctrine to World War II, but he minimizes what we did for the British during that period.

This kind of inferiority-complex sales talk, we think, will sell precious few Americans on even the highest-minded and best-planned postwar worl setup. Americans never have humbled themselve before any other nation, and we can't see them beginning to do so now.

Nor need they. If we can negotiate some reliabl postwar alliances, we'll save ourselves a great dea of expense for the upkeep of a big military establishment after this war. But if we have to go it alon we can.

We are in line now to emerge from this war a the greatest land, sea and air power in world histor Our productive equipment and raw materials ar such, furthermore, that we can bristle as long as nee be with enormous air and ocean fleets and an Arm of eight to ten million. It will be no fun and it wi cut down our civilian living standards grievousl but it can be done.

That is the measure of the strength we can cor tribute to any postwar alliances into which we ma enter. Therefore, we do not have to offer our contr bution on bended knee and with handsome apologie for living.

The Eagle, in short, has excellent claws, actu and potential. He can best serve himself and the re of the world by henceforth—generously but als hardheadedly—acting his age, size and power.

610,000 Venereal Rejects

RECENTLY, U. S. Surgeon General Thomas Parran reported that among the first 2,000,000 draftees, 4.6 per cent were rejected for syphilis and 1.5 per cent for gonorrhea. The Army expects to reach an ultimate strength of about 10 million. Carry this 6.1 per cent of venereal rejections through that total, and you get 610,000 men likely to be rejected for venereal disease by the time the goal is reached.

We have never been able to figure out why any curable venereal victim ever is rejected. Why not induct him and cure him? Is it some squeamish hang-over from the time when nice people didn't call venereal diseases by their right names; fear of some vaguely imagined but unsampled public opinion; plain inertia in military circles; or what?

We are continually told that a large and hardship-laden draft of fathers is in the cards. Loud demands are heard from some quarters that the draft minimum age be lowered to seventeen. We've been drafting farm labor beyond the danger point. Yet we pass up these hundreds of thousands of otherwise healthy men who could be restored to full fitness in a short time.

Whatever the reason for these venereal rejections, we move that the rejections be discontinued at once.

A Cat on a Raft

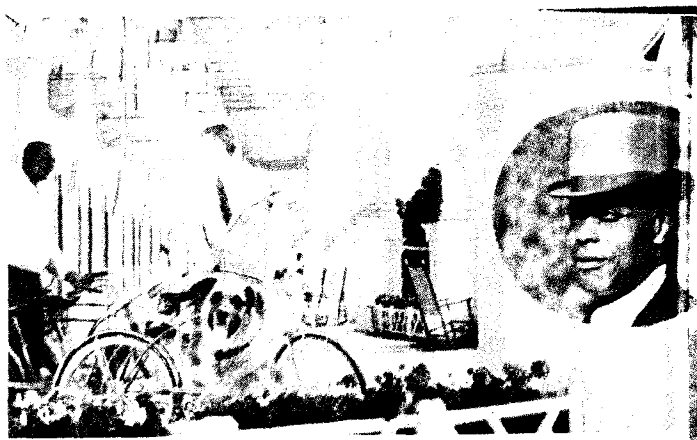
IT APPEARS that one day last March, a merchant ship was torpedoed in the North Atlantic, and that presently six of its seamen found themselves aboard a life raft with the ship's cat, which was named Maizie.

They were adrift for fifty-six hours; and on being rescued, they announced that the cat had kept the from going crazy.

The cat, eating malted-milk tablets and condense foods at each mess call, plainly understood th men's predicament as well as her own. Accordin to the Associated Press story of the incident, "Sh even comforted the men suffering from exposu and seasickness, going from one to another almo like a mother."

The story takes a good deal of the edge, we thin off the widespread belief that cats are cold, aloo unsympathetic though beautiful animals, who atta their affections to places rather than people, an have little use for the human race.

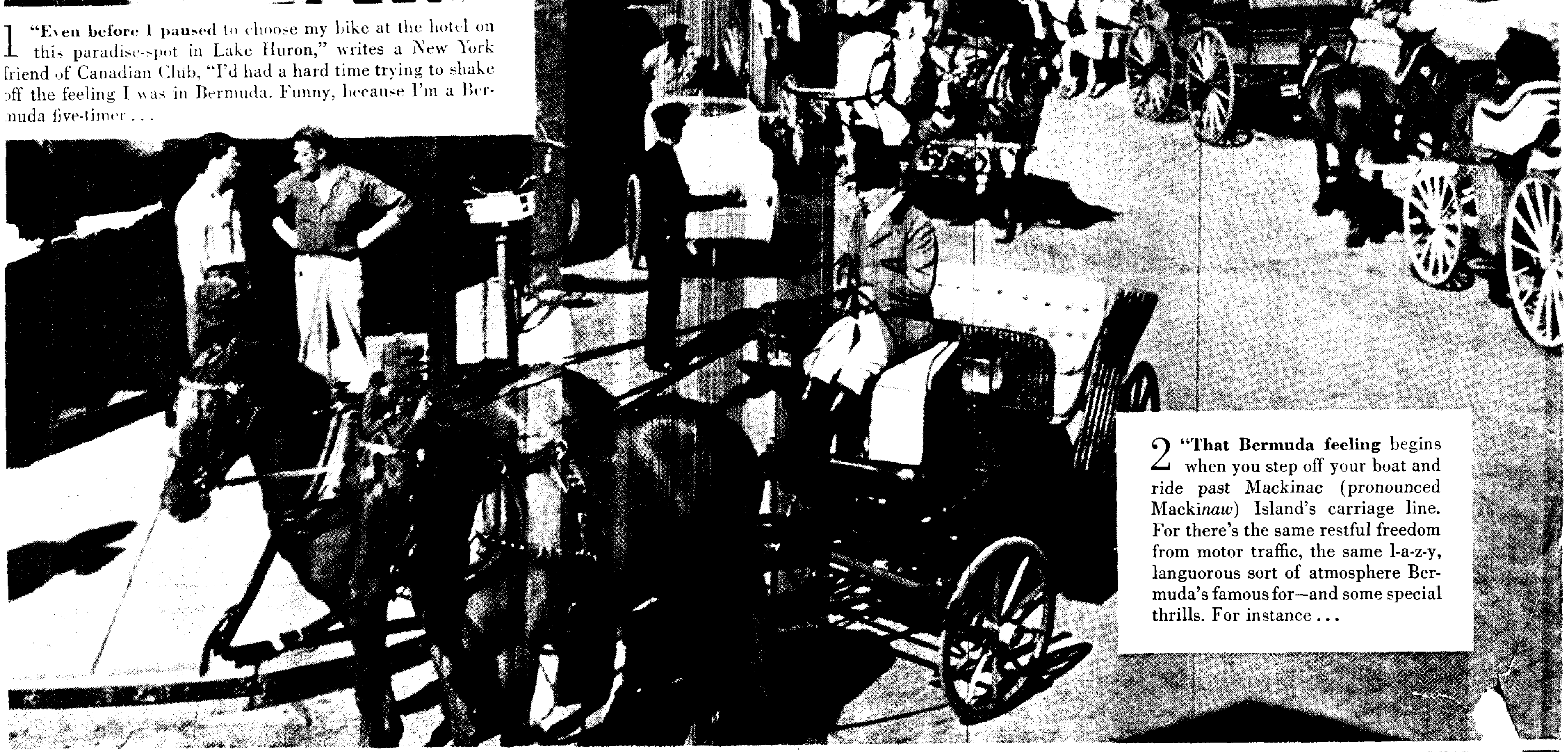
Maybe only cats who are treated as if they we that way are that way. Maybe if you treat cats you treat dogs—talk to them, pet them, assume th they'll return just as much respect and affectio as you give them—they'll respond as warmly as wi dogs. The experiment would at least seem wort any cat owner's trying.



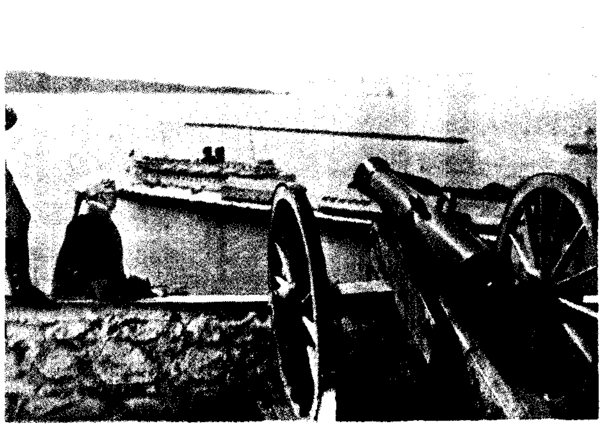
Boc t-t

No, sir—it's Mackinac Island, Michigan

1 **"Even before I paused** to choose my bike at the hotel on this paradise-spot in Lake Huron," writes a New York friend of Canadian Club, "I'd had a hard time trying to shake off the feeling I was in Bermuda. Funny, because I'm a Bermuda five-timer . . .



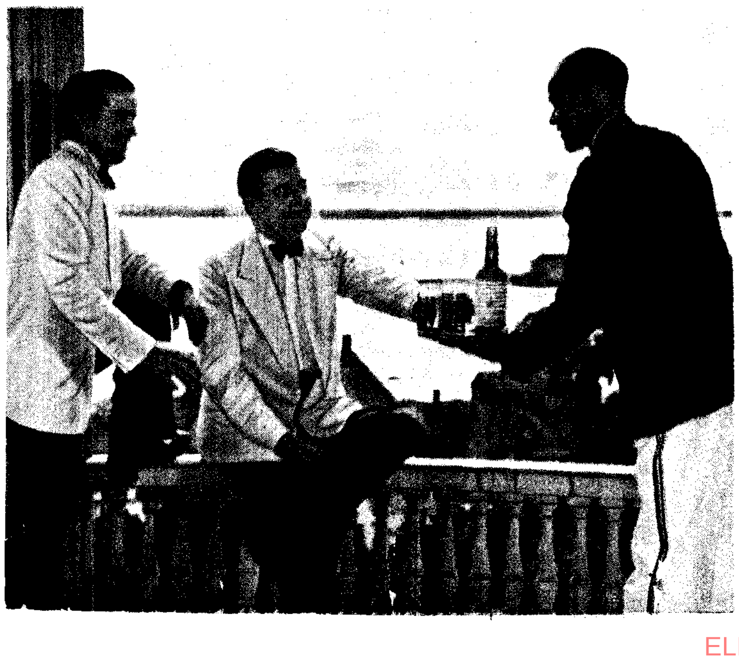
2 **"That Bermuda feeling** begins when you step off your boat and ride past Mackinac (pronounced Mackin*aw*) Island's carriage line. For there's the same restful freedom from motor traffic, the same l-a-z-y, languorous sort of atmosphere Bermuda's famous for—and some special thrills. For instance . . .



3 **"Pedal up** to magnificently preserved Fort Mackinac which, as *the* ancient gateway to the Northwest Territory, served under three flags. You'll enjoy an experience as unmatchable as the flavor of Canadian Club.

4 **"I was lucky** enough to be there during a colorful and impressive pageant recreating this glamorous history—with costumed colonial soldiers, fur-trappers and the island's own real Indians dramatically bringing the past to life.

5 **"Don't miss** old Fort Holmes on top of the island. There's a thrilling bike ride down, with grand swimming—and golf—at the end.



6 **"Then**—shades of Bermuda again—Canadian Club and soda! You see, it was in Bermuda, many years ago, that I first tasted Canadian Club."

Because its unique, delightful flavor pleases all tastes, Canadian Club is esteemed (though, today, not always available) the world around. *Light* as Scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon, it's perfect for cocktails before dinner—and tall ones after.

The distillery is now making war alcohol instead of whisky; so the available supply of Canadian Club is on quota for the duration.

Also, railways must give war materials and food the right of way and you may sometimes find your dealer temporarily out of stock.

Many Canadian Club fans are voluntarily "rationing themselves"—by making two bottles go the length of three.

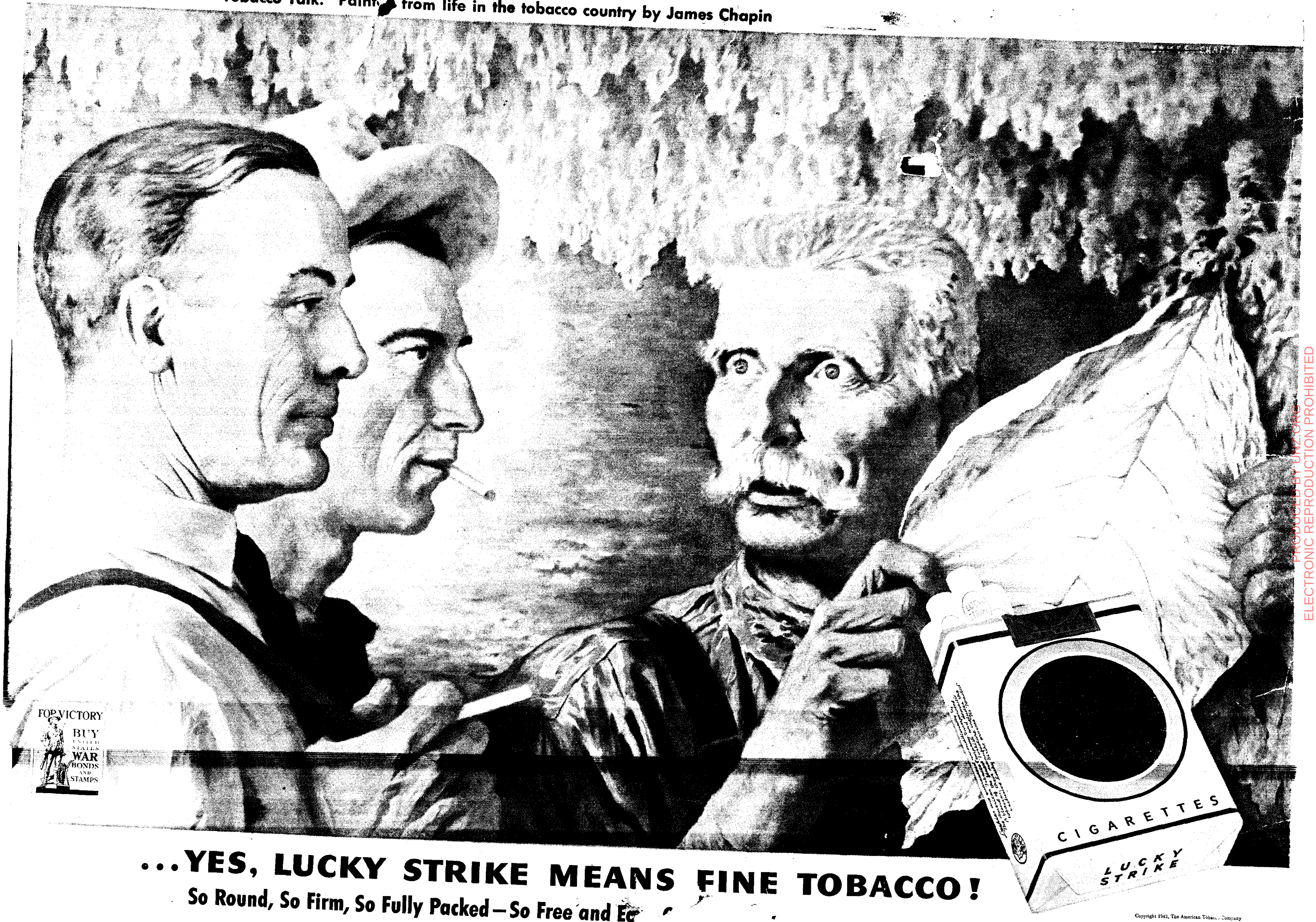
Canadian Club
Blended Canadian Whisky
Distilled and Blended by
Hiram Walker & Sons
Limited
Walkerville Ontario Canada
THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

"Canadian Club"

Distilled and bottled at Walkerville, Canada • Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.
Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof

"Tobacco Talk." Paint from life in the tobacco country by James Chapin


FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE

...YES, LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed—So Free and E

Copyright 1943, The American Tobacco Company